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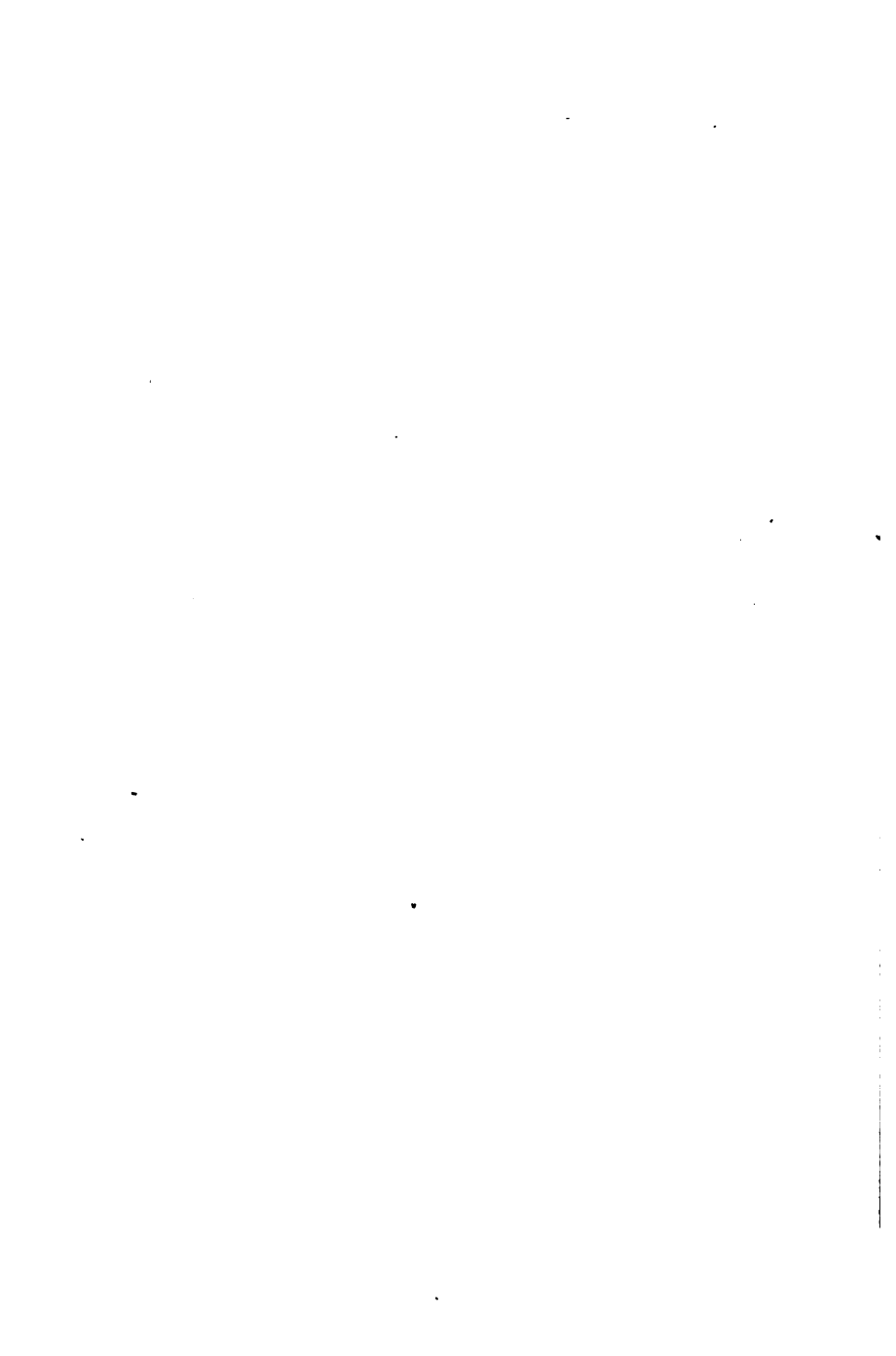
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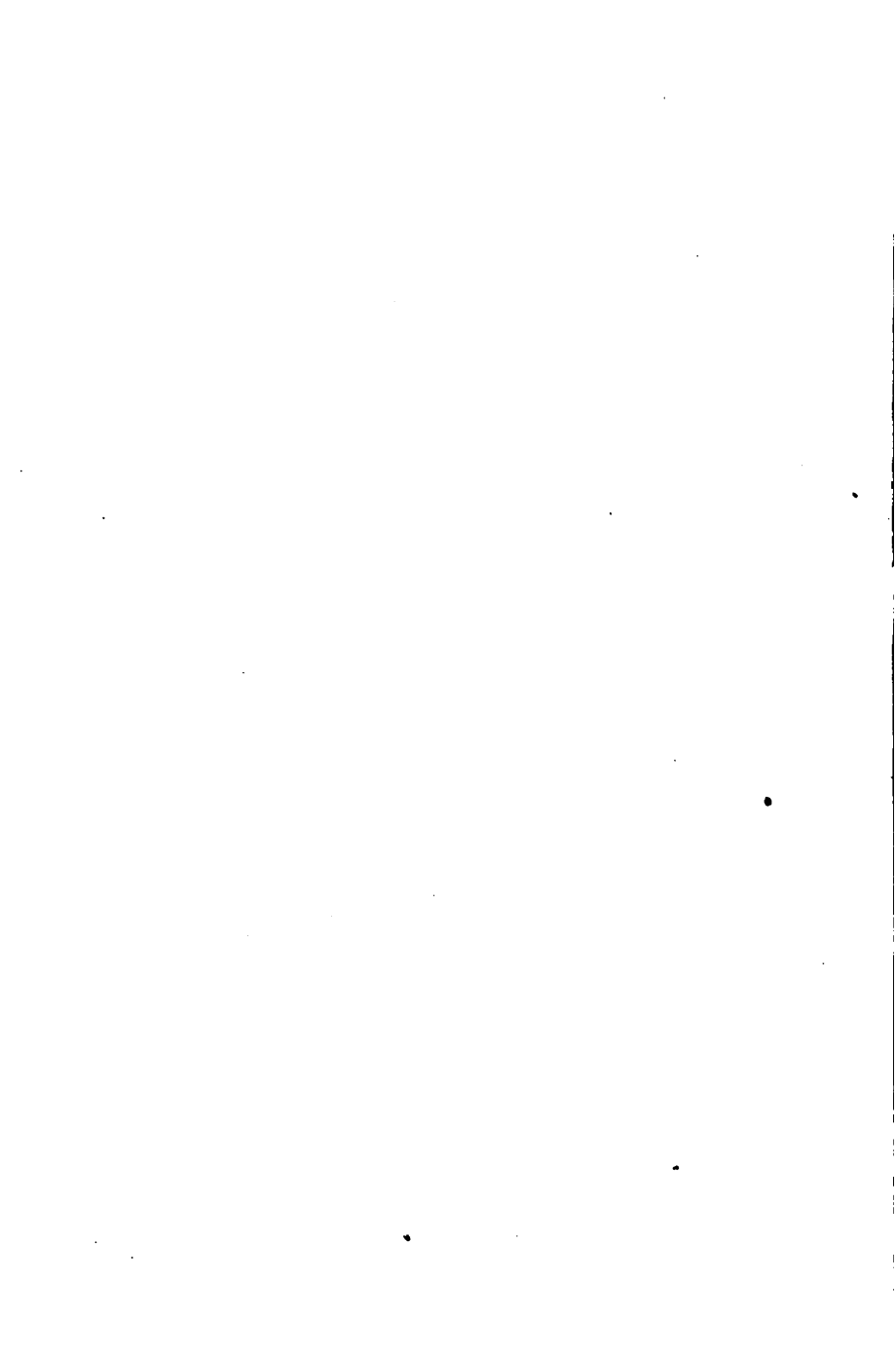
I AM drawing near to the close of my career; I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of the day; and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principle.

SCOTT (quoted by Lockhart).



SIR WALTER SCOTT.





THE
LADY OF THE LAKE

BY
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

EDITED, WITH NOTES

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WITH
SUGGESTIONS AND PLANS FOR STUDY
TOPICS FOR ESSAYS, ETC.

SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY
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PREFACE.

THIS edition of Scott's *Lady of the Lake* is especially designed to meet the wants of teachers and students; but it is hoped that the general reader may find it useful. It is not expected that all the notes will be alike valuable to all; but it is believed that the general reader, whatever his object, will find in them something helpful.

If it be asked, "Why add another to the many school editions?" the following points of difference between it and any other complete edition may be mentioned:—

1. *The notes are all intended to stimulate rather than supersede thought.*

2. The results of many of the latest researches are given.

3. It presents for choice the varying opinions of editors, commentators, and of Scott himself.

4. It suggests some of the best methods of studying English literature, and how to make the choicest passages the basis of lessons in language and rhetoric.

5. It contains a chronological table of Scott's life and works; topics for essays; maps (Scotland and the Lake District), and an unusually copious index.

6. It is the only school edition so arranged as to avoid, in a mixed class of boys and girls, the passage which offends the conscience and modesty of youth, as it gave pain to Lord Jeffrey.

In the text we follow the well-nigh perfect edition of Rolfe, to whom all American students and teachers are so much indebted.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHRONOLOGY OF SCOTT'S LIFE AND WORKS . . .	8
EXPLANATIONS AND ABBREVIATIONS . . .	10
THE LADY OF THE LAKE.	
Canto I. The Chase . . .	11
Canto II. The Island . . .	44
Canto III. The Gathering . . .	78
Canto IV. The Prophecy . . .	111
Canto V. The Combat . . .	144
Canto VI. The Guard-room . . .	178
OUTLINE OF BIOGRAPHY OF JAMES V. . .	209
CHARACTER OF JAMES V. . .	210
HOW TO STUDY ENGLISH LITERATURE . . .	211
TOPICS FOR ESSAYS . . .	218
INDEX . . .	220
MAPS . . .	226

CHRONOLOGICAL.

WALTER SCOTT'S LIFE AND WORKS.

A.D.		Approximate age.
1771	Born the same day as Napoleon Bonaparte, Aug. 15.	
1773	At age of 18 months, right leg paralyzed. Lameness.	1½
1774	Taken from home in Edinburgh to his grandfather's farm at Sandy Knowe	3
1775	Under treatment for lameness at Bath, under the care of his aunt	4
1776	In Edinburgh	5
1777	Defines himself as "a virtuoso, one who wishes to know and will know everything"	6
1778-79	At High School, Edinburgh, under the instruction of Mr. Frazer	7-8
1780-82	At same school, under the special instruction of Dr. Alexander Adam	9-11
	In July, 1782, wrote neat verses on <i>The Setting Sun</i> .	
1783	At his grandfather's farm, near Kelso	12
	Entered the University of Edinburgh.	
1784	Greatly interested and excited over Percy's <i>Reliques of Ancient Poetry</i>	13
1785	Studies interrupted by bursting of blood-vessel and severe illness	14
	Indentured apprentice in legal studies with his father, who was Writer to the Signet.	
	Learned Italian in order to read Dante and Ariosto.	
1786	Met Robert Burns in a party of literary men at Edinburgh	15
1787-88	Diligently reading law, and devouring every work of imagination on which he could lay hands, during some four years. Studied German	16-17
1789	Read poets, novelists, historians, biographers	18
1790-91	Lent umbrella to Margaret Belches, and fell in love with the borrower	19-20
1792	Called to the bar. Member of Faculty of Advocates. For seven years successively he travelled on his "raids" into Liddesdale and Annandale, collecting Border ballads, romances, legends, etc.	21
1796	Published translations of Burger's <i>Lenore</i> and <i>The Wild Huntsman</i>	25
1797-98	Married Mlle. Charlotte Marguerite Charpentier, and they lived at Lasswade, six miles S.E. of Edinburgh	26-27
1799	Appointed Sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire at £300 a year, with slight duties	28
	Published translation of <i>Goetz von Berlichingen, The House of Aspen</i> , and some ballads	29
1802	Published <i>Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border</i>	31
	Was quartermaster of a mounted volunteer company.	
1804	Removed his residence to Ashestiel.	

A.D.		Approximate age.
1805	Began <i>Waverley</i> . Published <i>Sir Tristram</i> . Published <i>The Lay of the Last Minstrel</i>	34
1806	Appointed to receive clerkship of Court of Sessions. Forms secret partnership with Ballantyne	35
1808	Published <i>Marmion</i>	37
1810-11	Bought 100 acres of land on Tweed, the beginning of Abbotsford. Bought adjoining farms	39-40
1811	Published <i>Vision of Don Roderick</i>	40
1812	Began to receive £1300 a year from the clerkship, which he had held in reversion	41
1813	Published <i>Rokeby</i> ; also <i>Bridal of Triermain</i> Resumed the writing of <i>Waverley</i>	42
1814	Published <i>The Lord of the Isles</i> ; also <i>Waverley</i>	43
1815	<i>The Field of Waterloo</i> ; <i>Guy Mannering</i>	44
1816	<i>The Antiquary</i> ; <i>Black Dwarf</i> ; <i>Old Mortality</i>	45
1817	<i>Harold the Dauntless</i>	46
1818	<i>Rob Roy</i> ; <i>Heart of Midlothian</i>	47
1819	<i>Bride of Lammermoor</i> ; <i>Legend of Montrose</i>	48
1820	<i>Ivanhoe</i> ; <i>The Monastery</i> ; <i>The Abbot</i> . — Baronetcy conferred upon him	49
1821	<i>Kenilworth</i> ; <i>The Pirate</i>	50
1822	<i>The Fortunes of Nigel</i>	51
1823	<i>Peveril of the Peak</i> ; <i>Quentin Durward</i> ; <i>St. Ronan's Well</i>	52
1824	<i>Redgauntlet</i>	53
1825	<i>The Betrothed</i> ; <i>The Talisman</i> Financial distress begins.	54
1826	Utter financial wreck Published <i>Woodstock</i>	55
1827	<i>The Life of Napoleon</i> ; <i>The Two Drovers</i> ; <i>Highland Widow</i> ; <i>Surgeon's Daughter</i> ; <i>Tales of a Grandfather</i> ; <i>History of Scotland</i>	56
1828	<i>The Fair Maid of Perth</i>	57
1829	<i>Anne of Geierstein</i>	58
1830	Paralytic stroke in February, after earning by his pen £70,000 in four years Letter on Demonology and Witchcraft.	59
1831	Second paralytic stroke. Published <i>Count Robert of Paris</i> ; <i>Castle Dangerous</i> Left in December for Malta After six months' absence returned.	60
1832	Died at Abbotsford, Sept. 21. Buried at Dryburgh Abbey, Sept. 26	61

... "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man, — be virtuous, — be religious, — be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." He paused: Lockhart said, "Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" "No," said he; "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night. God bless you all!" With this he sank into a very tranquil sleep, and indeed he scarcely afterward gave any sign of consciousness.

EXPLANATIONS AND ABBREVIATIONS.

Adj. = adjective.	Int. = International.
Brachet = Brachet's Etymological French Dictionary.	Lat. = Latin.
Cent. Dict. = Century Dictionary.	Late Latin and Low Latin = the Latin language in its latest stages.
Cf. = <i>confer</i> = compare.	M. = miles.
Class. Dict. = Classical Dictionary.	Mac. = <i>Macbeth</i> .
Cor. = <i>Corinthians</i> .	Matt. = <i>Matthew</i> .
Dan. = Danish.	Mid. = Middle.
Dict. = Dictionary.	M.H.G. = Middle High German.
Dim. = diminutive.	N. = north.
Dut. = Dutch.	N.W. = northwest.
E. = east.	O. = Old.
Ed. = edition or editions.	Old Fr. = Old French.
End. = ending.	Orig. = originally.
Eng. = English.	Par. L. = <i>Paradise Lost</i> .
Etc. = <i>et cetera</i> = and so forth.	Ps. = <i>Psalm</i> .
Et seq. = <i>et sequentia</i> = and the following.	Q.v. = <i>quod vide</i> = which see.
Ezek. = <i>Ezekiel</i> .	Rolfe = Rolfe's edition.
Fr. = French; fr. = from.	Rom. & Jul. = <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> .
G. or Ger. = German.	S. = south.
Gael. = Gaelic.	Scot. = Scottish or Scotland.
Ginn = Ginn's edition.	Shakes. = <i>Shakespeare</i> .
Gr. = Greek.	Skeat = Skeat's <i>Etymological Dictionary of English Language</i> .
Gram. = grammar.	Sp. or Span. = Spanish.
H. = High.	Taylor = Taylor's edition.
Icel. = Icelandic.	Trench = <i>Trench on the Study of Words</i> .
Ibid. = <i>ibidem</i> = same place.	W. = west.
Id. = <i>idem</i> = same.	Web. = Webster's Dictionary.
Int. Dict. = International Dictionary.	Wor. = Worcester's Dictionary.
Ital. = Italian.	

ARGUMENT.

THE scene of the following Poem is laid chiefly in the vicinity of Loch Katrine, in the Western Highlands of Perthshire. The time of Action includes Six Days, and the transactions of each Day occupy a Canto.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO FIRST.

THE CHASE.

HARP of the North! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,

CANTO I. *Canto*. Lat. *cantare*, to sing; Ital. *canto*, section of a song. — Each canto begins with at least one Spenserian stanza. Notice its eight lines of ten syllables each, and the ninth line of twelve, and especially the curiously arranged rhymes. In a perfect Spenserian stanza, the harmonies are interwoven throughout, each line is wrought with reference to the general effect, the meaning and melody are in some degree suspended until revealed in full force at the close. — Test accordingly these three.

Harp of the North! For thousands of years the harp, invented by Jubal before the Flood, has been pre-eminently the favorite instrument of poets. See *Genesis* iv, 21. — What particular kind of music does this 'Harp of the North' represent? — See Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. — 1. **mouldering long**. Burns died in 1796. This poem was first published in 1810. — 2. **witch-elm** = the broad-leaved *ulmus montana*, Scottish elm. Better spelled *wych-elm*? — Nothing to do with witches, though the name suggested their haunts, and good luck was supposed to follow the use of *switches* and forked divining rods cut from it. — Akin to *wicker*, *wych* = drooping or bending, and some of these elms are as graceful as the weeping willow. — **Saint Fillan**, a Scotch abbot of the 7th century, the favorite saint of Robert Bruce, had two springs, one at the east end of Loch Earn; the other about 30 miles west, some 2 miles from Tyndrum. As late as fifty years ago, the latter spring was supposed to have remarkable, if not miraculous, virtues. It was called 'Holy Pool.' Insane persons, immersed in it, and left bound all night in the open air, were pretty sure to be found killed or cured in the morning! — 3. **numbers** = poetic feet? poetic measures? verses? poetry? — Why called 'numbers'? — 4. **envious**. Grudging what? — What, if anything,

Muffling with verdant ringlet every string, — 5
 O Minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep?
 Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
 Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
 Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?
 Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon, 10
 Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
 When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
 Aroused the fearful or subdued the proud.
 At each according pause was heard aloud
 Thine ardent symphony sublime and high! 15
 Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bowed;
 For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
 Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless
 eye.

is symbolized by *ivy*? — *did . . . cling*. Is such use of *do* or *did*, solely to add a syllable and fill out the metre, commendable? —

8. MS. *And on the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
 Till envious ivy, with her verdant ring,
 Mantled and muffled each melodious string,
 O Wizard Harp, still must thine accents sleep?*

Why did Scott change this? — 6. *minstrel*. From the days of old Demodocus, the blind bard in Homer, till very recent times, the minstrel — at once instrumentalist, vocalist, music composer, and poet, whether improvising or elaborating — has been a favorite 'in hall or bower.' See *Odyssey*, viii, 44 *et seq.*; *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Gray's *Bard*, etc.

10. *Caledon* = *Caledonia*. Poetic word? — The Lat. *Caledonia* originally designated the countries north of the Forth and Clyde. — Anthon says, 'Supposed to be from the Celtic words *Gael Dun* (Gael, or Gauls, of the mountains); i.e. Highlanders.' Taylor suggests that *Caledon* = 'Gael of the downs,' but that others interpret it as *coil-dooine*, 'men of the woods.' — 12, 13. *hopeless love, or glory won, aroused . . . or subdued*, etc. — Which aroused, and which subdued? Is the order of phrases logical? language well chosen? — 14. *according pause* = pause in the singing [Rolfé]? — *According* = of music that takes up and fills the intervals of another [Taylor]? — Lat. *ac* = *ad*, to, in agreement with; *cordem* [sic] acc. of *cor*, the heart. *Skeat*. Hence *ac-cord-ion*, from its pleasing sound. — Has *chord*, a musical string, influenced the meaning? — 15. *ardent*. Lat. *ardere*, to burn, be fiery, blaze; be fervent or passionate. — *symphony*. Gr. *συμφωνία*, Lat. *symphonia*, a consonance or harmony of agreeable sounds. —

14. MS. At each according pause *thou spoked* aloud
 Thine ardent *sympathy* sublime and high.

Were these changes improvements? Reasons for your opinion? — 16. *crested* = plumed? helmeted? — Lat. *crista*, Fr. *crête*, a cock's comb. See line 44; ii, 668. — *Crest* for *helmet* in iv, 754? or for ensign armorial? coat-of-arms? — 17. *burden*. Fr. *bourdon* (drone or bass, humble-bee, akin to *burr*, to buzz), the drone stop in an organ. *Brachet*, *Worcester*. Old Eng. *burdoun*, the bass in music. Probably a word formed by imita-

O, wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
 That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray; 20
 O, wake once more! though scarce my skill command
 Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:
 Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
 And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
 Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway, 25
 The wizard note has not been touched in vain.
 Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

I.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
 Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
 And deep his midnight lair had made 30
 In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
 But when the sun his beacon red
 Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
 The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
 Resounded up the rocky way, 35

tion of sound. — For an example of the 'burden,' see ii, 408, 418, etc. — **knighthood** = the high military rank of knight? the order or body of knights? the honor of a knight? See iv, 686, 756, 757, 758; and, especially, v, 768, 769; also the unabridged dictionaries, Scott's *Ivanhoe*, *The Talisman*, *Quentin Durward*, etc.

19. **Wake**. See the first line of Gray's *Progress of Poesy*. — 20. **maze**, a confusing, baffling network; a labyrinth; windings involved and intricate? Propriety of this word here? — 21. **wake**. *Psalms*, cviii, 2. — 25. **wizard**. Icel. *vizk-r*, clever, knowing; -ard = hard. *Skeat*. *Wizard* once meant wise man, as in Milton; now it means a magician, enchanter, masculine of witch?

28. **The stag**. Would *A stag* have been better? — The male red deer is called stag or hart; the female is called hind. — Note the kind of verse. — 29. **Monan's rill**. St. Monan was a Scotch martyr of the 4th century. "We can find no mention of any *rill* named for him." *Rolfe*. — 31. **Glenartney**, *Glen* is Celtic for narrow valley. The Artney river runs first southeasterly, and then northeasterly. See map. — 32. **beacon**. A. S. *beacn*, a sign; *beacnian*, to give a signal. — The commentators notice the appropriateness of this word. Signal fires were often kindled on hills and mountains in this region. See 186, 187; also *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, iii, 379. — 33. **Benvoirlich**. The name signifies 'great mountain of the lake.' *Ben* is Gaelic for elevated summit. Benvoirlich is 3180 ft. high. — Would it have been better thus?

But when the sun had kindled red
 His beacon on Benvoirlich's head.

34. MS. The bloodhound's *notes* of heavy *bass*
 Resounded *hoarsely* up the *pass*.

Reason for the changes? — **deep-mouthed** is Shakespearian, *1 Henry*

And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

II.

As Chief, who hears his warder call,
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"
The antlered monarch of the waste 40
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky; 45
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared, 50
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

VI, II, iv, 12; *Tam. of Shrew*, *Induction*, i, 18. — Note the alliteration. Its effect? — "Readers of modern poetry are, perhaps, not aware of what a great, though secret, power, alliteration is." *Corson*.

38. *As Chief*, etc. Effect of this inverted order? — *warder*. A.S. *weardian*, Ger. *warten*, Fr. *garder*, to keep, take care of, guard. The *w* and *g* or *gu* seem interchangeable. — In *Marmion*, vi, 436, the warder is evidently the keeper of the castle gate. — See ii, 373; v, 335; vi, 837. — 40. *antlered*. Lat. *ante ocularem* (*ramum*), before the (branch) eye's; Old Fr. *antoiller*, or *andouiller*, brow-antler. — 41. *heathery*. A.S. *haed*, a shrub called *heather* or *heath*, ling. — Line 53. — 45. *beamed*. A.S. *bedm*, Ger. *baum*, tree. The principal stem or horn that bears the antlers is called *beam*. — *frontlet*. Lat. *frons*, forehead, brow; dim. end. *let*. So *ringlet*, *streamlet*, etc. — A *frontlet* is usually a brow-band. — 46. *adown*. Poetic word? — 47. *tainted* with the scent of the pursuers? — 49. *chase* = the movement of the pursuers? the pursuers themselves? Lines 101, 171. — 51. *copse*. Gr. *κόπτειν*, *koptein*, Fr. *couper*, to cut; akin to *chop*. *Copse* is often an undergrowth of wood kept low by frequent cutting. — 53. *heaths*. Old Eng. *heth*, waste land. The *heath* is 'a low shrub with minute evergreen leaves, and handsome clusters of pink flowers; also a place overgrown with the shrub, wild open country. See on line 41. — *Uam-Var* or *Ua Var* = the great den. 'A mountain to the N.E. of Callander, deriving its name from a retreat among the rocks . . . the abode of a giant . . . in later times the refuge of robbers.' *Scott*. See lines 75-77.

III.

Yelled on the view the opening pack ;
 Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back ; 55
 To many a mingled sound at once
 The awakened mountain gave response.
 A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
 Clattered a hundred steeds along,
 Their peal the merry horns rung out, 60
 A hundred voices joined the shout ;
 With harp and whoop and wild halloo,
 No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
 Far from the tumult fled the roe,
 Close in her covert cowered the doe, 65
 The falcon, from her cairn on high,
 Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
 Till far beyond her piercing ken
 The hurricane had swept the glen.
 Faint, and more faint, its failing din 70
 Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,
 And silence settled, wide and still,
 On the lone wood and mighty hill.

IV.

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war
 Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var, 75

54. **Yelled.** Naturally the emphatic word is the first uttered! "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh!" So *clattered* in line 59. — **Opening** = beginning to bark? barking at first view or scent? opening mouths? — 55. **paid them back.** Lively description? — 64. **roe** = roe-buck? Small, very nimble, and graceful. — 65. **covert.** Lat. *con*, completely; *operire*, to cover; *co-operire*, to conceal; Fr. *couvrir*, to cover. — **doe** = the female of the fallow (i.e. pale yellow) deer? female rabbit? — 66. **falcon.** Lat. *falx*, a sickle. The sickle-shaped claws gave the bird its name? — **cairn** = round stone heap? rocky lookout? — Celtic *carn*, stone; to heap. — 67. **rout** = tumultuous moving throng? uproar? — Lat. *rupta*, broken; Eng. *rout*, a body broken into disorder. — 68. **ken** = reach of sight? Icel. *kenna*, to know. Line 144. — 69. **hurricane** = violent rush of the hunting party? — "Good instance of metaphor." *Taylor*. — Spanish *huaracan* from a Caribbean word denoting a very high wind. — 71. **linn.** A Celtic word, said to mean deep pool. — Often found in compounds, as *Roslin*, *Linton*, *Lincoln*, etc. — See ii, 270; vi, 488. — 73. Note in this line the change of accent. See also lines 85, 97; also ii, 126, 127. Effect of the variation?

74. **sylvan.** Lat. *sylva*, or *silva*, a wood, a grove. For *war*, see ii,

And roused the cavern where, 'tis told,
 A giant made his den of old;
 For ere that steep ascent was won,
 High in his pathway hung the sun,
 And many a gallant, stayed perforce, 80
 Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,
 And of the trackers of the deer
 Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
 So shrewdly on the mountain-side
 Had the bold burst their mettle tried. 85

V.

The noble stag was pausing now
 Upon the mountain's southern brow,
 Where broad extended, far beneath,
 The varied realms of fair Menteith. 90
 With anxious eye he wandered o'er
 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
 And pondered refuge from his toil,
 By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
 But nearer was the copsewood gray
 That waved and wept on Loch Achray, 95
 And mingled with the pine-trees blue
 On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.
 Fresh vigor with the hope returned,
 With flying foot the heath he spurned,

569, 570. — 80. **stayed** = remained? being stopped? — **perforce**. A poetic word, like *adown*, l. 46? Other such words? — 81. **breathe**. Proper use? — 84. **shrewdly**. "I would interpret A.S. *scredwa* as 'the biter.'" *Skeat*. *Shrewdly* = sharply? keenly? severely? mischievously? — 85. **mettle** = high spirit or quality? — Allusion to the temper of a sword-blade.

89. **Menteith**. A district about 24 miles long, on the Teith, in the south-west portion of Perthshire. See map. — 91. Effect of this alliteration? — **moss** = bog? morass? district abounding in bogs or in peat? — **moor** = extensive waste with here and there peat marshes, or patches of heath? — 93. **Lochard**, or *Loch Ard*. The name means 'upper lake.' A pretty little lake in Perthshire, one source of the river Forth; about five miles south of Loch Katrine, and two west of the village of Aberfoyle. — **Aberfoyle** = 'junction of the pools.' — These are made famous in Scott's *Rob Roy* and *Waverley*. — 95. **Achray**. This picturesque lakelet, also in Perthshire, is about fifteen miles N.W. of Stirling. — Achray is 'the lake of the level field'? — 97. **Benvenue**, said to mean 'little mountain,' 2386 ft. high. Called 'the Centre Mountain,' as half way between Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi? — 98. In this line the MS. has *thought* instead of 'hope,' and, in l. 99, *hoof* instead of 'foot.' Why the changes?

Held westward with unwearied race, 100
And left behind the panting chase.

VI.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambusmore;
What reins were tightened in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge in air; 105
Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith,—
For twice that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far, 110
That reached the lake of Vennachar;
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.

VII.

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel; 115
For jaded now, and spent with toil,
Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The laboring stag strained full in view.

103. **Cambusmore.** The seat of a family named Buchanan, often visited by Scott in his youth. It is about two miles from Callander. For *more*, see ii, 271, on *claymore*. — 105. **Benledi**, 2882 ft. high, four miles W.N.W. from Callander. Celtic etymologists say the name means 'Mountain of God.' — 106. **flagged.** Ital. *flaccere*, to droop. — **Bochastle's heath.** A flat plain between Loch Vennachar and Callander. See iii, 774; iv, 411; v, 301 *et seq.* — 107. At Callander, two streams, the waters of five lochs, Voil, Lubnaig, Katrine, Achray, and Vennachar, unite to form the Teith, which flows into the Forth near Stirling. — **flooded** = swollen by rains? — 108. **shore.** Correctly used here? — 111. **Vennachar**, or *Venachoir*, an expansion of the river, means 'Lake of the Fair Valley.' It is a beautiful sheet of water 2½ miles S.W. of Callander. — 112. **Brigg** = bridge. — **Turk**, a small stream from Glenfinlas. See map.

114. **unbated.** *Bate* = abate. — Shakespeare uses 'unbated' in the same sense, *Mer. of Ven.*, II, vi, 11. — 115. **steel.** Material for the thing made of it? See v, 479. — 117. **embossed.** "When the hart is foamy at the mouth, we say that he is embossed." Turberville's *Noble Art of Venerie* (1576). So in Shakespeare repeatedly. — Fr. *boss*, Ital. *bozza*, a

Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed, 120
 Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,
 Fast on his flying traces came,
 And all but won that desperate game;
 For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
 Vindictive toiled the bloodhounds stanch; 125
 Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
 Nor farther might the quarry strain,
 Thus up the margin of the lake,
 Between the precipice and brake,
 O'er stock and rock their race they take. 130

VIII.

The Hunter marked that mountain high,
 The lone lake's western boundary,
 And deemed the stag must turn to bay,
 Where that huge rampart barred the way;
 Already glorying in the prize, 135
 Measured his antlers with his eyes;
 For the death-wound and death-halloo
 Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew:—
 But thundering as he came prepared,
 With ready arm and weapon bared, 140

swelling. — 120. **Hubert's.** "Commonly black . . . yet . . . we find them of all colors. . . . The abbots of St. Hubert have always kept some . . . in honor . . . of the saint, which was a hunter with S. Eustace. Whereupon we may conceive that (by the grace of God) all good huntsmen shall follow them into Paradise." *Turberville*, quoted above. — 125. **stanch.** Metaphor from a ship? strong and tight, sound; reliable? — *Fr. stanche*, *Sp. stanco*, water-tight. — 127. **quarry** = game slaughtered, or hunted near to death. So repeatedly in Shakespeare. — *Lat. corium*, skin, hide. The portion given to the dogs was wrapped in the *skin* of the beast. — 129. **brake** = thicket? ferns? bushes? — *Ger. brach*, *Dut. brak*, broken, rough ground. — 130. **stock** = log? stump? — *A.S. stocc*, a trunk of a tree. Akin to *stick* and *stake*. — 'Stock and rock.' "The jingle helps the memory." *Taylor*. Better than this, the analogy of abrupt sounds suggests the roughness?

131. **that mountain.** Which? — 133. **to bay** = to face and fight his pursuers? *Frenchaboï*, barking. Says Scott, "When the stag turned to bay, the ancient hunter had the perilous task of going in upon and killing or disabling the desperate animal. At certain times of the year, this was held particularly dangerous, a wound received from a stag's horn being then deemed poisonous." See iv, 691; vi, 525. — 138. **whinyard** = short stout sword or knife; the same as the *whinger* of the *Lay of the Last*

The wily quarry shunned the shock,
 And turned him from the opposing rock;
 Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
 Soon lost to hound and Hunter's ken,
 In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook 145
 His solitary refuge took.
 There, while close couched the thicket shed
 Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,
 He heard the baffled dogs in vain
 Rave through the hollow pass amain, 150
 Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

IX.

Close on the hounds the Hunter came,
 To cheer them on the vanished game;
 But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
 The gallant horse exhausted fell. 155
 The impatient rider strove in vain
 To rouse him with the spur and rein,
 For the good steed, his labors o'er,
 Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more;
 Then, touched with pity and remorse, 160
 He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.
 "I little thought, when first thy rein
 I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
 That Highland eagle e'er should feed
 On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed! 165

Minstrel, v, 7 [Taylor, Rolfe] ? — 142. **turned him** = turned the hunter ? turned himself ? — The graceful, reflexive use of the personal pronouns has always been allowed in English poetry, iii, 148; iv, 698. — 144. **ken**, line 64. — **Trosachs** = the *rough* or *bristled* territory [Graham] ? the whole country about Loch Katrine ? the pass between Katrine and Achray ? The valley is wildly beautiful, the delight of all tourists. But no road, and scarcely a path, existed in it in the time of James V. — 147. **close couched** = while he lay close down on the ground for concealment ? — Lat. *collocare*, to place together; Fr. *coucher*, to lay in bed; lie down. — 150. **amain**. A.S. *maegen*, strength, force, might. We say 'with might and main.' — 151. **chiding** = scolding noisily ? So it repeatedly is in Shakespeare, who says of barking dogs, "Never did I hear Such gallant chiding." *Mid. N. Dr.*, IV, i, 111, 112.

160. **pity and remorse**. Rather late ! — 163. **Seine**. He had been in France in 1536, wooing Magdalen, daughter of Francis I, whom he married in 1537. She dying the same year, he married Mary of Guise a

Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant gray!"

X.

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limped, with slow and crippled pace, 170
The sulky leaders of the chase;
Close to their master's side they pressed
With drooping tail and humbled crest;
But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle-note. 175
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream,
Round and around the sounds were cast
Till echo seemed an answering blast;
And on the Hunter hied his way, 180
To join some comrades of the day,
Yet often paused, so strange the road,
So wondrous were the scenes it showed.

XI.

The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way; 185
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.

year afterwards. — 166. **worth** = be to. Hardly used, except in the phrase, "Woe worth the day!" i.e. Evil *be* to the day. A.S. *weorthan*, to turn to, become. Akin to Lat. *vert-ere*, to turn. *Skeat.* — Spenser has, "Wo worth the man." See in *Ezekiel*, xxx, 2, "Woe worth the day!"

173. **humbled crest**. Proper? — We say 'crest-fallen.' — 174. **dingle's**. The word is akin to 'dip' and 'dimple.'

180. MS. And on the hunter hied his *pace*.
To *meet* some comrades of the *chase*.

Were the changes improvements? Why?

184. Scott's description of the Trosachs is universally admired. It was written amid this scenery in 1809. Says the *Quarterly Review*, May 1810, "The rocks, the ravines, and the torrents which he exhibits, are not the imperfect sketches of a hurried traveller, but the finished sketches of a resident artist." — Point out, one by one, its excellences. Note the prominence of *color*. See on 209. — 185. Why *level*? — 193. **pinnacle**. Double diminutive from Lat. *pinna*, feather; hence, a feather-like adjunct to a

But not a setting beam could glow
 Within the dark ravines below,
 Where twined the path in shadow hid 190
 Round many a rocky pyramid,
 Shooting abruptly from the dell
 Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
 Round many an insulated mass,
 The native bulwarks of the pass, 195
 Huge as the tower which builders vain
 Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
 The rocky summits, split and rent,
 Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
 Or seemed fantastically set 200
 With cupola or minaret,
 Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
 Or mosque of Eastern architect.
 Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
 Nor lacked they many a banner fair; 205
 For, from their shivered brows displayed,
 Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
 All twinkling with the dewdrop sheen,
 The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
 And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes 210
 Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

building. *Skeat.*—194. **insulated.** Lat. *insula*, island; from *in* and *salo*, the main sea, literally the *swell* of the sea. *Skeat.*—195. **bulwarks.** Dan. *bul*, Eng. *bole*, a log; Ger. *bollwerk*, orig. a work made of logs or planks.—196. MS. "The mimic castles of the pass." Improved?—196, 197. Shinar's plain was probably Babylonia. See *Genesis*, xi, 1-9.—199. **battlement.** Old Fr. *bataille*, a turret. A parapet with embrasures?—See ii, 702.—201. **cupola.** Orig. a sort of dome from Low Lat. *cupa*, a cup, from its cup-like shape. *Skeat.*—**minaret.** Arabic *mandrat* (from *nadr*, to shine), a candlestick, lamp, lighthouse; turret on a mosque; Span. *minarete*, a high slender turret. *Skeat.*—202. **pagod.** From Pers. *but*, an idol, image, God; and *kadah*, a habitation. *Skeat.*—204. MS. "Nor were these mighty bulwarks bare." Bettered in the printing?—207. **glade.** Orig. an open space in a wood, letting in the light (Icel. *gladr*, shining). Propriety of the word 'unfathomable'?—208. **sheen.** See iv, 286, v, 10.—A.S. *scene*, Ger. *schön*, beautiful; showy, fair. Has the word 'shine' imparted the notion of bright, shining?—208. MS. "*Bright glistening* with the dewdrop sheen." Improved?—209. **green.** Ruskin (*Modern Painters*, iii, 278) calls attention to Scott's 'love of color' as an ingredient in his love of beauty. Is the trait Celtic?—See 184; iii, 20.

XII.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
 Here eglantine embalmed the air,
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there; 215
 The primrose pale and violet flower
 Found in each clift a narrow bower;
 Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
 Emblems of punishment and pride,
 Grouped their dark hues with every stain 220
 The weather-beaten crags retain.
 With boughs that quaked at every breath,
 Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
 Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock; 225
 And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
 His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
 Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
 His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced, 230
 Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
 The wanderer's eye could barely view
 The summer heaven's delicious blue;
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
 The scenery of a fairy dream. 235

212. **boon** = bounteous? — A 'boon' was originally a favor asked (Icel. *bón*, a petition); but the meaning became modified by the French *bon*, Lat. *bonus*, good. In *Par. Lost*, IV, 242, 'nature boon' is bountiful nature. — 214. **eglantine** = sweet-brier? Probably from Late Lat. *aculentus*, prickly; *acus*, Fr. *aiguille*, a needle. — 217. **clift** = cleft. 'Clift' was restored by Rolfe from the 1st edition. It would seem to be from Icel. *kluft*, a cleft, or *cleave*, to split; whereas 'cliff' is apparently from A.S. *clif*, to cleave to, or Icel. *klif*, to climb. *Skeat*. — **bower**. A.S. *būr*, a chamber; *buan*, to dwell. — See ii, 112; iv, 413; v, 192; 6, 218. Hall and bower are often coupled. — 219. **emblems**. Ruskin points out "Scott's habit of drawing a slight moral from every scene . . . and that this slight moral is almost always melancholy." See ii, 10-16; iii, 27, 28. — 222, 223. Note the imperfect rhyme. Is it a blemish? — 224. **warrior**. Why this epithet? anything to suggest *anchor*? — 227. MS. has *scathed* for 'shattered'; '*rugged arms* athwart the sky' in l. 229; *twinkling* for 'glistening' in 231. Well? — 231. **streamers**. What were these? vines? pendent boughs?

XIII.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
 A narrow inlet, still and deep,
 Affording scarce such breadth of brim
 As served the wild duck's brood to swim.
 Lost for a space, through thickets veering, 240
 But broader when again appearing,
 Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
 Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;
 And farther as the Hunter strayed,
 Still broader sweep its channels made. 245
 The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
 Emerging from entangled wood,
 But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,
 Like castle girdled with its moat;
 Yet broader floods extending still 250
 Divide them from their parent hill,
 Till each, retiring, claims to be
 An islet in an inland sea.

XIV.

And now, to issue from the glen,
 No pathway meets the wanderer's ken, 255
 Unless he climb with footing nice
 A far-projecting precipice.
 The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
 The hazel saplings lent their aid;
 And thus an airy point he won, 260
 Where, gleaming with the setting sun,

236. *gan*. Imperf. of obsolete *gin*. It was formerly much used with the infinitive, as *did* is used, to form compound imperfections. — Not = *began*.

238. MS. Affording scarce such breadth of *flood*
 As served *to float* the wild duck's brood.

Improved? — 240. *veering*. Low Lat. *virola*, a binding ring, ferule; Fr. *virer*, to turn about in sailing. — *What* seems to be *veering*? — 247. MS. 'Emerging *dry-shod* from the wood.' Wise to change it?

256. *Unless*, etc. — "Until the present road was made through the romantic pass which I have presumptuously attempted to describe . . . there was no mode of issuing out of the defile called the Trosachs, excepting by a sort of ladder composed of the branches and roots of trees." *Scott*. — 258. *broom*. Describe the plant. — 262. *living* = apparently

One burnished sheet of living gold,
 Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
 In all her length far winding lay,
 With promontory, creek, and bay, 265
 And islands that, empurpled bright,
 Floated amid the livelier light,
 And mountains that like giants stand
 To sentinel enchanted land.
 High on the south, huge Benvenue 270
 Down to the lake in masses threw
 Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
 The fragments of an earlier world;
 A wildering forest feathered o'er
 His ruined sides and summit hoar, 275
 While on the north, through middle air,
 Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

XV.

From the steep promontory gazed
 The stranger, raptured and amazed,

alive? stirring as if alive?—263. **Loch Katrine.** This beautiful lake, which the genius of Scott has invested with undying interest, is about five miles east of Loch Lomond, and nearly ten west of Callander. It is about nine miles long and two broad, surrounded by mountains and lofty cliffs, with deep, rocky, well-wooded ravines. It supplies Glasgow with water. Scott derives the name from the 'Catterins or Ketterins, a wild band of robbers.'—267. **liveller**, 'because in motion' [Rolfe]? See l. 262.—270. See l. 97.—272. **confusedly**. "A trisyllable," says Rolfe. But is it not better to let the sound *echo the sense*, retaining the four syllables?—274. **wildering** = bewildering?—"The sense of *bewilder* is to lead into a wilderness." *Skeat*. See v, 22.—

275. MS. His ruined sides and *fragments* hoar,
 While on the north *to* middle air.

Better?—277. **Ben-an**, 1800 ft. high, between the Trosachs and Glenfinlas. See Map.

Of the preceding description, beginning at line 184, the *Critical Review* (Aug. 1820) remarks, "Perhaps the art of landscape-painting in poetry has never been displayed in higher perfection than in these stanzas."—Is the picture too minute? Does the description detain us too long? "Not so the magnificent scene which bursts upon the bewildered hunter as he emerges at length from the dell, and commands, at one view, the beautiful expanse of Loch Katrine."—

278. MS. From the *high* promontory gazed
 The stranger, *awe-struck* and amazed.

And, "What a scene were here," he cried, 280
 "For princely pomp or churchman's pride!
 On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
 In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
 On yonder meadow far away,
 The turrets of a cloister gray: 285
 How blithely might the bugle-horn
 Chide on the lake the lingering morn!
 How sweet at eve the lover's lute
 Chime when the groves were still and mute!
 And when the midnight moon should lave 290
 Her forehead in the silver wave,
 How solemn on the ear would come
 The holy matins' distant hum,
 While the deep peal's commanding tone
 Should wake, in yonder islet lone, 295
 A sainted hermit from his cell,
 To drop a bead with every knell!
 And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
 Should each bewildered stranger call
 To friendly feast and lighted hall. 300

XVI.

"Blithe were it then to wander here!
 But now — beshrew yon nimble deer —
 Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
 The copse must give my evening's fare ;

Test the propriety of the changes. — 281. **churchman** = one holding high office in the church [Rolfe]? clergyman? member of the Established Church of England? priest? — 285. **cloister** = monastery? nunnery? convent? covered ambulatory (place to walk in) around the inner court of a college or religious house? — Old Fr. *cloistre*, from Lat. *claustrum*, enclosure; *claudère*, to close. — 287. **chide**. Line 151. — 290. The 1st ed. has 'did lave.' Preference? — See line 4. — 293. **matins** = morning prayers? morning songs? — Lat. *Matuta*, Roman goddess of the morning. See ii, 3; v, 15. — 294. Effect of the metrical change? Line 73. — 297. **bead**. A.S. *biddan*, to pray. Orig. a *bead* was a prayer; afterwards a perforated ball used in *counting* prayers. On a rosary the *Ave Marias* (Hail Mary!) were marked by small beads; the *Paternosters* (Our Father) by larger ones. —

300. MS. To *hospitable* feast and hall.

Justify the change? — Taylor says, "The key to the stanza is in the last couplet." Verify or disprove it.

302. **beshrew** = plague on? — Line 84. — The imprecation is often play-

Some mossy bank my couch must be, 305
 Some rustling oak my canopy.
 Yet pass we that; the war and chase
 Give little choice of resting-place; —
 A summer night in greenwood spent
 Were but to-morrow's merriment: 310
 But hosts may in these wilds abound,
 Such as are better missed than found;
 To meet with Highland plunderers here
 Were worse than loss of steed or deer. —
 I am alone; — my bugle-strain 315
 May call some straggler of the train;
 Or, fall the worst that may betide,
 Ere now this falchion has been tried."

XVII.

But scarce again his horn he wound,
 When lo! forth starting at the sound, 320
 From underneath an aged oak
 That slanted from the islet rock,
 A damsel guider of its way,
 A little skiff shot to the bay,
 That round the promontory steep 325
 Led its deep line in graceful sweep,

ful or affectionate, as where Portia says to Bassanio, whom she worships, "Beshrew your eyes!" *Mer. of Ven.*, III, ii, 14. — 306. *canopy*. Orig. a mosquito-bar, from *κάνωψ*, *konops*, a grub or mosquito; then a bed with mosquito curtains.

305. MS. *And hollow trunk of some old tree*
My chamber for the night must be.

Why the change? — 313. **Highland plunderers**. These in the time of James V were "much addicted to predatory incursions upon their Low-land neighbors." — 316. **fall the worst that may betide**. So Shakes. "An (i.e. if) the worst fall, that ever fell." *Mer. of Ven.*, I, ii, 77, 78. — 318. **falchion**. Properly a broad-bladed sword, slightly curved, used in the Middle Ages. See 466. —

319. MS. *The bugle shrill again he wound,*
And lo! forth starting at the sound.

Bettered? —

324. MS. *A little skiff shot to the bay.*
The Hunter left his airy stand,
And when the boat had touched the sand,
Concealed he stood amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.

Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
 The weeping willow twig to lave,
 And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
 The beach of pebbles bright as snow. 330
 The boat had touched this silver strand
 Just as the Hunter left his stand
 And stood concealed amid the brake,
 To view this Lady of the Lake.
 The maiden paused, as if again 335
 She thought to catch the distant strain.
 With head upraised, and look intent,
 And eye and ear attentive bent,
 And locks flung back, and lips apart,
 Like monument of Grecian art, 340
 In listening mood, she seemed to stand
 The guardian Naiad of the strand.

XVIII.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
 Of finer form or lovelier face! 345
 What though the sun, with ardent frown,
 Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—
 The sportive toil, which, short and light,
 Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
 Served too in hastier swell to show 350
 Short glimpses of a breast of snow:

How as to these changes? — 331. *silver strand*. The 'second thought,' which suggested these two words, was particularly happy. The 'silver strand' is an object of interest to every tourist. — 340. *Grecian*; therefore well-nigh perfect? —

342. *Naiad* = a fresh-water nymph? — The Naiads were inferior deities in the form of beautiful virgins. They presided over lakes, rivers, brooks, and fountains. —

344. *Nymph*. Originally a *veiled* one, a bride. The Greek imagination peopled all regions with exquisitely beautiful goddesses called nymphs. There were many orders of these lower deities. — *Grace*. The Graces were three sisters, attendants of Venus; viz., *Aglá'ia* (brightness), *Euphrósýne* (gladness), *Thalí'a* (bloom). "An æsthetic conception of all that is beautiful in the physical as well as in the social world." —

345. MS. A finer form, a fairer face
 Had never marble Nymph or Grace,
 That boasts the Grecian chisel's trace.

What though no rule of courtly grace
 To measured mood had trained her pace,
 A foot more light, a step more true,
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew; 355
 E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
 Elastic from her airy tread:
 What though upon her speech there hung
 The accents of the mountain tongue, —
 Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear, 360
 The listener held his breath to hear!

XIX.

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
 Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
 Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed. 365
 And seldom was a snood amid
 Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
 Whose glossy black to shame might bring
 The plumage of the raven's wing;
 And seldom o'er a breast so fair
 Mantled a plaid with modest care, 370
 And never brooch the folds combined
 Above a heart more good and kind.
 Her kindness and her worth to spy,
 You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
 Not Katrine in her mirror blue 375
 Gives back the shaggy banks more true
 Than every free-born glance confessed
 The guileless movements of her breast;

Reason for the changes? — 353. **measured mood** = studied behavior [Ginn]? The formal manner required by court etiquette [Rolfe]? — 356, 357. What truth, if any, underlies this poetic fancy? — 359. The MS. has 'stranger tongue.' Improvement? —

363. **snood**. The ribbon or head-band that binds the hair of a Scotch girl. It is emblematic of maidenhood. See iii, 114, 116, 485. It was exchanged for the *curch*, *toy*, or *coif*, when she married. — **plaid**, pronounced in Scotland, so as to rhyme as here, was a rectangular piece of woollen cloth; usually checkered with threads of various bright colors, but sometimes plain gray, or gray with black stripes. It was wrapped around the body, fastened with a belt, and hung gracefully to the knee. It was worn as an outer garment by both sexes. Each clan had its own peculiarly striped or checkered plaid. — 364. **brooch** = breastpin? Akin to Gaelic *brog*, awl. — **such birth betrayed**. It was the *material*, satin,

Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
 Or woe or pity claimed a sigh, 380
 Or filial love was glowing there,
 Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
 Or tale of injury called forth
 The indignant spirit of the North.
 One only passion unrevealed 385
 With maiden pride the maid concealed,
 Yet not less purely felt the flame; —
 Oh! need I tell that passion's name?

XX.

Impatient of the silent horn,
 Now on the gale her voice was borne: — 390
 "Father!" she cried; the rocks around
 Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
 Awhile she paused, no answer came; —
 "Malcolm, was thine the blast?" the name
 Less resolutely uttered fell, 395
 The echoes could not catch the swell.
 "A stranger I," the Huntsman said,
 Advancing from the hazel shade.
 The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar
 Pushed her light shallop from the shore, 400
 And when a space was gained between,
 Closer she drew her bosom's screen; —
 So forth the startled swan would swing,
 So turn to prune his ruffled wing.

silk, or gold. — 385. **one only** = only one? So in Shakespeare's *Jul. Cæs.* I, ii, 153, 'one only man'; and in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, l. 39, 'one only master.' — Why not write 'only one passion'? — 388. **Oh!** Too effusive? sentimental? — See on v, 35. —

395. **less resolutely.** Why? —

398. MS. A *space* she paused, no answer came, —
 "*Alpine*, was thine the blast?" the name
 Less resolutely uttered fell,
 The echoes could not catch the swell.
 "Nor foe, nor friend," the stranger said,
 Advancing from the hazel shade.
 The *startled* maid, with hasty oar,
 Pushed her light shallop from the shore.

400. **shallop.** Fr. *chaloupe*, a launch. A boat of any size? —

408. MS. So *o'er the lake* the swan would *spring*,
 Then turn to prune *its* ruffled wing.

Then safe, though fluttered and amazed, 405
 She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
 Not his the form, nor his the eye,
 That youthful maidens wont to fly.

XXI.

On his bold visage middle age
 Had slightly pressed its signet sage, 410
 Yet had not quenched the open truth
 And fiery vehemence of youth;
 Forward and frolic glee was there,
 The will to do, the soul to dare,
 The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire, 415
 Of hasty love or headlong ire.
 His limbs were cast in manly mould
 For hardy sports or contest bold;
 And though in peaceful garb arrayed,
 And weaponless except his blade, 420
 His stately mien as well implied
 A high-born heart, a martial pride,
 As if a baron's crest he wore,
 And sheathed in armor trode the shore.
 Slighting the petty need he showed, 425
 He told of his benighted road:
 His ready speech flowed fair and free,
 In phrase of gentlest courtesy,
 Yet seemed that tone and gesture bland
 Less used to sue than to command. 430

Comment on these changes.—404. *prune* = pick out damaged feathers and arrange the plumage with the bill [Rolfel]?—Fr. *provigner*, to lay down vine shoots for propagation; hence, probably, the meaning, to cut away superfluous shoots. *Web. Int. Dict.*—408. *wont* (pron. *wünt*) = are accustomed, or past tense, *were* accustomed?—*Wönt* = will not. Note the different pronunciation.—A.S. *wunian*; Old. Eng. *wonen*; Ger. *wohnen*, to dwell, live; A.S. *wuna*, custom.—

409. *middle age*. He died at thirty, in 1542. His father, James IV, was killed at Flodden. His daughter was Mary, Queen of Scots. His grandchild became James I of England.—See Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, in which he relates interesting anecdotes about the King's adventures while disguised. He was fond of love-making and gallantries.—425. *slighting*, etc., = making light of his paltry need of food and lodging?

XXII.

Awhile the maid the stranger eyed,
 And, reassured, at length replied,
 That Highland halls were open still
 To wildered wanderers of the hill.
 "Nor think you unexpected come 435
 To yon lone isle, our desert home;
 Before the heath had lost the dew,
 This morn, a couch was pulled for you;
 On yonder mountain's purple head
 Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled, 440
 And our broad nets have swept the mere,
 To furnish forth your evening cheer." —
 "Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,
 Your courtesy has erred," he said;
 "No right have I to claim, misplaced, 445
 The welcome of expected guest.
 A wanderer, here by fortune tost,
 My way, my friends, my courser, lost,
 I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
 Have ever drawn your mountain air, 450
 Till on this lake's romantic strand
 I found a fay in fairy land!" —

XXIII.

"I well believe," the maid replied,
 As her light skiff approached the side, —
 "I well believe, that ne'er before 455
 Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore;
 But yet, as far as yesternight,
 Old Allan-bane foretold your plight, —

433. MS. "*Her father's hall was open still.*" Why changed? — 434. *wilderer*. Line 274. — 438. *couch*. See lines 666, 667. — 440. *ptarmigan* = reddish brown grouse or moor fowl. In Scott the bird appears to be *white*. See ii, 541. The word is Gaelic. The *heath-cock* are black. — 441. *mere*. Akin to Lat. *mare*, sea; Ir. and Gael. *muir*. — We have the word in *Winder-mere*, *Gras-mere*, etc. — 443. *rood* = crucifix or cross. *By the rood* was a common oath. — A.S. *röd*, cross. — *Holyrood* in ii, 221, is orig. holy cross. — 451. *romantic*. The MS. has *enchanted*. Bettered? — 452. *fay*. French, *fée*, fairy; Lat. *fatum*, fate. —
 457. *yesternight*. Ger. *gestern*, yesterday; Lat. *hesternus*, of yester-

A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
 Was on the visioned future bent. 460
 He saw your steed, a dappled gray,
 Lie dead beneath the birchen way;
 Painted exact your form and mien,
 Your hunting-suit of Lincoln green,
 That tasselled horn so gayly gilt, 465
 That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,
 That cap with heron plumage trim,
 And yon two hounds so dark and grim.
 He bade that all should ready be
 To grace a guest of fair degree; 470
 But light I held his prophecy,
 And deemed it was my father's horn
 Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne."

XXIV.

The stranger smiled: — "Since to your home
 A destined errant-knight I come, 475
 Announced by prophet sooth and old,
 Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,
 I'll lightly front each high emprise
 For one kind glance of those bright eyes.
 Permit me first the task to guide 480
 Your fairy frigate o'er the tide."
 The maid, with smile suppressed and sly,
 The toil unwonted saw him try;

terday. — Is the word now used? — See v, 104; vi, 757. — 460. The MS. has "*Is often* on the future bent." Has the change helped? — In this and the dozen following lines, Scott introduces the belief in "Second Sight," a faculty of seeing what was invisible to the eye, because absent or future. He says, "Innumerable examples might be added, all attested by grave and credible authors. But, in despite of evidence which neither Bacon, Boyle, nor Johnson were [*sic*] able to resist, the *Taish*, with all its visionary properties, seems to be now universally abandoned to the use of poetry." See Campbell's *Lochiel's Warning*. — 461. **dappled**. Icel. *depill*, a spot. Akin to *dip*, *dimple*, not *apple*. "The resemblance of *dapple grey* to . . . 'apple-grey,' Fr. *gris pommelé*, is accidental." *Wedgwood*. — 462. **birchen**. Like *cedarn* in Milton's *Comus*, l. 990. — 464. **Lincoln green**. Cloth made in Lincoln, and much worn by hunters. See iv, 376, 575; v, 452; vi, 738.

475. **errant-knight**, usually *knight-errant*. Lat. *errāre*, to wander. The knight-errant travelled in quest of adventures. See vi, 199. — 476. **sooth** = true? See iv, 250; v, 64; Milton has *soothest*, in *Comus*, 823. We use *forsooth*, *soothsayer*, etc. — A.S. *sod*, true. — 478. **emprise**.

For seldom, sure, if e'er before,
 His noble hand had grasped an oar: 485
 Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,
 And o'er the lake the shallop flew;
 With heads erect and whimpering cry,
 The hounds behind their passage ply.
 Nor frequent does the bright oar break 490
 The darkening mirror of the lake,
 Until the rocky isle they reach,
 And moor their shallop on the beach.

XXV.

The stranger viewed the shore around;
 'Twas all so close with copsewood bound, 495
 Nor track nor pathway might declare
 That human foot frequented there,
 Until the mountain maiden showed
 A clambering unsuspected road,
 That winded through the tangled screen, 500
 And opened on a narrow green,
 Where weeping birch and willow round
 With their long fibres swept the ground.
 Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
 Some chief had framed a rustic bower. 505

XXVI.

It was a lodge of ample size,
 But strange of structure and device;
 Of such materials as around
 The workman's hand had readiest found.

Archaic, for *enterprise*. — 485. MS. has 'this gentle hand.' Good change? — 486. *his strokes*. For this the MS. has *the oars*. Why change? — 490. *frequent*. Such adverbial use is quite common in Shakespeare. — 492. *rocky isle*. This will always be known as Ellen's Isle. It contains two or three acres. The dark gray rocks, mottled with lichens, rise abruptly twenty to fifty feet. Beautiful ferns and honeysuckles, lovely heather, graceful mountain-ash trees, and a few pines — these may be added to the description in the poem. Analyze it. — 500. *winded*. This, for *wound*, is very rare. Allowable now? — See v, 22. — 504. *retreat in dangerous hour*. "The Celtic chieftains," says Scott, "had usually, in the most retired spot of their domains, some place of retreat . . . which, as circumstances would admit, was a tower, a cavern, or a

Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared, 510
 And by the hatchet rudely squared,
 To give the walls their destined height,
 The sturdy oak and ash unite;
 While moss and clay and leaves combined
 To fence each crevice from the wind. 515
 The lighter pine-trees overhead
 Their slender length for rafters spread,
 And withered heath and rushes dry
 Supplied a russet canopy.
 Due westward, fronting to the green, 520
 A rural portico was seen,
 Aloft on native pillars borne,
 Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,
 Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
 The ivy and Idæan vine, 525
 The clematis, the favored flower
 Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
 And every hardy plant could bear
 Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.
 An instant in this porch she stayed, 530
 And gayly to the stranger said:
 "On heaven and on thy lady call,
 And enter the enchanted hall!"

XXVII.

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
 My gentle guide, in following thee!" — 535
 He crossed the threshold,—and a clang
 Of angry steel that instant rang.
 To his bold brow his spirit rushed,
 But soon for vain alarm he blushed,

rustic hut, in a strong and secluded situation."—525. **Idæan vine** = red whortleberry [Taylor]? The common vine [Rolfe]? The botanical name of the red whortleberry is *Vaccinium vitis Idæa*, but it is not a climber. *Idæan* is from Mt. Ida near Troy, famous for vines [Taylor]? or from Mt. Ida in Crete [Rolfe]?—526. **clematis**, a genus of flowering plants of many species, mostly climbers . . . called also *virgin's bower*.—528. Note the ellipsis of the relative pronoun. Such omission is very common in Scott and Shakespeare. See iv, 147; vi, 540.—532. **On heaven**, etc. She playfully bids him follow the usage of knights-errant. Line 475.—536. **clang**. Strikingly imitative?—542. **careless**. See l. 490.—

When on the floor he saw displayed, 540
 Cause of the din, a naked blade
 Dropped from the sheath, that careless flung
 Upon a stag's huge antlers swung;
 For all around, the walls to grace,
 Hung trophies of the fight or chase; 545
 A target there, a bugle here,
 A battle-axe, a hunting-spear,
 And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
 With the tusked trophies of the boar.
 Here grins the wolf as when he died, 550
 And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
 The frontlet of the elk adorns,
 Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;
 Pennons and flags defaced and stained,
 That blackening streaks of blood retained, 555
 And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
 With otter's fur and seal's unite,
 In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
 To garnish forth the sylvan hall.

XXVIII.

The wondering stranger round him gazed, 560
 And next the fallen weapon raised:—
 Few were the arms whose sinewy strength
 Sufficed to stretch it forth at length.
 And as the brand he poised and swayed,
 "I never knew but one," he said, 565

546. **target**. Small shield, buckler. A.S. *targe*; Fr. *targe*, a shield. See iii, 445; v, 380. — 548. **store** = laid up, an obsolete adjective [Rolfe]? in abundance, plenty? Lat. *instaurare*, to build, renew; Old Fr. *estor*, provisions, supplies; *estorer*, to store. — Milton has, in *L'Allegro*, —

"With *store* of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and adjudge the prize."

— Not 'laid up' or 'stored' ladies! See iii, 3; vi, 124; 539. — 549. **trophies**. Where the tide of battle was *turned* (Greek *τρέπειν*, *trepein*, to turn), a monument was erected, and hung with captured arms, etc., called *trophies*. —

551. MS. There *hung* the wild-cat's brindled hide,
Above the elk's branched brow and skull,
And frontlet of the forest bull.

Well changed? — 556. See iii, 300. — 559. **garnish forth**. Like *furnish forth*, l. 442.

"Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield
 A blade like this in battle-field."
 She sighed, then smiled and took the word:
 "You see the guardian champion's sword;
 As light it trembles in his hand 570
 As in my grasp a hazel wand:
 My sire's tall form might grace the part
 Of Ferragus or Ascabart;
 But in the absent giant's hold
 Are women now, and menials old." 575

XXIX.

The mistress of the mansion came,
 Mature of age, a graceful dame,
 Whose easy step and stately port
 Had well become a princely court;
 To whom, though more than kindred knew, 580
 Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
 Meet welcome to her guest she made,
 And every courteous rite was paid
 That hospitality could claim,
 Though all unasked his birth and name. 585

566. **brook** = endure? A.S. *brūcan*; Old E. *broken*, *bruken*, to use, enjoy, digest; Lat. *frui*, to enjoy; ii, 761; iii, 77, 519.—573. **Ferragus or Ascabart**.—Ferragus *alias* Ferrate, a Saracen giant slain by Orlando in single combat, as told by Ariosto in *Orlando Furioso*. Having dropped his helmet in a river, he made a vow never to wear another till he won Orlando's. The Auchinleck MS. makes him forty feet in height, with twenty men's strength. Ascabart was thirty feet high. Under his arm he "carried off Sir Bevis of Hampton, his wife, sword, and steed." His effigy is on one side of the city gate at Southampton, that of Sir Bevis being on the other. Sir Bevis conquered him, and made him his slave. Drayton's *Polyolbion*, ii.—"The knight-errant notion is kept up by reference to these heroes of chivalry and in the 'guardian champion.'" Taylor.

577. **dame**. Ellen's aunt. By father's or mother's side? ii, 250-254.—578. **port**. Lat. *portare*, Fr. *porter*, to carry; *port*, carriage, behavior, demeanor.—580. **more than kindred knew** = *more than* (such) *kindred* (usually) *knew* (in way of affection) [Rolfe]? to a greater extent than kindred were accustomed to receive?—

580. MS. To whom, though more *remote her claim*,
 Young Ellen gave a mother's *name*.

Judicious change? Why?—585. **unasked**, etc. "The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctilious excess, are said to have considered it as churlish to ask a stranger his name or lineage before he had taken

Such then the reverence to a guest
 That fellest foe might join the feast,
 And from his deadliest foeman's door
 Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er.
 At length his rank the stranger names, 590
 "The Knight of Snowdown, James Fitz-James;
 Lord of a barren heritage,
 Which his brave sires, from age to age,
 By their good swords had held with toil
 His sire had fallen in such turmoil, 595
 And he, God wot, was forced to stand
 Oft for his right with blade in hand.
 This morning with Lord Moray's train
 He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
 Outstripped his comrades, missed the deer, 600
 Lost his good steed, and wandered here."

XXX.

Fain would the Knight in turn require
 The name and state of Ellen's sire.
 Well showed the elder lady's mien
 That courts and cities she had seen; 605
 Ellen, though more her looks displayed
 The simple grace of sylvan maid,

refreshment." *Scott*. See the same considerate delicacy exquisitely illustrated in the treatment of Ulysses by King Alcinous in the eighth book of the *Odyssey*. — 587. *fellest*. A.S. *fel* = fierce, cruel. — 591. *Snowdown*. See vi, 785-790. Stirling Castle was the favorite residence of James V. — *Fitz-James*. *Fitz* is Lat. *filius*, Old Fr. *fils*, *fiz*, son. — 592. *barren heritage*. "Each chief was a petty king in his own district, and gave just so much obedience to the king's authority as suited his convenience." — 595. *turmoil*. James IV fell in battle Sept. 9, 1513; the battle so wonderfully described in *Scott's Marmion*. So the name and the description here given are substantially correct. — 596. *wot* = knows? knew? — *Wit*, obsolete, except in the phrase *to wit*, is from the same base as *wise* and *vis-ion*, Lat. *vid-es*, I see; for what one sees, he knows. *Shakes.* repeatedly uses the phrase, *God wot*. — See iv, 357. — *Wot* is strictly in the *present* tense.

602. *require*. Not demand. In Shakespeare it often means *ask*. So in *Ezra*, viii, 22. — See iv, 735. — 604. MS. has, "Well showed the *mother's easy mien*." Improved upon? Reason for your opinion? —

606. MS. Ellen, though more her looks *betrayed*
 The simple *heart* of mountain maid.

Why the change? —

In speech and gesture, form and face,
 Showed she was come of gentle race.
 'Twere strange in ruder rank to find 610
 Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
 Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,
 Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;
 Or Ellen, innocently gay,
 Turned all inquiry light away: — 615
 “Weird women we! by dale and down
 We dwell, afar from tower and town:
 We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
 On wandering knights our spells we cast;
 While viewless minstrels touch the string, 620
 'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing.”
 She sung, and still a harp unseen
 Filled up the symphony between.

XXXI.

SONG.

“Soldier, rest! thy warfare o’er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking; 625
 Dream of battled fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking.
 In our isle’s enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,

610. MS. 'Twas strange, in *birth so rude*, to find
 Such *face*, such manners, and such mind.
 Each *anxious* hint the *stranger* gave,
 The *mother* heard with silence grave.

Test the propriety of these changes. — 616. *weird* = dealing in witchcraft, unearthly, supernatural? — A.S. *wyrd*, fate. Note the alliteration. — *down* = hill? — Gaelic *dun* = heap, hillock. A *down* or *dune* is often a low rounded hill of sand thrown up by the wind. Is it so in Tennyson's *Lady Clare*,

“She went by dale, and she went by down”?

622. *a harp unseen*. “Mr. Gunn, of Edinburgh, has lately published a curious Essay upon the Harp and Harp Music of the Highlands of Scotland. That the instrument was once in common use there, is most certain.” *Scott*. — Are we to understand that this musical accompaniment was supernatural? What other explanation is possible?

624. Note the change from the prevailing iambic metre to the trochaic. — No passage in the poem is better worthy of being memorized than this,

Fairy strains of music fall, 630
 Every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more;
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking. 635

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armor's clang or war-steed champing;
 Trump nor pibroch summon here
 Mustering clan or squadron tramping. 640
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
 At the daybreak from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here; 645
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping."

beginning with line 616 and ending at 665. — 631. *dewing*. Of course the evening dew is often associated with sleep, as Shakes. suggests by his 'golden dew of sleep' in *Richard III*, IV, i, 83, and 'honey-heavy dew of slumber' in *Julius Cæsar*, II, i, 230; but what analogy underlies the metaphor in music strains *dewing* the senses? —

635. MS. "*Noon of hunger*, night of waking.
 No rude sound shall *rouse* thine ear."

Improvement? — 637. *champing* = biting with repeated action, impatiently or noisily? — Local Swedish *kämsa*, to chew with difficulty. — 638. *pibroch* = bagpipe? — Gaelic *pioba*, a pipe, bagpipe. A *pibroch* is properly a kind of air or music played on the bagpipe among the Scotch Highlanders, suitable to arouse or allay some particular passion; especially an air so played before the Highlanders when they are going to battle.

"How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring, which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years." — *Byron*.

641. *fallow* = untilled land? — A.S. *fealo*, yellow, unproductive. — 642. *bittern*. A *wading*, fishing bird, allied to the herons. During the brooding season it makes a noise which Dryden calls *bumping*, and Goldsmith *booming*. Of all the notes of waterfowl, Goldsmith, in his *Animated Nature*, declares that "there is none so dismally hollow as the booming of the bittern." See iv, 791. — 643. *sedgy* = abounding in narrow flags or coarse marsh grass. — A.S. *saga*; Ger. *säge*, a saw, so called from its cutting edges. —

XXXII.

She paused,—then, blushing, led the lay,
 To grace the stranger of the day.
 Her mellow notes awhile prolong 650
 The cadence of the flowing song,
 Till to her lips in measured frame
 The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

SONG CONTINUED.

“Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
 While our slumbrous spells assail ye, 655
 Dream not, with the rising sun,
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
 Sleep! the deer is in his den;
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen 660
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
 Think not of the rising sun;
 For at dawning to assail ye
 Here no bugles sound reveillé.” 665

XXXIII.

The hall was cleared,—the stranger’s bed,
 Was there of mountain heather spread,
 Where oft a hundred guests had lain
 And dreamed their forest sports again.

648. MS. She paused — *but waked again* the lay.

Bettered?

655. MS. *Slumber sweet* our spells *shall deal* ye,
 and, in 657,

Let our slumbrous spells { *avail ye.*
 beguile ye.

Comment!—657. *reveillé*. Fr. *reveillez*, awake ye! Lat. *re*, again; *ez*, out; *vigilare*, to wake.—The word is properly pronounced so as to rhyme fairly with the last two syllables of 655; but in the U. S. army it is commonly pronounced *rêv-i-lé'*.—It is the military call, by drum-beat or bugle, about daybreak.

669. MS. And dreamed their *mountain chase* again.

But vainly did the heath-flower shed 670
 Its moorland fragrance round his head;
 Not Ellen's spell had lulled to rest
 The fever of his troubled breast.
 In broken dreams the image rose
 Of varied perils, pains, and woes: 675
 His steed now flounders in the brake,
 Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
 Now leader of a broken host,
 His standard falls, his honor's lost!
 Then,—from my couch may heavenly might 680
 Chase that worst phantom of the night!—
 Again returned the scenes of youth,
 Of confidant, undoubting truth;
 Again his soul he interchanged
 With friends whose hearts were long estranged: 685
 They come, in dim procession led,
 The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
 As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
 As if they parted yesterday;
 And doubt distracts him at the view,— 690
 O were his senses false or true?
 Dreamed he of death or broken vow,
 Or is it all a vision now?

XXXIV.

At length, with Ellen in a grove
 He seemed to walk and speak of love; 695
 She listened with a blush and sigh,
 His suit was warm, his hopes were high:
 He sought her yielded hand to clasp,
 And a cold gauntlet met his grasp:
 The phantom's sex was changed and gone, 700
 Upon its head a helmet shone;

Inferior?—672. not Ellen's spell = not even Ellen's spell?—Scott's *Rokeby*, I, ii, 33–36, is quoted for its resemblance to this passage. So the waking dream of Byron's *Giaour*.—693, etc. Lockhart quotes stanzas xlvii, xlviii of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* as a kindred passage. The *Critical Review* pronounces the 34th stanza 'one of Mr. Scott's most successful efforts in descriptive poetry,' and adds, "Some few lines of it are

Slowly enlarged to giant size,
 With darkened cheek and threatening eyes,
 The grisly visage, stern and hoar,
 To Ellen still a likeness bore. — 705
 He woke, and, panting with affright,
 Recalled the vision of the night.
 The hearth's decaying brands were red,
 And deep and dusky lustre shed,
 Half showing, half concealing, all 710
 The uncouth trophies of the hall.
 Mid those the stranger fixed his eye
 Where that huge falchion hung on high,
 And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
 Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along, 715
 Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
 He rose and sought the moonshine pure.

XXXV.

The wild rose, eglantine, and broom
 Wasted around their rich perfume;
 The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm; 720
 The aspens slept beneath the calm;
 The silver light, with quivering glance,
 Played on the water's still expanse,—
 Wild were the heart whose passion's sway
 Could rage beneath the sober ray! 725
 He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
 While thus he communed with his breast:—

indeed unrivalled for delicacy and melancholy tenderness." — 704. *grisly* = hideous? horrible? A.S. *grýslic*, frightful; *grýsan*, to shudder. Do the combined sounds of hard *g*, rough *r*, and subvocal *s*, appropriately express shuddering terror? — Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton use the word. Is it obsolete? — See iv, 322. — 724. *passion's* or *passions'*? The editions vary. —

728. MS. Played on { the bosom of the lake,
 Loch Katrine's still expanse;
The birch, the wild rose, and *the* broom
 Wasted around their rich perfume . . .
The birch-trees wept in *balmy dew*;
The aspen slept on *Benvenue*;
 Wild were the heart whose passions' power
 Defies the influence of the hour.

Why the changes? — 727. *commun'd*. Accent? —

“Why is it, at each turn I trace
Some memory of that exiled race?
Can I not mountain maiden spy, 730
But she must bear the Douglas eye?
Can I not view a Highland brand,
But it must match the Douglas hand?
Can I not frame a fevered dream,
But still the Douglas is the theme? 735
I’ll dream no more,—by manly mind
Not even in sleep is will resigned.
My midnight orisons said o’er,
I’ll turn to rest, and dream no more.”
His midnight orisons he told, 740
A prayer with every bead of gold,
Consigned to heaven his cares and woes,
And sunk in undisturbed repose,
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
And morning dawned on Benvenue. 745

738, 740. *orison* or *orisons*? Here again the editions differ. Rolfe remarks that “the word is almost invariably plural—always in Shakespeare and Milton.”—French *oraison*, Lat. *oratio*, a prayer; *orāre*, to pray.

CANTO SECOND.

THE ISLAND.

I.

At morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,
All Nature's children feel the matin spring
Of life reviving with reviving day;
And while yon little bark glides down the bay, 5
Wafting the stranger on his way again,
Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel gray,
And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,
Mixed with the sounding harp, O white-haired Allan-bane!

II.

SONG.

"Not faster yonder rowers' might 10
Flings from their oars the spray,
Not faster yonder rippling bright,
That tracks the shallop's course in light,
Melts in the lake away,
Than men from memory erase 15
The benefits of former days;
Then, stranger, go! good speed the while,
Nor think again of the lonely isle.

CANTO II. 1. **black-cock.** The male of the black or heath grouse.
—9. **Allan-bane.** In this connection Scott gives proof that "the Highland chieftains, to a late period, retained in their service the bard as a family officer."—15. **men from memory,** etc. Does the old minstrel suspect the stranger to be King James? See line 311. Has any intimation been given the islanders to excite such a suspicion?—11, 14. **flings,**

"High place to thee in royal court,
 High place in battled line, 20
 Good hawk and hound for sylvan sport!
 Where beauty sees the brave resort,
 The honored meed be thine!
 True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,
 Thy lady constant, kind, and dear, 25
 And lost in love's and friendship's smile
 Be memory of the lonely isle!

III.

SONG CONTINUED.

"But if beneath yon southern sky
 A plaided stranger roam,
 Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh 30
 And sunken cheek and heavy eye
 Pine for his Highland home;
 Then, warrior, then be thine to show
 The care that soothes a wanderer's woe;
 Remember then thy hap erewhile, 35
 A stranger in the lonely isle.

"Or if on life's uncertain main
 Mishap shall mar thy sail;
 If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
 Woe, want, and exile thou sustain 40
 Beneath the fickle gale;
 Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
 On thankless courts, or friends estranged,
 But come where kindred worth shall smile
 To greet thee in the lonely isle." 45

melts. Rapidity implied in the changed accent of the verse? — 20. **battled.** Most editions have 'battle.' Equally good? — 22. MS. has "*At tourneys* where the brave resort." Improved? — As to the presence of ladies at tournaments, see lines 87, 88, etc.; also Scott's *Ivanhoe*, Milton's *L'Allegro*, etc. — 23. **meed.** A.S. *med*, Ger. *miethe*, hire. — 26. **loves.** Most editions have 'love' here. Which is the better? *Why?*

29. **plaided.** The plaid, though worn sometimes in the Lowlands,

IV.

As died the sounds upon the tide,
 The shallop reached the mainland side,
 And ere his onward way he took,
 The stranger cast a lingering look,
 Where easily his eye might reach 50
 The Harper on the islet beach,
 Reclined against a blighted tree,
 As wasted, gray, and worn as he.
 To minstrel meditation given,
 His reverend brow was raised to heaven, 55
 As from the rising sun to claim
 A sparkle of inspiring flame.
 His hand, reclined upon the wire,
 Seemed watching the awakening fire;
 So still he sat as those who wait 60
 Till judgment speak the doom of fate;
 So still, as if no breeze might dare
 To lift one lock of hoary hair;
 So still, as life itself were fled
 In the last sound his harp had sped. 65

V.

Upon a rock with lichens wild,
 Beside him Ellen sat and smiled.
 Smiled she to see the stately drake
 Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,
 While her vexed spaniel from the beach 70
 Bayed at the prize beyond his reach?
 Yet tell me, then, the maid who knows,
 Why deepened on her cheek the rose?—
 Forgive, forgive, Fidelity!

was the distinctive dress of the *Highlanders*. See i, 363.—51. **The Harper**, etc. A fine piece of word-painting, a picture 'touched,' says Jeffrey, 'with the hand of the true poet.'—56. The word *if*, after *as*, is often omitted by the poets, especially those of the Elizabethan age. See iv, 446; vi, 429.—65. As to metre, see i, 73.—

66. **lichens** [from *li'-kens* or *lich-ens*]. Patches of scale-like, expanded, frond-like forms, grayish, greenish, or yellowish; often called *rock-moss*.—69. What is the drake's *fleet*?—80. Ellipsis? i, 528.

Perchance the maiden smiled to see 75
 Yon parting lingerer wave adieu,
 And stop and turn to wave anew;
 And, lovely ladies, ere your ire
 Condemn the heroine of my lyre,
 Show me the fair would scorn to spy 80
 And prize such conquest of her eye!

VI.

While yet he loitered on the spot,
 It seemed as Ellen marked him not;
 But when he turned him to the glade,
 One courteous parting sign she made; 85
 And after, oft the knight would say,
 That not when prize of festal day
 Was dealt him by the brightest fair
 Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,
 So highly did his bosom swell 90
 As at that simple mute farewell.
 Now with a trusty mountain-guide,
 And his dark stag-hounds by his side,
 He parts — the maid, unconscious still,
 Watched him wind slowly round the hill; 95
 But when his stately form was hid,
 The guardian in her bosom chid —
 "Thy Malcolm! vain and selfish maid!"
 'Twas thus upbraiding conscience said —
 "Not so had Malcolm idly hung 100
 On the smooth phrase of Southern tongue;
 Not so had Malcolm strained his eye
 Another step than thine to spy." —
 "Wake, Allan-bane," aloud she cried
 To the old minstrel by her side, — 105
 "Arouse thee from thy moody dream!
 I'll give thy harp heroic theme,

84. **turned him.** Reflexive? i, 142; ii, 106, etc. — 86. **after.** Often in the poets *after* is used for 'afterwards.' The 1st edition has *that knight*. Well changed? — 94. **parts** = departs? It is hardly needful to say that such use of *part* is frequent in poetry, as in Gray's "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day." — Line 763; iv, 313. — 103. The MS. reads, "*The loveliest Lowland fair to spy.*" The 1st edition has "*The step of parting*

And warm thee with a noble name;
 Pour forth the glory of the Græme!" 110
 Scarce from her lip the word had rushed,
 When deep the conscious maiden blushed;
 For of his clan, in hall and bower,
 Young Malcolm Græme was held the flower.

VII.

The minstrel waked his harp,—three times
 Arose the well-known martial chimes, 115
 And thrice their high heroic pride
 In melancholy murmurs died.
 "Vainly thou bidst, O noble maid,"
 Claspng his withered hands, he said,
 "Vainly thou bidst me wake the strain, 120
 Though all unwont to bid in vain.
 Alas! than mine a mightier hand
 Has tuned my harp, my strings has spanned!
 I touch the chords of joy, but low
 And mournful answer notes of woe; 125
 And the proud march which victors tread
 Sinks in the wailing for the dead.
 Oh, well for me, if mine alone
 That dirge's deep prophetic tone!
 If, as my tuneful fathers said, 130
 This harp, which erst Saint Modan swayed,
 Can thus its master's fate foretell,
 Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!

fair to spy." Compare the merits of these three lines. — 109. **Græme.** "The ancient and powerful family of Graham (which, for metrical reasons, is here spelled after the Scottish pronunciation) held extensive possessions in the counties of Dumbarton and Stirling. Few families can boast of more historical renown, having claims to three of the most remarkable characters in the Scottish annals — Sir John the Græme," defeated with Wallace by Edward I at Falkirk in 1298; "the celebrated Marquis of Montrose, in whom De Retz saw realized his abstract idea of the heroes of antiquity," "and . . . third, John Græme of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee." — "The Græme" is the chief of the Grahams, as "The Douglas" is head of the Douglasses. — 112. **bower** = chamber, ladies' apartments in a house [Rolfe]? — **in hall and bower** = among men and women [Rolfe]. See i, 217; iv, 413; *Comus*, line 45; Spenser's *Astrophel*, 28. —

121. **unwont.** *Wont* = accustomed? customary? usual? — 126. As to the metre, see i, 73. — 131. **Saint Modan** was a Scotch abbot of the 7th century, of whom Scott says, "I am not prepared to show that Saint

VIII.

"But ah! dear lady, thus it sighed,
 The eve thy sainted mother died; 135
 And such the sounds which, while I strove
 To wake a lay of war or love,
 Came marring all the festal mirth,
 Appalling me who gave them birth,
 And, disobedient to my call, 140
 Wailed loud through Bothwell's bannered hall,
 Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,
 Were exiled from their native heaven. —
 Oh! if yet worse mishap and woe
 My master's house must undergo, 145
 Or aught but weal to Ellen fair
 Brood in these accents of despair,

Modan was a performer on the harp. It was, however, no unsaintly accomplishment; for Saint Dunstan certainly did play upon that instrument; which, retaining, as was natural, a portion of the sanctity attached to its master's character, announced future events by its spontaneous sound." — Scott quotes the following:—

"[*Dunstan's harp sounds on the wall.*]

Forrest. Hark, hark, my lord, the holy abbot's harp
 Sounds by itself so hanging on the wall!

Dunstan. Unhallow'd man, that scorn'st the sacred rede,
 Hark, how the testimony of my truth
 Sounds heavenly music with an angel's hand!"

From *Grim, the Collier of Croydon*.

141. **Bothwell's bannered hall.** A Norman castle on the Clyde, nine miles above Glasgow.

"Where Bothwell turrets brave the air,
 And Bothwell bank is blooming fair."

The ruins are picturesque and massive, some of the walls fourteen feet thick and sixty feet high. — 142. **Douglasses, to ruin driven.** Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, had married Margaret Tudor, the queen dowager, mother of James V, and, as guardian of the boy king, had held him in so close tutelage and subjection that he was virtually a prisoner. Young James felt this captivity very keenly. Attempts were openly made to rescue him, but had failed. One night, in 1528, while residing at Falkland (where he died in 1542), about twenty miles N.N.W. of Edinburgh, the young king made his escape, and rode full speed to Stirling Castle, where the governor, who hated the Douglasses, received him with great joy. The Douglasses were all banished. Among them was the brave old man, Archibald of Kilspindie, whom James greatly loved in his childhood, and whom some have affirmed to be the original of the Douglas of *The Lady of the*

No future bard, sad Harp! shall fling
 Triumph or rapture from thy string;
 One short, one final strain shall flow, 150
 Fraught with unutterable woe,
 Then shivered shall thy fragments lie,
 Thy master cast him down and die!"

IX.

Soothing she answered him: "Assuage,
 Mine honored friend, the fears of age; 155
 All melodies to thee are known
 That harp has rung or pipe has blown
 In Lowland vale or Highland glen
 From Tweed to Spey — what marvel, then,
 At times unbidden notes should rise, 160
 Confusedly bound in memory's ties,
 Entangling, as they rush along,
 The war-march with the funeral song? —
 Small ground is now for brooding fear;
 Obscure, but safe, we rest us here. 165
 My sire, in native virtue great,
 Resigning lordship, lands, and state,
 Not then to fortune more resigned
 Than yonder oak might give the wind:
 The graceful foliage storms may reave, 170
 The noble stem they cannot grieve.
 For me" — she stooped, and, looking round,
 Plucked a blue harebell from the ground —
 "For me, whose memory scarce conveys
 An image of more splendid days, 175
 This little flower that loves the lea
 May well my simple emblem be;

Lake. Scott himself tells us, however, that the Douglas of the poem is an imaginary person, a supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus. — See note on v, 630, etc. — 151. *fraught*. Swedish, *frakta*, Old Eng. *fraught*, to load a ship. — 159. *from Tweed to Spey*. The river Tweed, 95 miles in length, partly separates Scotland from England; the Spey, 110 miles long, is in northern Scotland. "From Tweed to Spey" therefore includes most of Scotland. — 170. *reave*. A.S. *reafian*, Ger. *rauben*, to rob, carry off by violence; whence, *bereave*. — Shakes. and Spenser use *reave*. — 176. *lea*. A.S. *leah*, field, meadow, or turf land. See v, 401. —

It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
 That in the King's own garden grows;
 And when I place it in my hair, 180
 Allan, a bard is bound to swear
 He ne'er saw coronet so fair."
 Then playfully the chaplet wild
 She wreathed in her dark locks, and smiled.

X.

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway, 185
 Wiled the old Harper's mood away.
 With such a look as hermits throw,
 When angels stoop to soothe their woe,
 He gazed, till fond regret and pride
 Thrilled to a tear; then thus replied: 190
 "Loveliest and best! thou little know'st
 The rank, the honors, thou hast lost!
 Oh, might I live to see thee grace,
 In Scotland's court, thy birthright place!
 To see my favorite's step advance 195
 The lightest in the courtly dance,
 The cause of every gallant's sigh,
 And leading star of every eye,
 And theme of every minstrel's art,
 The Lady of the Bleeding Heart!" 200

178. MS. *No blither dew-drop cheers the rose.*

Bettered?—182. **coronet**. Lat. *corona*, Old Fr. *corone*, crown; diminutive suffix, *-et*, little. —

186. **wiled**. A.S. *wil* or *wile*, a trick. *Wile* is a doublet of *guile*; whence comes *beguile*.—195, 196. These two lines are not in the MS. Was it worth while to insert them?—200. **the Bleeding Heart**. The family device or 'cognizance' of the Douglasses was a *red heart* crowned. Robert Bruce,¹ on his death-bed, charged the good Lord James Douglas to take his heart, and bear it in war against the Saracens, and to Palestine, in order that his vow to visit the Holy Land might be fulfilled! In a sharp battle against the Moslems, Douglas flung before him the casket containing the heart, shouting, "Onward! as thou wert wont, thou noble heart! Douglas will follow thee!" The heart was finally deposited in the church of Melrose Abbey.—

¹ Born 1274; crowned at Scone 1306; victorious at Bannockburn 1314; died 1329.

XI.

"Fair dreams are these," the maiden cried:
 Light was her accent, yet she sighed,—
 "Yet is this mossy rock to me
 Worth splendid chair and canopy;
 Nor would my footstep spring more gay 205
 In courtly dance than blithe strathspey,
 Nor half so pleased mine ear incline
 To royal minstrel's lay as thine.
 And then, for suitors proud and high,
 To bend before my conquering eye — 210
 Thou, flattering bard! thyself wilt say,
 That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway,
 The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,
 The terror of Loch Lomond's side,
 Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay 215
 A Lennox foray — for a day!" —

XII.

The ancient bard her glee repressed:
 "Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest!
 For who, through all this western wild,
 Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled? 220

201. **Fair.** Welsh edition has *Gay*. Your preference? —

208. MS. This mossy rock, *my friend*, to me
Is worth gay chair and canopy.

205. **footstep.** So the early editions: the later have *footsteps*. Why is the singular better? — 206. **strathspey.** A lively Scottish dance, resembling the 'reel,' but slower. *Strath* = a broad valley through which a river runs. The dance is named from the valley. iii, 87. — 212. *Roderick* is said to mean 'rich in fame.' — 213. The race of Alpine, descended from the ancient king, Kenneth McAlpine, included the clans of MacGregors, Grants, Mackies, Mackinnans, MacNabs, MacQuarries, and Macaulays. — 214. **Loch Lomond.** This is the largest and one of the most beautiful of the Scottish lakes, 16 miles N.W. of Glasgow; 21 miles long, north to south, 7 to 8 in greatest breadth, narrowing to one mile at the north end; studded with islands, and surrounded by mountains and valleys. See i, 263; iii, 191. — 216. **foray.** Fr. *fourre*, straw, fodder; *fourrage*, to forage; Eng. *forage*, to wander in search of forage; to plunder. The Lennox family lands bordered on the southern end of Loch Lomond. The Earls of Lennox had one of their castles, now in ruins, on the island of Inch-Murrin, in the S.W. part of the lake; another on the shore near Balloch, where the modern castle stands.

220. **Black.** *Dhu* is 'black' in the Gaelic. — 221. **Holy-Rood.** This

In Holy-Rood a knight he slew;
 I saw, when back the dirk he drew,
 Courtiers give place before the stride
 Of the undaunted homicide;
 And since, though outlawed, hath his hand 225
 Full sternly kept his mountain land.
 Who else dared give — ah! woe the day,
 That I such hated truth should say! —
 The Douglas, like a stricken deer,
 Disowned by every noble peer, 230
 Even the rude refuge we have here?
 Alas! this wild marauding Chief
 Alone might hazard our relief,
 And now thy maiden charms expand,
 Looks for his guerdon in thy hand; 235
 Full soon may dispensation sought,
 To back his suit, from Rome be brought!
 Then, though an exile on the hill,
 Thy father, as the Douglas, still
 Be held in reverence and fear; 240
 And though to Roderick thou'rt so dear
 That thou mightst guide with silken thread,
 Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread,
 Yet, O loved maid, thy mirth refrain!
 Thy hand is on a lion's mane! " — 245

is the famous historic Holyrood Palace, long the royal residence in Edinburgh.—slew. Says Scott, "This was a by no means uncommon occurrence in the Court of Scotland." See v, 107-127.—

223. MS. Courtiers give place *with heartless stride*
Of the *retiring* homicide.

Description improved?—225. *outlawed*. A.S. *útlaga*, one not under the protection of law.—226. The MS. has after this line the following couplet:—

Who else dared own the kindred claim
That bound him to thy mother's name?

Probable reason for its omission?—230. *disowned*, etc.—Says Scott, "The hatred of James against the race of Douglas was so inveterate that, numerous as their allies were, and disregarded as the royal authority had usually been in similar cases, their nearest friends, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, durst not entertain them, unless under the strictest and closest disguise." See line 142 of this Canto.—232. *marauding*. Fr. *maraud*, a rascal.—The original sense of this word seems to be 'wandering,' 'vagabondizing.' Akin to Spanish *marrar*, to deviate.—235. *guerdon*. Ger. *wieder*, back again; Lat. *donum*, a gift; Fr. *guerdon*. Rare, except in poetry.—236. *dispensation*. Cousins, in the Roman Catholic Church, could not marry without license from the Pope?

XIII.

"Minstrel," the maid replied, and high
 Her father's soul glanced from her eye,
 "My debts to Roderick's house I know:
 All that a mother could bestow
 To Lady Margaret's care I owe, 250
 Since first an orphan in the wild
 She sorrowed o'er her sister's child;
 To her brave chieftain son, from ire
 Of Scotland's king who shrouds my sire,
 A deeper, holier debt is owed; 255
 And, could I pay it with my blood,
 Allan! Sir Roderick should command
 My blood, my life,—but not my hand.
 Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell
 A votaress in Maronnan's cell; 260
 Rather through realms beyond the sea,
 Seeking the world's cold charity,
 Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,
 And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,
 An outcast pilgrim will she rove, 265
 Than wed the man she cannot love.

XIV.

"Thou shak'st, good friend, thy tresses gray,—
 That pleading look, what can it say
 But what I own?—I grant him brave,
 But wild as Bracklinn's thundering wave; 270
 And generous,—save vindictive mood
 Or jealous transport chafe his blood:

251. **orphan.** Which?—Has Scott carried the inversion too far?—
 254. **shrouds.** In Spenser, *to shroud* = to protect; in Shakes. *shroud* = protection; in Milton's *Comus*, *shrouds* = shelters. A.S. *scrūd* = garment, dress.—260. **Maronnan's cell.** St. Maronnan's cell or chapel or church, *Kilmaronock*, was at the eastern extremity of Loch Lomond. Little is known of the saint. *Kil*, as a prefix or suffix, meant *cell* or chapel; as in *Kilpatrick*, *Icolmkill*, etc.

270. **Bracklinn's.** The word is said to mean 'white foaming pool.' A beautiful cascade, some 50 ft. high, a mile N.E. of Callander, made by the mountain stream Keltie, at the bridge of Bracklinn. See vi, 487.—
 271. **save** = unless [Rolfe]? except when?—274. **claymore.** Two-

I grant him true to friendly band,
 As his claymore is to his hand;
 But O! that very blade of steel 275
 More mercy for a foe would feel:
 I grant him liberal, to fling
 Among his clan the wealth they bring,
 When back by lake and glen they wind,
 And in the Lowland leave behind, 280
 Where once some pleasant hamlet stood,
 A mass of ashes slaked with blood.
 The hand that for my father fought
 I honor, as his daughter ought;
 But can I clasp it reeking red 285
 From peasants slaughtered in their shed?
 No! wildly while his virtues gleam,
 They make his passions darker seem,
 And flash along his spirit high
 Like lightning o'er the midnight sky. 290
 While yet a child — and children know,
 Instinctive taught, the friend and foe —
 I shuddered at his brow of gloom,
 His shadowy plaid and sable plume;
 A maiden grown, I ill could bear 295
 His haughty mien and lordly air:
 But, if thou join'st a suitor's claim,
 In serious mood, to Roderick's name,
 I thrill with anguish! or, if e'er
 A Douglas knew the word, with fear. 300
 To change such odious theme were best,—
 What think'st thou of our stranger guest? —

XV.

“What think I of him? — woe the while
 That brought such wanderer to our isle!

handed? — Lat. *gladius*? — Gael. *claidheamh* (pronounced kli-ēv); Welsh *cleddyf*, a sword; Gael. *mor*, Welsh *mawr*, great. — 294. **shadowy** . . . **sable**. Appropriate? — Line 220. —

303. **woe the while**. *While* (A.S. *hwil*) of course is a noun. After a preposition understood? See i, 166. — 305. **yore**. A.S. *gear*, year;

Thy father's battle-brand, of yore 305
 For Tine-man forged by fairy lore,
 What time he leagued, no longer foes,
 His Border spears with Hotspur's bows,
 Did, self-unscabbarded, foreshow
 The footstep of a secret foe. 310
 If courtly spy hath harbored here,
 What may we for the Douglas fear?
 What for this island, deemed of old
 Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold?
 If neither spy nor foe, I pray 315
 What yet may jealous Roderick say?—
 Nay, wave not thy disdainful head!
 Bethink thee of the discord dread
 That kindled when at Beltane game
 Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm Græme; 320
 Still, though thy sire the peace renewed,
 Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud:
 Beware!—But hark! what sounds are these?
 My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,
 No weeping birch nor aspens wake, 325
 Nor breath is dimpling in the lake;

geara, of years; formerly. — 306. **Tine-man**. "Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, was so unfortunate in all his enterprises that he acquired the epithet of *tine-man*, because he *tined*, or lost, his followers in every battle which he fought." *Scott*. Slain in battle in 1424. — 307. **what time**. *Lat. quo tempore*. See iii, 15; iv, 9. — **no longer foes**. He had lost an eye in battle and been captured by Henry Percy of Northumberland, Hotspur, in the battle of Hamildon Hill. Afterwards, leagued with Percy, he fought beside him at Shrewsbury in 1403, and was then wounded again and captured. — See Shakespeare's 1 *Henry IV*, and Holinshed's *History of England*. —

"Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
 Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
 Enlarged him and made a friend of him."

1 *Henry IV*, III, ii, 112–115. — 309. **self-unscabbarded**. *Scott*, in his notes, gives other instances of like ominous behavior on the part of 'this sentient and prescient weapon.' — 311. See line 15. — 319. **Beltane**=Bell's Fire, or Whitsunday?—Gael. *Beal*=sun, or sun-god; *tainn*=fire. On May 1 (Old Style), occurred a yearly festival in honor of the sun and of the returning spring. As a part of the ceremonies, fires were kindled on the hilltops at night. Dancing and merriment followed. — See 410; *Unab. Dict.*—323. **hark!**—Of the description following, Jeffrey says, "The moving picture—the effect of the sounds—and the wild character and

Still is the canna's hoary beard;
 Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard —
 And hark again! some pipe of war
 Sends the bold pibroch from afar." 330

XVI.

Far up the lengthened lake were spied
 Four darkening specks upon the tide,
 That, slow enlarging on the view,
 Four manned and masted barges grew,
 And, bearing downwards from Glengyle, 335
 Steered full upon the lonely isle;
 The point of Brianchoil they passed,
 And, to the windward as they cast,
 Against the sun they gave to shine
 The bold Sir Roderick's bannered Pine. 340
 Nearer and nearer as they bear,
 Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air.
 Now might you see the tartans brave,
 And plaids and plumage dance and wave;
 Now see the bonnets sink and rise, 345
 As his tough oar the rower plies;
 See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,
 The wave ascending into smoke;

strong peculiar nationality of the whole procession, are given with inimicable spirit and power." — 327. **canna's hoary beard.** Gael. *cannach*, 'the-canna-down.' Cotton-grass, here called *canna*, is of the *sedge* family. (See i, 643.) Around the seed or fruit at maturity are delicate hair-like bristles which resemble tufts of cotton.

335. **Glengyle.** "A valley at the northern end of Loch Katrine." See map. — 337. **Brianchoil.** A promontory on the north shore of the lake, and due north of Benvenue. — 340. **Pine.** Reminding us of "the stately emblem on the Bay-state's rusted shield" in colonial days! — 343. **tartans.** Woolen cloths, marked into small squares by being chequered or cross-barred with narrow bands of various colors; much worn in the Highlands of Scotland. — "MacCullummore's heart will be as cold as death can make it, when it does not warm to the tartan." *Scott.* — French, *tartan*; *tiretaine*, linsey-woolsey. See vi, 152. — **brave.** Fr. *brave*, gay, fine, *braguer*, to display; Armoric *brav*, fine; Scot. *braw*, handsome, well-dressed; Welsh *brae*, boastful. Akin to *brag*. — Shakes. repeatedly uses it in the sense of 'showy'; as in *Hamlet*, II, ii, 'this brave o'erhanging firmament.' — 345. **bonnets.** French *bonnet*, the name of a stuff or material, very durable, made of thick seamless woolen. Scotch caps, soft, elastic. —

See the proud pipers on the bow,
 And mark the gaudy streamers flow 350
 From their loud chanters down, and sweep
 The furrowed bosom of the deep,
 As, rushing through the lake amain,
 They plied the ancient Highland strain.

XVII.

Ever, as on they bore, more loud 355
 And louder rung the pibroch proud.
 At first the sounds, by distance tame,
 Mellowed along the waters came,
 And, lingering long by cape and bay,
 Wailed every harsher note away; 360
 Then, bursting bolder on the ear,
 The clan's shrill Gathering they could hear,
 Those thrilling sounds that call the might
 Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.
 Thick beat the rapid notes, as when 365
 The mustering hundreds shake the glen,
 And hurrying at the signal dread,
 The battered earth returns their tread.
 Then prelude light, of livelier tone,
 Expressed their merry marching on, 370
 Ere peal of closing battle rose,
 With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows;

350. *streamers*. Why called streamers?—351. *chanters* = in bagpipes the tubes, flutes, or finger pipes?—

357. *sounds*. Most editions have *sound*. Preferable? Line 363.—363. *thrilling*, etc. Scott says, "the connoisseurs in pipe music affect to discover, in a well-composed pibroch, the imitative sounds of march, conflict, fight, pursuit, and all 'the current of a heady fight.'" He quotes from Dr. Beattie the following: "Some of the pibrochs, being intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion representing a march; then gradually quicken into the onset; run off with a noisy confusion, and turbulent rapidity, to imitate the conflict and pursuit; then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy, and perhaps close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral procession."—Trace these successive steps in the description, 365–384.—See line 638, Canto i.—367. *hurrying*. "Another instance of clumsy inversion," says Taylor. See on line 251.—"Referring to *their*, or rather to the *them* implied in that word" [Rolfe]? referring to *hundreds*, or *they* implied in *hundreds*?—369. *prelude*.

And mimic din of stroke and ward,
 As broadsword upon target jarred;
 And groaning pause, ere yet again, 375
 Condensed, the battle yelled amain;
 The rapid charge, the rallying shout,
 Retreat borne headlong into rout,
 And bursts of triumph, to declare
 Clan-Alpine's conquest — all were there. 380
 Nor ended thus the strain, but slow
 Sunk in a moan prolonged and low,
 And changed the conquering clarion swell
 For wild lament o'er those that fell.

XVIII.

The war-pipes ceased, but lake and hill 385
 Were busy with their echoes still;
 And, when they slept, a vocal strain
 Bade their hoarse chorus wake again,
 While loud a hundred clansmen raise
 Their voices in their Chieftain's praise. 390
 Each boatman, bending to his oar,
 With measured sweep the burden bore,
 In such wild cadence as the breeze
 Makes through December's leafless trees.
 The chorus first could Allan know, 395
 "Roderick Vich Alpine, ho! iro!"
 And near, and nearer as they rowed,
 Distinct the martial ditty flowed.

Lat. *prae*, before; *ludere*, to play. — 373. *ward* = guard against blow, parrying or averting? See i, 38. — 376. *amain*. See i, 150. — 383. *swell*. Subject, or object, of *changed*? — *clarion*, Lat. *clarus* originally meant *clear-toned*?

392. *the burden bore* = sustained the *burden* [Rolfé]? What is the *burden* here? — See Canto i, 17; vi, 75. — "The melancholy burden bore, of 'Never — nevermore'!" Poe's *Raven*. — 396. *Vich* = descendant? —

XIX.

BOAT SONG.

"Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
 Honored and blessed be the ever-green Pine! 400
 Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
 Heaven send it happy dew,
 Earth lend it sap anew,
 Gayly to bourgeon and broadly to grow, 405
 While every Highland glen
 Sends our shout back again,
 'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

"Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade; 410
 When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
 Moored in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock,
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow; 415
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
 Echo his praise again,
 'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

399. **Hail to the Chief.** Note how spirited the dactylic metre, one long followed by two short, as in Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade*, "Half a league, half a league, half a league, onward!" and many lines in Longfellow's *Skeleton in Armor*. — [Dactylic = finger-like, one long bone and two short!] from Gr. δάκτυλος, dáktilos, finger. — 405. **bourgeon.** Gaelic *borr*, to swell; *borra*, a knob; Fr. *bourgeon*, a young bud. Tennyson, in *In Memoriam*, uses the word in the sense of bud or sprout. — 408. The line means nearly, 'Hurrah for black Roderick, descendant of Alpine.' — "Besides his ordinary name and surname, every Highland chief had an epithet expressive of his patriarchal dignity as head of the clan. . . . The chieftain had usually another . . . which distinguished him from the chieftains of the same race. This was sometimes derived from complexion, as *dhu* [black] or *roy* [red]; sometimes from size, as *beg* or *more* [great]. . . . The song itself is intended as an imitation of the . . . boat songs of the Highlanders. . . . They are so adapted as to keep time with the sweep of the oars." Scott.

410. **Beltane.** Line 319. — 413. **Image here?** — 415. **roots him.** i, 142; ii, 84. — 416. **Menteith,** i, 89. — **Breadalbane.** The western part of Perthshire, "the district north of Loch Lomond and around Loch Tay. The Earl of Breadalbane's seat is Taymouth Castle on Loch Tay."

XX.

"Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
 And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied; 420
 Glen-Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
 And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.

Widow and Saxon maid
 Long shall lament our raid,
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe; 425
 Lennox and Leven-glen
 Shake when they hear again,
 'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

"Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
 Stretch to your oars for the ever-green Pine! 430
 O that the rosebud that graces yon islands
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!

O that some seedling gem,
 Worthy such noble stem,
 Honored and blessed in their shadow might grow! 435
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then
 Ring from her deepest glen,
 'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'"

419. **Glen Fruin.** A valley S.W. of Loch Lomond. — 420. **Bannochar** (Bennchara, or Benachra) Castle's ruins still overhang the entrance to Glen Fruin. — 420. **slogan.** Gael. *sluagh*, an army; *gairm*, a call. — 421. **Glen Luss** is a valley draining into the lake near Glen Fruin. **Ross-dhu** is between Glen Luss and Glen Fruin. At Glen Luss is a ruined tower, the remnant of an ancient castle of the Luss family. — 422. **the best of Loch Lomond lie dead.** "The Lennox, as the district is called, which encircles the lower extremity of Loch Lomond, was peculiarly exposed to the incursions of the mountaineers, who inhabited the inaccessible fastnesses at the upper end of the lake, and the neighboring district of Loch Katrine. These were often marked by circumstances of great ferocity." *Scott.* Scott gives a number of examples of the terrible savagery of these Highlanders in this romantic region. — 424. **raid.** A.S. *ridan*, to ride; *rad*, Icel. *reid*, a ride. — 426. **Leven-glen.** Through this valley the waters of Loch Lomond flow into the Clyde. —

429. **vassals.** Kymric *guas*, a youth, a servant; mediæval Latin, *vassalis*; Fr. *vassal*. *Brachet.* — 431. **rosebud.** Allan's forebodings? See line 235. — Is this suggestion judicious? intrusive? — 433. **gem** = bud? jewel? — Lat. *gemma* = a bud. — 438. Of this scene and song the *Critical Review* says, "The hero of a poem has seldom, if ever, been introduced with finer effect." —

XXI.

With all her joyful female band
 Had Lady Margaret sought the strand. 440
 Loose on the breeze their tresses flew,
 And high their snowy arms they threw,
 As echoing back with shrill acclaim,
 And chorus wild, the Chieftain's name;
 While, prompt to please, with mother's art, 445
 The darling passion of his heart,
 The Dame called Ellen to the strand,
 To greet her kinsman ere he land:
 "Come, loiterer, come! a Douglas thou,
 And shun to wreath a victor's brow?" 450
 Reluctantly and slow, the maid
 The unwelcome summoning obeyed,
 And when a distant bugle rung,
 In the mid-path aside she sprung: —
 "List, Allan-bane! From mainland cast 455
 I hear my father's signal blast.
 Be ours," she cried, "the skiff to guide,
 And waft him from the mountain-side."
 Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright,
 She darted to her shallop light, 460
 And, eagerly while Roderick scanned
 For her dear form his mother's band,
 The islet far behind her lay,
 And she had landed in the bay.

XXII.

Some feelings are to mortals given 465
 With less of earth in them than heaven;
 And if there be a human tear
 From passion's dross refined and clear,
 A tear so limpid and so meek
 It would not stain an angel's cheek, 470

444. MS. *The chorus to the chieftain's fame.*

Inferior?

469. **limpid.** Lat. *limpidus*, akin to Gr. λάμπειν, *lampein*, to shine. —

'Tis that which pious fathers shed
 Upon a duteous daughter's head!
 And, as the Douglas to his breast
 His darling Ellen closely pressed,
 Such holy drops her tresses steeped, 475
 Though 'twas an hero's eye that weeped.
 Nor, while on Ellen's faltering tongue
 Her filial welcomes crowded hung,
 Marked she that fear — affection's proof —
 Still held a graceful youth aloof; 480
 No! not till Douglas named his name,
 Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.

XXIII.

Allan, with wistful look the while,
 Marked Roderick landing on the isle;
 His master piteously he eyed, 485
 Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride,
 Then dashed with hasty hand away
 From his dimmed eye the gathering spray;
 And Douglas, as his hand he laid
 On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said: 490
 "Canst thou, young friend, no meaning spy
 In my poor follower's glistening eye?
 I'll tell thee: — he recalls the day
 When in my praise he led the lay
 O'er the arched gate of Bothwell proud, 495
 While many a minstrel answered loud,
 When Percy's Norman pennon, won
 In bloody field, before me shone,

These lines are often quoted. — 471. *pious*. Usual meaning of this word? *From a parent or toward one?* — 476. *weeped*. Allowable? See i, 500. — *an hero*? When is 'an' allowable before *h*?

477. MS. Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue
 Her filial *greetings eager* hung,
 Mark'd *not* that *awe* (affection's proof)
 Still held *yon gentle* youth aloof.
 No! not till Douglas named his name,
 Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.
Then with flushed cheek and downcast eye,
Their greeting was confused and shy.

Improved on revision?

495. *Bothwell*. See on line 141. — 497. *Percy's Norman pennon*. Captured by the Douglas in the raid which led to the battle of Otterburn,

And twice ten knights, the least a name
 As mighty as yon Chief may claim, 500
 Gracing my pomp, behind me came.
 Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud
 Was I of all that marshalled crowd,
 Though the waned crescent owned my might,
 And in my train trooped lord and knight, 505
 Though Blantyre hymned her holiest lays,
 And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,
 As when this old man's silent tear,
 And this poor maid's affection dear,
 A welcome give more kind and true 510
 Than aught my better fortunes knew.
 Forgive, my friend, a father's boast,—
 O, it out-beggars all I lost!"

XXIV.

Delightful praise! — like summer rose,
 That brighter in the dew-drop glows, 515
 The bashful maiden's cheek appeared,
 For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.
 The flush of shame-faced joy to hide,
 The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide;
 The loved caresses of the maid 520
 The dogs with crouch and whimper paid;
 And, at her whistle, on her hand
 The falcon took his favorite stand,
 Closed his dark wing, relaxed his eye,
 Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly. 525

Aug. 15, 1388, celebrated in the old ballad of *Chevy Chase*. — 501. **pomp** = parade [Ginn]? triumphal procession [Rolfe]? pageant? — Gr. πομπή, pompe, a 'send-off'; from πέμπειν, pempein, to send! — 504. **the waned crescent** = the conquered Saracens [Rolfe]? The crescent moon on the shield of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, who had been defeated in an endeavor to set the king free from the Douglasses, and whose failure is hence called here the 'waning of the crescent' [Yonge]? — 506. **Blantyre**. A priory or abbey on a height, opposite Bothwell Castle on the Clyde. Its ruins are still shown. — 513. **out-beggars**. Inelegant?

521. MS. The dogs with *whimpering notes repaid*.

Improved? — 525. **unhooded**. When hunting with trained falcons, the bird was carried on the wrist with its head covered with a sort of hood until the prey was seen. Then the hood was removed, and the falcon flew

And, trust, while in such guise she stood,
 Like fabled Goddess of the wood,
 That if a father's partial thought
 O'erweighed her worth and beauty aught,
 Well might the lover's judgment fail 530
 To balance with a juster scale;
 For with each secret glance he stole,
 The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

XXV.

Of stature fair, and slender frame,
 But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme. 535
 The belted plaid and tartan hose
 Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose;
 His flaxen hair, of sunny hue,
 Curled closely round his bonnet blue.
 Trained to the chase, his eagle eye 540
 The ptarmigan in snow could spy;
 Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,
 He knew, through Lennox and Menteith;
 Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe
 When Malcolm bent his sounding bow, 545
 And scarce that doe, though winged with fear,
 Outstripped in speed the mountaineer:
 Right up Ben Lomond could he press,
 And not a sob his toil confess.
 His form accorded with a mind 550
 Lively and ardent, frank and kind;
 A blither heart, till Ellen came,
 Did never love nor sorrow tame;
 It danced as lightsome in his breast
 As played the feather on his crest. 555

at once to find or seize its prey. Force of the circumstance, that, though 'unhooded,' it did not leave its 'stand' on Ellen's wrist?—'Stand' and 'unhooded' are technical terms.—vi, 665.—526. *trust* = believe me?—*guise* = way? manner? dress?—527. The MS. has "Like fabled *huntress* of the wood." The Goddess, of course, is the huntress Diana.—529. *aught*. A. and A.S. *wiht, whit*, a person or thing. *Wight* and *whit* are the same word originally.—

534. *fair*. Most editions have *tall*. Preferable?—541. *ptarmigan*. Color here? See i, 440.—543. *Menteith*. See i, 89.—548. *Ben Lomond*. Loftiest (3192 feet) of the mountains around the lake.—549. *sob* = convulsive sigh? gasp? pant? quick hard breath?—A.S.

Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth,
 His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,
 And bards, who saw his features bold
 When kindled by the tales of old,
 Said, were that youth to manhood grown, 560
 Not long should Roderick Dhu's renown
 Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,
 But quail to that of Malcolm Græme.

XXVI.

Now back they wend their watery way,
 And, "O my sire!" did Ellen say, 565
 "Why urge thy chase so far astray?
 And why so late returned? And why" —
 The rest was in her speaking eye.
 "My child, the chase I follow far,
 'Tis mimicry of noble war; 570
 And with that gallant pastime reft
 Were all of Douglas I have left.
 I met young Malcolm as I strayed
 Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade;
 Nor strayed I safe, for all around 575
 Hunters and horsemen scoured the ground:
 This youth, though still a royal ward,
 Risked life and land to be my guard,
 And through the passes of the wood
 Guided my steps, not unpursued; 580
 And Roderick shall his welcome make,
 Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake.
 Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen,
 Nor peril aught for me again."

siofan, to sigh, sough (süf). — 563. *quail*. A.S. *cwelaun*, to die; Dutch *quelen*, to pine; Ger. *qual*, distress. — 568. *rest*. What?

574. *Glenfinlas* = 'The grey white valley.' It is a wooded vallee between Ben-an and Benledi. Its entrance was midway between the twy lakes Achray and Vennachar. It is the scene of Scott's ballad *Glenfinlas*. — 577. *still a royal ward*. Malcolm, being a minor and under the guardianship of the king, was, of course, in dangerous business when he undertook to pilot the hated outlaw Douglas, with the king's hunters and horsemen all around? — 582. See lines 318, 774. — 583. *Strath-Endrick*. A low valley on the S.E. of Loch Lomond. Its waters flow by Endrick water into Loch Lomond. — Line 206. — 584. *peril aught* = incur any danger [Rolfe]? imperil anything? — Line 529.

XXVII.

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came, 585
 Reddened at sight of Malcolm Græme,
 Yet, not in action, word, or eye,
 Failed aught in hospitality.
 In talk and sport they whiled away
 The morning of that summer day; 590
 But at high noon a courier light
 Held secret parley with the knight,
 Whose moody aspect soon declared
 That evil were the news he heard.
 Deep thought seemed toiling in his head; 595
 Yet was the evening banquet made
 Ere he assembled round the flame
 His mother, Douglas, and the Græme,
 And Ellen too; then cast around
 His eyes, then fixed them on the ground, 600
 As studying phrase that might avail
 Best to convey unpleasant tale.
 Long with his dagger's hilt he played,
 Then raised his haughty brow, and said:—

XXVIII.

“Short be my speech;—nor time affords, 605
 Nor my plain temper, glozing words—
 Kinsman and father,—if such name
 Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim;
 Mine honored mother;—Ellen,—why,
 My cousin, turn away thine eye?— 610
 And Græme, in whom I hope to know
 Full soon a noble friend or foe,
 When age shall give thee thy command,
 And leading in thy native land,—

587. **not in action.** The 1st ed. has *nor*. Equally good?—594. **news.** Now singular, or plural? Shakes. has it both ways.—601. **as** = as if (studying)? Line 798.

606. **glozing** = that *glosses* over the truth, not plain and outspoken [Rolfe], fair, smooth, specious, or flattering [Taylor, Ginn]?—Gr. γλῶσσα, Lat. *glossa*, a tongue; a difficult word needing explanation; Fr. *gloser*, to comment, explain.—In Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, *glose* = flatter, wheedle, deceive with smooth words. In Shakespeare, it means misin-

List all! — The King's vindictive pride 615
 Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,
 Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who came
 To share their monarch's sylvan game,
 Themselves in bloody toils were snared,
 And when the banquet they prepared, 620
 And wide their loyal portals flung,
 O'er their own gateway struggling hung.
 Loud cries their blood from Meggat's mead,
 From Yarrow braes and banks of Tweed,
 Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide, 625
 And from the silver Teviot's side:
 The dales, where martial clans did ride;
 Are now one sheep-walk, waste and wide.
 This tyrant of the Scottish throne,
 So faithless and so ruthless known, 630
 Now hither comes; his end the same,
 The same pretext of sylvan game.
 What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye
 By fate of Border chivalry!

terpret, give a specious or false meaning. — 616. **tamed the Border-side.** "He assembled a flying army of ten thousand men, consisting of his principal nobility and their followers, who were directed to bring their hawks and dogs with them. . . . With this array he swept through Ettrick Forest [part of the old Great Caledonian Forest, and nearly coinciding with the county of Selkirk, S.S.E. of Edinburgh], where he hanged over the gate of his own castle Piers Cockburn of Henderland, who had prepared, according to tradition, a feast for King James's reception. He caused Adam Scott of Tushielaw also to be executed, who was distinguished by the title of King of the Border. But the most noted victim . . . was John Armstrong of Gilnockie, famous in Scottish song, who, confiding in his own supposed innocence, met the King, with a retinue of thirty-six persons, all of whom were hanged at Carlenrig. . . . 'Thereafter was great peace and rest a long time, wherethrough the King had great profit.'" *Scott.* — 623. The Meggat flows into the Yarrow, which flows into the Ettrick. The Ettrick and the Teviot flow into the Tweed, which, forming part of the boundary between England and Scotland, enters the North Sea at Berwick. — See line 159. — 624. **braes** = shelving or hilly ground [Ginn]? brows or sides of hills [Rolfe]? declivities? — iii, 541; iv, 529. — Celtic *bre*, a peak; *bruach*, a hillside; Old Eng. *bray*, bank, brow, slope of a hill, declivity. *Brae* is used in the north of Eng. and in Scot. — 627. MS. has "The dales where clans *were wont to bide*." How is this inferior? — 632. **sylvan.** See i, 74. — 634. **chivalry** = knighthood? the body of knights? their high character? — Fr. *chevalerie*, chivalry; *chevalier*, cavalier, a knight; *cheval*, Lat. *caballus*, a horse. See on *Knighthood*, i, 18. — **fate.** Is there any doubt that the severity, amounting to cruelty, with which James restrained and punished rapine and feudal oppression, conduced to the prosperity of Scotland? Did that justify

Yet more; amid Glenfinlas' green, 636
 Douglas, thy stately form was seen.
 This by espial sure I know:
 Your counsel in the streight I show."

XXIX.

Ellen and Margaret fearfully
 Sought comfort in each other's eye, 640
 Then turned their ghastly look, each one,
 This to her sire, that to her son.
 The hasty color went and came
 In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme,
 But from his glance it well appeared 645
 'Twas but for Ellen that he feared;
 While, sorrowful, but undismayed,
 The Douglas thus his counsel said:
 "Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar,
 It may but thunder and pass o'er; 650
 Nor will I here remain an hour,
 To draw the lightning on thy bower;
 For well thou know'st, at this gray head
 The royal bolt were fiercest sped.
 For thee, who at thy King's command, 655
 Canst aid him with a gallant band,
 Submission, homage, humbled pride,
 Shall turn the Monarch's wrath aside.
 Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,
 Ellen and I will seek apart 660
 The refuge of some forest cell,
 There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,

him?—636. **thy stately form.** See i, 572; ii, 784, 785; v, 676.—Why is the presence of Douglas in Glenfinlas mentioned?—637. **espial** = act of espying? discovery? one who spies? a spy? scout?—"Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time." *Macbeth*, III, i, 129.—638. **your counsel** give me [Rolfe]? I show you your counsel?—**streight.** Lat. *stringere*, to draw tight; *strictus*, drawn close, stretched tight; Old Fr. *estreit*, a narrowness, stringency; Fr. *étroit*, narrow; Eng. *strait*, emergency, perplexity, cramped condition.—Ellipsis here? See i, 528; ii, 80.

657. **homage.** Fr. *hommage*, a man's service; *homme*, Lat. *homo*, a man; *humus*, earth ('dust of the earth!'). The feudal tenant on his knees declared himself the man, *homo*, (bondsmen,) of his lord.—See v, 350.—659. **the Bleeding Heart.** Line 200.—662. **quarry**, i, 127.

Till on the mountain and the moor
The stern pursuit be passed and o'er."—

XXX.

"No, by mine honor," Roderick said, 665
"So help me Heaven, and my good blade!
No, never! Blasted be yon Pine,
My father's ancient crest and mine,
If from its shade in danger part
The lineage of the Bleeding Heart! 670
Hear my blunt speech: grant me this maid
To wife, thy counsel to mine aid;
To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,
Will friends and allies flock enow;
Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief, 675
Will bind to us each Western Chief.
When the loud pipes my bridal tell,
The Links of Forth shall hear the knell,
The guards shall start in Stirling's porch;
And when I light the nuptial torch, 680
A thousand villages in flames
Shall scare the slumbers of King James! —
Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away,
And, mother, cease these signs, I pray;
I meant not all my heat might say. — 685
Small need of inroad or of fight,
When the sage Douglas may unite

668. **crest**. See i, 16, 44; iv, 754.—670. **lineage**. Lat. *linum*, flax; Lat. *linea*, A.S. *line*, Fr. *ligne*, line; line of descent; Fr. *lignage*, descent in a line; family line.—672. **to wife** = *as* or *for* wife? *To* in the *Bible* and *Shakes*. often has this meaning. "The seven had her to wife," *Luke*, xx, 33.—674. **enow** (*ow* as in *now*). The old plural of *enough*.—**allies**. Accent?—Lat. *ad*, to; *ligäre*, to bind.—678. **Links of Forth**. Winding of the river Forth from Stirling to Alloa (at the head of the Firth).—679. **Stirling's porch**. Stirling is 30 miles W.N.W. of Edinburgh. "Its castle was long the favorite residence of James V, and contains the palace and the parliament house, built by him but now used as barracks."—**porch**. Lat. *porticus*, from *porta*, a gate.—680. **nuptial torch**. Among the Romans, five torches were carried to light the bride to the bridegroom's house.—*Matt.*, xxv, 1-9.—683. **blench** = shrink back? start away? grow pale?—"He blenches not" = he flinches not, does not shrink in fear. *Ivanhoe*.—*Hamlet*, II, ii, 584.—A.S. *blencan*, to blink, cheat; influenced in form and meaning by *flinch*. *Worcester*.—685. **heat**. "Misprinted *heart* in many editions." *Rolfe*. Would *heart* give a reasonable meaning? Explain!—

Each mountain clan in friendly band,
 To guard the passes of their land,
 Till the foiled King from pathless glen 690
 Shall bootless turn him home again."

XXXI.

There are who have at midnight hour
 In slumber scaled a dizzy tower,
 And, on the verge that beetled o'er
 The ocean tide's incessant roar, 695
 Dreamed calmly out their dangerous dream,
 Till wakened by the morning beam;
 When, dazzled by the eastern glow,
 Such startler cast his glance below,
 And saw unmeasured depth around, 700
 And heard unintermitted sound,
 And thought the battled fence so frail
 It waved like cobweb in the gale; —
 Amid his senses' giddy wheel,
 Did he not desperate impulse feel 705
 Headlong to plunge himself below
 And meet the worst his fears foreshow? —
 Thus Ellen, dizzy and astound,
 As sudden ruin yawned around,
 By crossing terrors wildly tossed, 710
 Still for the Douglas fearing most,
 Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,
 To buy his safety with her hand.

690. MS. Till the foiled King, from *hill and glen*.

Clearly improved? — 691. *bootless*. A.S. *bot*, advantage, profit. — In Shakes. "Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?" i.e. kneel in vain. Cleopatra says, "I will *boot* thee"; i.e. give thee 'to boot.'

692. Ellipsis? So in iii, 10? — Frequently so in Shakes. — 694. *beetled*. "Middle Eng. *bitebrowed* = having projecting brows. . . . The sense is 'with biting brows,' i.e. with brows projecting like an upper jaw." *Skeat*. — Worcester thinks *beetle* "alludes to the prominent eyes of some beetles"! — In *Hamlet*, *beetles* = juts, projects. — 696. MS. has *desperate* instead of *dangerous*. As good? — 702. *battled* = battlemented [Rolfes]? i.e. indented, or made with open square or oblong spaces at regular intervals? See vi, 7. — *fence* = parapet? wall? — 703. *it waved*. Ellipsis still frequent? See 788, 789. — 708. *astound*. Shakes. almost always avoids adding *d* or *ed* to a verb ending with the sound of *d* or *t*? — 710. *crossing* = conflicting [Rolfes], rushing athwart her mind? —

XXXII.

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy
 In Ellen's quivering lip and eye, 715
 And eager rose to speak,—but ere
 His tongue could hurry forth his fear,
 Had Douglas marked the hectic strife,
 Where death seemed combating with life;
 For to her cheek, in feverish flood, 720
 One instant rushed the throbbing blood,
 Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,
 Left its domain as wan as clay.
 "Roderick, enough! enough!" he cried,
 "My daughter cannot be thy bride; 725
 Not that the blush to wooer dear,
 Nor paleness that of maiden fear.
 It may not be,—forgive her, Chief,
 Nor hazard aught for our relief.
 Against his sovereign, Douglas ne'er 730
 Will level a rebellious spear.
 'Twas I that taught his youthful hand
 To rein a steed and wield a brand;
 I see him yet, the princely boy!
 Not Ellen more my pride and joy; 735
 I love him still, despite my wrongs
 By hasty wrath and slanderous tongues.
 O, seek the grace you well may find
 Without a cause to mine combined!"

XXXIII.

Twice through the hall the Chieftain strode; 740
 The waving of his tartans broad,
 And darkened brow, where wounded pride
 With ire and disappointment vied,

716. *ere*. The 1st ed. has *e'er*. Difference in meaning? What is the proper pronunciation of each?—718. *hectic*. Gr. *ἡκτικός*, Lat. *hecticus*, Fr. *hectique*, habitual, consumptive.—719. *combating*. Accent here?—723. *domain*. Lat. *dominus*, lord; *dominium*, property; lordship; Fr. *domaine*.—*wan*. A.S. *wanian*, to wane?—731. *level*. Lat. *libra*, a pound, a measure for liquids, a balance, water poise, level; *libella*, water level, plumb level. How originated the signification *aim*?—

741. *tartans*. Line 343.—747. *nighted* = darkened? overtaken by

Seemed, by the torch's gloomy light,
 Like the ill Demon of the night, 745
 Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway
 Upon the nighted pilgrim's way:
 But, unrequited Love! thy dart
 Plunged deepest its envenomed smart!
 And Roderick, with thine anguish stung, 750
 At length the hand of Douglas wrung,
 While eyes that mocked at tears before
 With bitter drops were running o'er!
 The death-pangs of long-cherished hope
 Scarce in that ample breast had scope, 755
 But, struggling with his spirit proud,
 Convulsive heaved its checkered shroud,
 While every sob — so mute were all —
 Was heard distinctly through the hall!
 The son's despair, the mother's look, 760
 Ill might the gentle Ellen brook;
 She rose, and to her side there came,
 To aid her parting steps, the Græme.

XXXIV.

Then Roderick from the Douglas broke —
 As flashes flame through sable smoke, 765
 Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low,
 To one broad blaze of ruddy glow,
 So the deep anguish of despair
 Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air.
 With stalwart grasp his hand he laid 770
 On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid:

night? — See i, 426. Used in Shakes., Beaumont and Fletcher. Generally supposed to be a contraction. — "Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off." *Hamlet*, I, ii, 68. — 757. **shroud** = plaid? — Poetic? Implying more than dress? Any allusion to the winding-sheet of the dead? — See line 254. For *checkered*, see on *tartans*, line 343. — French *echiquier*, a chess-board. — 761. **brook**. i, 566; iii, 77. — 763. **parting**. Line 94; iv, 313. — **The Græme**. Line 109. —

768. MS. The deep-toned anguish of despair
Flushed, in fierce jealousy, to air.

Not good? — 770. **with stalwart grasp**, etc. Jeffrey comments on this scene as follows: "There is something foppish and out of character in Malcolm's rising to lead Ellen out of her own parlor; and the sort of

"Back, beardless boy!" he sternly said,
 "Back, minion! holdst thou thus at naught
 The lesson I so lately taught?
 This roof, the Douglas, and that maid, 775
 Thank thou for punishment delayed."
 Eager as greyhound on his game,
 Fiercely with Roderick grappled Græme.
 "Perish my name, if aught afford
 Its Chieftain safety save his sword!" 780
 Thus as they strove their desperate hand
 Gripped to the dagger or the brand,
 And death had been — but Douglas rose,
 And thrust between the struggling foes
 His giant strength: — "Chieftains, forego! 785
 I hold the first who strikes, my foe! —
 Madmen, forbear your frantic jar!
 What! is the Douglas fallen so far,
 His daughter's hand is deemed the spoil
 Of such dishonorable broil?" 790
 Sullen and slowly they unclasp,
 As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,
 And each upon his rival glared,
 With foot advanced and blade half bared.

XXXV.

Ere yet the brands aloft were flung, 795
 Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung,
 And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream,
 As faltered through terrific dream.

wrestling match that takes place between the rival chieftains on the occasion is humiliating and indecorous." Is Jeffrey right?—773. *minion*. Ger. *minne*, love, remembrance; Fr. *mignon*, favorite, darling. Its use as a substantive, with a sinister sense, was probably borrowed from the Italian. *Brachet, Skeat*.—774. *lately*. See line 319.—

781. MS. Thus, as they strove, *each better hand*
Grasped for the dagger or the brand.

Good change?—786. Scott apologizes for having taken the whole of this line from the tragedy of *Douglas*.—789. Ellipsis? See 703.—

791. MS. Sullen and slow *the rivals bold*
Loosed at his heat their desperate hold,
 But *either still on other* glared.

Much improved?

795. *brands*. "A pet word with Scott." *Rolfe*.—798. *as faltered*.

Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword,
 And veiled his wrath in scornful word: 800
 "Rest safe till morning; pity 'twere
 Such cheek should feel the midnight air!
 Then mayst thou to James Stuart tell,
 Roderick will keep the lake and fell,
 Nor lackey with his freeborn clan 805
 The pageant pomp of earthly man.
 More would he of Clan-Alpine know,
 Thou canst our strength and passes show. —
 Malise, what ho!" — his henchman came:
 "Give our safe-conduct to the Græme." 810
 Young Malcolm answered, calm and bold:
 "Fear nothing for thy favorite hold;
 The spot an angel deigned to grace
 Is blessed, though robbers haunt the place.
 Thy churlish courtesy for those 815
 Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.
 As safe to me the mountain way
 At midnight as in blaze of day,
 Though with his boldest at his back
 Even Roderick Dhu beset the track. — 820
 Brave Douglas, — lovely Ellen, — nay,
 Naught here of parting will I say —
 Earth does not hold a lonesome glen
 So secret but we meet again. —
 Chieftain! we too shall find an hour!" — 825
 He said, and left the sylvan bower.

Ellipsis? Line 601. — 801. **pity 'twere**. Note the rhyme! — 802. **such cheek**, etc. "Hardihood," says Scott, "was in every respect so essential to the character of a Highlander, that the reproach of effeminacy was the most bitter which could be thrown upon him." He gives several striking examples of their readiness to endure great hardship. — 804. **fell**. Icel. *fell*, a mountain, akin to Swedish *fjäll*, a ridge or chain of mountains. *Fell* = a barren or stony hill; an uncultivated mountain slope? — 805. **lackey**. Fr. *laquais*, a servant. 809. **henchman**. A.S. *hengest*, Ger. and Dutch *hengst*, a horse. So, a mounted guard, or servant on horseback? — Scott is mistaken in giving a different etymology of the word. He says, "This officer is a sort of secretary, and is to be ready, upon all occasions, to venture his life in defence of his master; and, at drinking bouts, he stands behind his seat, at his haunch, from whence his title is derived, and watches the conversation, to see if any one offends his patron." — 815. **churlish**. A.S. *ceorl*, a freeman of the lowest rank, a husbandman; whence *Carl* and *Charles*; Eng. *churl*, a rough, surly, ill-bred man. — "How many words, originally harmless, have assumed an harmful as their secondary meaning!" *Trench*. —

XXXVI.

Old Allan followed to the strand —
 Such was the Douglas's command —
 And anxious told, how, on the morn,
 The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn, 830
 The Fiery Cross should circle o'er
 Dale, glen, and valley, down and moor.
 Much were the peril to the Græme
 From those who to the signal came;
 Far up the lake 'twere safest land, 835
 Himself would row him to the strand.
 He gave his counsel to the wind,
 While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind,
 Round dirk and pouch and broadsword rolled,
 His ample plaid in tightened fold, 840
 And stripped his limbs to such array
 As best might suit the watery way,—

XXXVII.

Then spoke abrupt: "Farewell to thee,
 Pattern of old fidelity!"
 The Minstrel's hand he kindly pressed,— 845
 "O, could I point a place of rest!
 My sovereign holds in ward my land,
 My uncle leads my vassal band;
 To tame his foes, his friends to aid,
 Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade. 850
 Yet, if there be one faithful Græme
 Who loves the chieftain of his name,

829. on the morn the Fiery Cross should circle? or, on the morn Roderick had sworn?—831. Fiery Cross. "When a chieftain designed to summon his clan upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the *Fiery Cross*, also *Crean Tarigh*, or the *Cross of Shame*, because disobedience to what the symbol implied, inferred infamy." *Scott*. The significance, construction, consecration, and use of this cross are described and illustrated with great particularity in the next Canto.—832. down. See on l. 616, 1st Canto.—838. did. See on *did* in i, 4.—

846. point = point out? appoint?—Is the word a contraction of *appoint*? Not according to Rolfe, although most editors print it *'point*.—

Not long shall honored Douglas dwell
Like hunted stag in mountain cell;
Nor, ere yon pride-swollen robber dare! — 855
I may not give the rest to air!
Tell Roderick Dhu I owed him naught,
Not the poor service of a boat,
To waft me to yon mountain-side.”
Then plunged he in the flashing tide. 860
Bold o’er the flood his head he bore,
And stoutly steered him from the shore;
And Allan strained his anxious eye,
Far mid the lake his form to spy,
Darkening across each puny wave, 865
To which the moon her silver gave.
Fast as the cormorant could skim,
The swimmer plied each active limb;
Then landing in the moonlight dell,
Loud shouted of his weal to tell. 870
The Minstrel heard the far halloo,
And joyful for the shore withdrew.

860. MS. “He *spoke and* plunged into the tide.” Bettered? — 862. **steered him.** i, 142. — 865, 866. Do these lines belong with what immediately precedes, or with what immediately follows? — 867. **cormorant.** Lat. *corvus marinus*, a sea crow.

CANTO THIRD.

THE GATHERING.

I.

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store
Of their strange ventures happed by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be! 5
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless
course.

Yet live there still who can remember well, 10
How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,
Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,
And solitary heath, the signal knew;
And fast the faithful clan around him drew,
What time the warning note was keenly wound, 15
What time aloft their kindred banner flew,

CANTO III. These two Spenserian stanzas (see beginning of Canto I) are particularly fine. Point out their merits.

1. **yore**. ii, 305. — 3. **legends**. Lat. *legenda*, things worthy to be read. *Lêgends* or *lêgends*? — **store**. i, 548; vi, 124. — 5. **be**. *Be*, as plural, is shortened from Old English *been* or *ben*. Not infrequent in the *Bible* and *Shakes*. E.g., "We be Abraham's seed," *John*, viii, 33; "They that be with us are more than they that be with them," 2 *Kings*, vi, 16, etc. — 6. **weak** and **withered** of their force. Redundancy? or tautology? —

10. Ellipsis? See ii, 692. — 15. **what time**. Lat. *quo tempore*. ii, 307; iv, 9. — 17. **gathering sound** = the increasing sound? the sound or signal for 'the gatherings'? — Compare such expressions as 'the gathering storm,' 'a laboring man,' with such as 'the gathering sound,' 'a laboring day.' In the two former, 'gathering' and 'laboring' are participles; in the latter, verbal nouns or *gerunds*. They all end in *-ing*, but the ety-

While clamorous war-pipes yelled the gathering sound,
And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round.

II.

The Summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Lock Katrine blue; 20
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy:
The mountain-shadows on her breast 25
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.

mologies are different. The participle originally ended in *ande*, *and*, *ende*, *end*, or *ind*; the verbal noun or *gerund*, in *-ing* or *ung*. Finally, the ending *-ing* took the place of all the other terminations.—18. **Fiery Cross.** See ii, 831. "It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person with a single word implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward with equal despatch to the next village, and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief. . . . During the civil war of 1745-6, the Fiery Cross often made its circuit; and upon one occasion it passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours. The late Alexander Stewart, Esq., of Invernahyle, described to me his having sent round the Fiery Cross through the district of Appine, during the same commotion." *Scott*.—

19. **reflected hue.** "Nature becomes dear to Scott in a threefold way: dear to him, first, as containing those remains or memories of the past, which he cannot find in cities; . . . dear, secondly, in its moorland liberty; . . . and dear to him, finally, in that perfect beauty, desired alike in cities and in men." *Ruskin's Modern Painters*, iii, 278.—20. **blue.** See on i, 209. "In this love of beauty, observe that the love of *color* is a leading element, his healthy mind being incapable of losing, under any modern false teaching, its joy in brilliancy of hue. . . . In general, if he does not mean to say much about things, the *one* character which he will give is color, using it with the most perfect mastery and faithfulness." *Ruskin*.—28. **like future joys.** See i, 219. "He has stopped short without entirely expressing it [i.e., the moral, which Scott is fond of drawing]. His completed thought would be that these future joys, like the mountain-shadows, were never to be attained." *Ruskin*.—Rolfe, with his usual insight and taste, neatly suggests that this passage "also illustrates what is comparatively rare in figurative language—taking the immaterial to exemplify the material. The latter is constantly used to symbolize or elucidate the former; but one would have to search long in our modern poetry to find a dozen instances where, as here, the relation

The water-lily to the light
 Her chalice reared of silver bright; 30
 The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
 Begemmed with dew-drops, led her fawn;
 The gray mist left the mountain-side,
 The torrent showed its glistening pride;
 Invisible in flecked sky 35
 The lark sent down her revelry;
 The blackbird and the speckled thrush
 Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
 In answer cooed the cushat dove
 Her notes of peace and rest and love. 40

III.

No thought of peace, no thought of rest,
 Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast.
 With sheathed broadsword in his hand,
 Abrupt he paced the islet strand,
 And eyed the rising sun, and laid 45
 His hand on his impatient blade.

is reversed. Cf. 639 below."—30. *chalice*. Lat. *calyx*, cup; flower-cup.
 — Of this passage, Ruskin says, it is "still more interesting, because it
 has *no form* in it *at all*, except in one word (*chalice*), but wholly composes
 its imagery either of color, or of that delicate half-believed life which we
 have seen to be so important an element in modern landscape."—*reared*.
 The 1st ed. reads *oped*. Equally good?—32. After line 32 the MS.
 reads,—

Invisible in fleecy cloud,
 The lark sent down her *matins loud*;
 The *light* mist left the mountain's side, etc.

Judicious change?—35. *invisible*. So in Shelley's *Ode to a Skylark*,—

"Like a star of heaven
 In the broad daylight,
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight."—

36. *revelry*. Lat. *rebellare*; Old Fr. *reveler*, to rebel; or, Fr. *réveiller*, to
 arouse.—38. *good-morrow gave*. Cf. Milton, in *L Allegro*,—

"Then to come in spite of sorrow
 And at my window bid good morrow."—

39. *cushat dove* = ring dove? wood pigeon?—A.S. *cusceote*, a wild
 pigeon.—

46. *impatient*. Personification?

Beneath a rock, his vassals' care
 Was prompt the ritual to prepare,
 With deep and deathful meaning fraught;
 For such Antiquity had taught 50
 Was preface meet, ere yet abroad
 The Cross of Fire should take its road.
 The shrinking band stood oft aghast
 At the impatient glance he cast; —
 Such glance the mountain eagle threw, 55
 As, from the cliffs of Benvenue,
 She spread her dark sails on the wind,
 And, high in middle heaven reclined,
 With her broad shadow on the lake,
 Silenced the warblers of the brake. 60

IV.

A heap of withered boughs was piled,
 Of juniper and rowan wild,
 Mingled with shivers from the oak,
 Rent by the lightning's recent stroke.
 Brian the Hermit by it stood, 65
 Barefooted, in his frock and hood.
 His grizzled beard and matted hair
 Obscured a visage of despair;
 His naked arms and legs, seamed o'er,
 The scars of frantic penance bore. 70

47. MS. *Hard by*, his vassals' *early* care
The mystic ritual prepare.

Altered for the better?—48. *ritual* = performance of religious service [Ginn]? prescribed order of religious ceremonies?—Lat. *ritus*; Fr. *rituel*, order of rites.—50. *Antiquity* = the men of old [Rolfe]? olden times [Ginn]? ancient usage?—59. Rolfe quotes appositely from Longfellow's *Maidenhood*,—

"Seest thou shadows sailing by,
 As the dove, with startled eye,
 Sees the falcon's shadow fly?"—

62. *rowan* = roan tree, mountain ash. Pron. rōw-an.—This tree was used in magical arts. "It was a common custom, in order to prevent the fatal effects of an 'evil eye,' to cut a piece of this tree, peel it, tie a red thread about it, and attach it to the lintel of the cow-house." *Taylor*.—66. *barefooted*. Shakespeare never would have appended the *-ed* to *barefoot*? ii, 708.—67. *grizzled*. Fr. *gris*, gray; *grisaille*, a gray color.

That monk, of savage form and face,
 The impending danger of his race
 Had drawn from deepest solitude,
 Far in Benharrow's bosom rude.
 Not his the mien of Christian priest, 75
 But Druid's, from the grave released,
 Whose hardened heart and eye might brook
 On human sacrifice to look;
 And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore
 Mixed in the charms he muttered o'er. 80
 The hallowed creed gave only worse
 And deadlier emphasis of curse.
 No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,
 His cave the pilgrim shunned with care;
 The eager huntsman knew his bound 85
 And in mid chase called off his hound;
 Or if, in lonely glen or strath,
 The desert-dweller met his path,
 He prayed, and signed the cross between,
 While terror took devotion's mien. 90

V.

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.
 His mother watched a midnight fold,

—71. This monk, whom the impending danger had drawn from Benharrow, reminds us of Robin Hood's chaplain, Friar Tuck; and still more of those denounced in an excommunication, of the time of Henry VIII, quoted by Scott from the Bishop of Durham; "which said chaplains do administer sacraments and sacramental rites to the aforesaid manifest and infamous thieves, robbers, depredators, receivers of stolen goods," etc.—74. **Benharrow.** Mountain near the north end of Loch Lomond.—76. **Druid.** An atmosphere of mystery has always enveloped these priests of the ancient Celts; and this mystery deepens into horror as we read of the human sacrifices. "For whom they took in war, they held it lawful to sacrifice; and, by the entrails of men, used divination." Milton's *History of Britain*.—77. **brook.** i, 566; ii, 761.—81. MS. "*While the bless'd creed gave only worse.*" Improved on?—82. **curse.** As Caliban, in *The Tempest*, says,

"You taught me language, and my profit on't
 Is, I know how to curse!"

85. **bound.** That is, of his haunts [Rolfe]?—87. **glen or strath** = narrow or broad valley? ii, 206.—

89. MS. He prayed *with many* a cross between,
And terror took devotion's mien.

Not so good?—

91. **Brian's birth.** Scott tells us he did not originate the story, but

Built deep within a dreary glen,
 Where scattered lay the bones of men
 In some forgotten battle slain, 95
 And bleached by drifting wind and rain.
 It might have tamed a warrior's heart
 To view such mockery of his art!
 The knot-grass fettered there the hand
 Which once could burst an iron band; 100
 Beneath the broad and ample bone,
 That bucklered heart to fear unknown,
 A feeble and a timorous guest,
 The fieldfare framed her lowly nest;
 There the slow blindworm left his slime 105
 On the fleet limbs that mocked at time;
 And there, too, lay the leader's skull,
 Still wreathed with chaplet, flushed and full,
 For heath-bell with her purple bloom
 Supplied the bonnet and the plume. 110
 All night, in this sad glen, the maid
 Sat shrouded in her mantle's shade:
 She said no shepherd sought her side,
 No hunter's hand her snood untied,
 Yet ne'er again to braid her hair 115
 The virgin snood did Alice wear;
 Gone was her maiden glee and sport,
 Her maiden girdle all too short,

took it from 'geographical collections made by the Laird of Macfarlane.'
 — 97. It might have tamed a warrior's heart, etc. So Byron in his
Siege of Corinth, —

"But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
 On the weltering field of the tombless dead
 And see worms of the earth and fowls of the air,
 Beasts of the forest all gathering there;
 All regarding man as their prey,
 All rejoicing in his decay!" —

99. **knot-grass** = twitch-grass? a common weed with jointed stems?
 dog grass? — 102. **bucklered** = shielded as a buckler does? protected
 by a shield? — 104. **fieldfare** = fellfare? small thrush? — 105. **blind-**
worm = slow-worm; a small limbless lizard having minute eyes, and
 popularly believed to be blind. — 108. **chaplet**. Old Fr. *chapel*, a cap;
 Fr. *chapelet*, a little head-dress. — Is all this in good taste? Do you concur
 with Jeffrey? He says, "These reflections on an ancient field of battle
 afford the most remarkable instance of false taste in all Mr. Scott's
 writings. Yet the brevity and variety of the images serve well to show
 that, even in his errors, there are traces of a powerful genius." —
 114. **snood**. i, 363; iii, 485. — 120. **or . . . or**. Poetic for *either . . . or?* —

Nor sought she, from that fatal night,
 Or holy church or blessed rite, 120
 But locked her secret in her breast,
 And died in travail, unconfessed.

VI.

Alone, among his young compeers,
 Was Brian from his infant years;
 A moody and heart-broken boy, 125
 Estranged from sympathy and joy,
 Bearing each taunt which careless tongue
 On his mysterious lineage flung.
 Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,
 To wood and stream his hap to wail, 130
 Till, frantic, he as truth received
 What of his birth the crowd believed,
 And sought, in mist and meteor fire,
 To meet and know his Phantom Sire!
 In vain, to soothe his wayward fate, 135
 The cloister oped her pitying gate;
 In vain the learning of the age
 Unclassed the sable-lettered page;
 Even in its treasures he could find
 Food for the fever of his mind. 140
 Eager he read whatever tells
 Of magic, cabala, and spells,
 And every dark pursuit allied
 To curious and presumptuous pride;

181. MS. Till, driven to frenzy, he believed
 The legend of his birth received.

More graceful in the text? — 133. *metéor*. Gr. *μετέωρος*, *meteoros*, aloft, suspended, soaring. — 136. *cloister*. i, 285. — 138. *sable-lettered* = black-lettered? in 'Old English' letters? In the earliest English manuscripts and books, the heavy black letters or types were used. — 142. *cabala* = mysteries? enchantment? — Hebrew *gabbaleh*, tradition, mysterious doctrine. The *cabala* was a kind of traditional interpretation of the Scriptures. It treats of the nature of God and the mystery of human existence. "It assumes that every letter, word, number, and accent of Scripture contains a hidden sense; and it teaches the methods of interpretation for ascertaining these meanings." *International Dict.* — Brachet says, "This word in the middle ages signified (1) a secret interpretation, (2) a mysterious science of commerce with supernatural beings. From the sense of occult measures, secret efforts to attain one's end, comes the modern signification of *cabal*." — 144. *curious* = singular? queer? inquisitive. Lat. *curiosus*,

Till with fired brain and nerves o'erstrung, 145
 And heart with mystic horrors wrung,
 Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,
 And hid him from the haunts of men.

VII.

The desert gave him visions wild,
 Such as might suit the spectre's child. 150
 Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,
 He watched the wheeling eddies boil,
 Till from their foam his dazzled eyes
 Beheld the River Demon rise:
 The mountain mist took form and limb 155
 Of noontide hag or goblin grim;
 The midnight wind came wild and dread,
 Swelled with the voices of the dead;
 Far on the future battle-heath
 His eye beheld the ranks of death: 160
 Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurled,
 Shaped forth a disembodied world.
 One lingering sympathy of mind
 Still bound him to the mortal kind;
 The only parent he could claim 165
 Of ancient Alpine's lineage came.
 Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,
 The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream;

careful, inquisitive; from *quaerere*, to seek, inquire. — 148. **him**. Reflexive? i, 142; iii, 355.

154. **River Demon**. Not a hippopotamus! Scott tells us, "The River Demon, or River-horse, for it is that form which he commonly assumes, is the Kelpy of the Lowlands, an evil and malicious spirit, delighting to forebode and to witness calamity. He frequents most Highland lakes and rivers; and one of his most remarkable exploits was performed upon the banks of Loch Vannachar, in the very district which forms the scene of our action: it consisted in the destruction of a funeral procession, with all its attendants." — 156. **noontide hag**, etc. "The 'noontide hag,' called in Gaelic, *Glaslich*, a tall, emaciated, gigantic, female figure, is supposed in particular to haunt the district of Knoidart. A goblin, dressed in antique armor, and having one hand covered with blood, called from that circumstance, *Lhamdearg*, or Red-hand, is a tenant of the forests of Glenmore and Rothiemurcus." *Scott*. — 161. **mankind**. Accent here? usual? See iv, 552. —

168. MS. The fatal Ben Shie's *dismal* scream;
And seen her wrinkled form, the sign
Of woe and death to Alpine's line.

Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast
 Of charging steeds, careering fast 170
 Along Benharrow's shingly side,
 Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride;
 The thunderbolt had split the pine,—
 All augured ill to Alpine's line.
 He girt his loins, and came to show 175
 The signals of impending woe,
 And now stood prompt to bless or ban,
 As bade the Chieftain of his clan.

VIII.

'Twas all prepared;—and from the rock
 A goat, the patriarch of the flock, 180
 Before the kindling pile was laid,
 And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.
 Patient the sickening victim eyed
 The life-blood ebb in crimson tide
 Down his clogged beard and shaggy limb, 185
 Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.

Improved in rewriting?—"Most great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a tutelar, or rather a domestic, spirit attached to them, who took an interest in their prosperity, and intimated, by its wailings, any approaching disaster. . . . The Ben-Shie implies a female fairy, whose lamentations were often supposed to precede the death of a chieftain. . . . When she is visible, it is in the form of an old woman with a blue mantle and streaming hair." *Scott*.—169. **sounds, too**. "A presage of the kind alluded to in the text is still believed to announce death to the ancient Highland family of McLean of Lochbuy. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle is heard to gallop thrice around the family residence, ringing his fairy bridle, and thus intimating the approaching calamity." *Scott*.—170. So Milton:

"As when, to warn proud cities, war appears,
 Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
 To battle in the clouds; before each van
 Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,
 Till thickest legions close." *Par. Lost*, II, 533-537.—

171. **shingly** = gravelly or pebbly?—See v, 46, 150.—Norw. *singla*, to rattle, jingle, from the rattling of stones by the surf.—174. **augured** = foretold?—Probably Lat. *avis*, bird; and Sanscrit *gar*, to show, proclaim. "The Roman augurs practised divination by observing the flight" and notes "of birds."—Hence *augury*, the foreseeing or foretelling of events by observing signs and omens; a means of divination; prognostication.—177. **ban**. Old Fr. and Teut. *bann*, or *ban*, a curse.—

The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,
 A slender crosslet framed with care,
 A cubit's length in measure due:
 The shaft and limbs were rods of yew, 190
 Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave
 Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,
 And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,
 Soothed many a chieftain's endless sleep.
 The Cross thus formed he held on high, 195
 With wasted hand and haggard eye,
 And strange and mingled feelings woke,
 While his anathema he spoke:—

IX.

"Woe to the clansman who shall view
 This symbol of sepulchral yew, 200
 Forgetful that its branches grew
 Where weep the heavens their holiest dew
 On Alpine's dwelling low!
 Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,
 He ne'er shall mingle with their dust, 205
 But, from his sires and kindred thrust,
 Each clansman's execration just
 Shall doom him wrath and woe."

188. **crosslet.** *Let* is one of many diminutive endings?—**framed.** Usually here misprinted *formed*.—189. **cubit's.** Properly the distance from the elbow to the end of the middle finger; the forearm.—"The Hebrew cubit was nearly 23 inches; the Roman, 17½." *Worcester*.—190. **yew.** This tree is constantly associated with graveyards in Great Britain.—191. **Inch-Cailliach.** "Inch-Cailliach, the 'Isle of Nuns,' or 'Isle of Old Women,' is a most beautiful island at the lower extremity of Loch Lomond. . . . The burial ground continues to be used. . . . The monuments of the lairds of Macgregor, and of other families claiming a descent from the old Scottish King Alpine, are the most remarkable." *Scott*.—

198. **anathema** = excommunication?—Gr. *ἀνά*, *ana*, up; *θε*, *the*, to place. Hence the word literally meant a thing set up or set apart, a thing devoted, a thing accursed. See 1 *Corinthians*, xvi, 22.—It denoted the devoting of any man, animal, city, or thing to be extirpated, destroyed, consumed, and, as it were, annihilated.—203. **dwelling low.** See line 192, and end of note on line 191.—

207. MS. *Our warriors, on his worthless bust,
 Shall speak disgrace and woe.*

He paused; — the word the vassals took,
 With forward step and fiery look, 210
 On high their naked brands they shook,
 Their clattering targets wildly strook;
 And first in murmur low,
 Then, like the billow in his course,
 That far to seaward finds his source, 215
 And flings to shore his mustered force,
 Burst with loud roar their answer hoarse,
 “Woe to the traitor, woe!”
 Ben-an’s gray scalp the accents knew,
 The joyous wolf from covert drew, 220
 The exulting eagle screamed afar,—
 They knew the voice of Alpine’s war.

X.

The shout was hushed on lake and fell,
 The Monk resumed his muttered spell:
 Dismal and low its accents came, 225
 The while he scathed the Cross with flame;
 And the few words that reached the air,
 Although the holiest name was there,
 Had more of blasphemy than prayer.
 But when he shook above the crowd 230
 Its kindled points, he spoke aloud:—
 “Woe to the wretch who fails to rear
 At this dread sign the ready spear!

How better? — 209. *vassals*. See ii, 429. —

212, 218. MS. Their clattering targets *hardly* strook;
 And first *they* *muttered* low.

Improved? — *strook*, old form, used for rhyme? — 214–217. “The repetition of the same rhyme here gives well the *cumulative* effect of the rising billow.” *Rolfe*. — 217. See i, 73. — 219. *scalp* . . . *knew*! — Is Byron’s better?

“Above me are the Alps,
 The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
 Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps.” *Byron*.

228. MS. Although the *holy* name was there.

Judicious emendation? — 229. *more of blasphemy than prayer*. Reminding of,

“Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frightened, *swears a prayer or two*,
 And sleeps again.” — *Shakes. Romeo and Jul.*, I, iv, 86–88.

For, as the flames this symbol sear,
 His home, the refuge of his fear, 235
 A kindred fate shall know;
 Far o'er its roof the volumed flame.
 Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,
 While maids and matrons on his name
 Shall call down wretchedness and shame 240
 And infamy and woe."
 Then rose the cry of females, shrill
 As goshawk's whistle on the hill,
 Denouncing misery and ill,
 Mingled with childhood's babbling trill 245
 Of curses stammered slow;
 Answering with imprecation dread,
 "Sunk be his home in embers red!
 And cursed be the meanest shed
 That e'er shall hide the houseless head 250
 We doom to want and woe!"
 A sharp and shrieking echo gave,
 Coir-Uriskin, thy goblin cave!
 And the gray pass where birches wave
 On Beala-nam-bo. 255

— 243. **goshawk** = goose-hawk, a kind of hawk 'noted for powerful flight, activity, and courage.' — The etymology of the word curiously illustrates the changes sometimes undergone. *Goose* is probably from a base *GHA*, to gape, yawn; whence *gander*, a gaping animal, and *cha-os*, a yawning abyss; Greek *χην*, *chên*, a goose; Sanscrit *hansa*; Lat. *anser*; old Anglo-Sax. *gans*; later A.S. *gôs* (long o); Ger. *gans*. *Hawk* is probably from a base *HAB*, to seize; A.S. *hafoc*, whence *havoc*; Icel. *haukr*. — 245. **childhood's babbling trill**. "The whole of this stanza [242-245] is very impressive; the mingling of *children's* curses is the climax of horror. Note the meaning of the triple curse. The cross is of ancestral yew — the defaulter is cut off from communion with his clan; — it is seared in the fire — the fire shall destroy his dwelling; — it is dipped in blood — his heart's blood is to be shed." *Taylor*. — **trill**. A word of imitative origin. Ital. *trillare*, to trill, shake, quaver; utter tremulous tones. — *childhood's babbling trill*!

"No child but screamed out curses
 And shook its little fist!" Macaulay's *Horatius*.

— 253. **Coir-Uriskin**. — See on line 654. — "A very steep and most romantic hollow in the mountain of Benvenue, overhanging the southeastern extremity of Loch Katrine. It is surrounded with stupendous rocks, and overshadowed with birch trees mingled with oaks. . . . The name literally implies the 'Corri, or Den, of the wild or shaggy men.' . . . Tradition has ascribed to the *Urisk*, who gives name to the cavern, a figure between a goat and a man, in short . . . precisely that of the Grecian *Satyr*." *Scott*. — See lines 621-659. — 255. **Beala-nam-bo**. As Coir-

XI.

Then deeper paused the priest anew,
 And hard his laboring breath he drew,
 While, with set teeth and clenched hand,
 And eyes that glowed like fiery brand,
 He meditated curse more dread 260
 And deadlier on the clansman's head
 Who, summoned to his chieftain's aid,
 The signal saw and disobeyed.
 The crosslet's points of sparkling wood
 He quenched among the bubbling blood, 265
 And, as again the sign he reared,
 Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard:
 "When flits this Cross from man to man,
 Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,
 Burst be the ear that fails to heed! 270
 Palsied the foot that shuns to speed!
 May ravens tear the careless eyes,
 Wolves make the coward heart their prize!
 As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,
 So may his heart's-blood drench his hearth! 275
 As dies in hissing gore the spark,
 Quench thou his light, Destruction dark!
 And be the grace to him denied,
 Bought by this sign to all beside!"
 He ceased; no echo gave again 280
 The murmur of the deep Amen.

XII.

Then Roderick with impatient look
 From Brian's hand the symbol took:

Uriskin, the Goblin's Cave, or 'Den of the wild men,' was on the north side, so Beala-nam-bo, 'the pass of the cattle' was on the other side of Benvenue. It was, says Black, "a magnificent glade, overhung with birch trees, by which the cattle, taken in forays, were conveyed within the protection of the Trosachs." See also note on line 664.

274, 275. Observe the rhyme. — 279. Rolfe suggests that the phrase *to all* is antithetical to *to him*, and that we might suspect that Scott wrote *brought* if all the editions did not read *bought*. Why is *bought* better than *brought*? — See *Galatians*, iii, 13; iv, 5; *Coloss.*, i, 14, etc. —

281. MS. The *slowly muttered* deep Amen.

As good? —

"Speed, Malise, speed!" he said, and gave
 The crosslet to his henchman brave. 285
 "The muster-place be Lanrick mead —
 Instant the time — speed, Malise, speed!"
 Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,
 A barge across Loch Katrine flew:
 High stood the henchman on the prow; 290
 So rapidly the barge-men row,
 The bubbles, where they launched the boat,
 Were all unbroken and afloat
 Dancing in form and ripple still,
 When it had neared the mainland hill; 295
 And from the silver beach's side
 Still was the prow three fathom wide,
 When lightly bounded to the land
 The messenger of blood and brand.

XIII.

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun-deer's hide 300
 On fleeter foot was never tied.
 Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste
 Thine active sinews never braced.
 Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,
 Burst down like torrent from its crest; 305
 With short and springing footstep pass
 The trembling bog and false morass;
 Across the brook like roebuck bound,
 And thread the brake like questing hound;

296. MS. *Murlagan is the spot decreed.*

—**Lanrick mead.** A meadow on the northwest end of Loch Venna-char. — 297. **three fathom wide.** Explain. — A.S. *faedm*, the breadth reached to by the extended arms. — 300. **dun-deer's.** "The present *brogue* of the Highlanders is made of half-dried leather, with holes to admit and let out the water; for walking the moors dry-shod is a matter altogether out of the question. The ancient buskin was still ruder, being made of undressed deer's hide, with the hair outwards." *Scott*. See i, 28, 556. — A.S. *dunn*, of a dark color, a color partaking of brown and black, dull brown. — In *Marmion*, V, v, 118, 119, we have

"The hunted red-deer's undressed hide
 Their hairy buskins well supplied."

— 304. **steepy.** A Shakespearian word. See iv, 374. — 308. **roebuck.** Small, but very nimble. — 309. **questing.** Lat. *quaerere*, to seek; Fr.

The crag is high, the scaur is deep, 310
 Yet shrink not from the desperate leap:
 Parched are thy burning lips and brow,
 Yet by the fountain pause not now;
 Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
 Stretch onward in thy fleet career! 315
 The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
 Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,
 Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace
 With rivals in the mountain race;
 But danger, death, and warrior deed 320
 Are in thy course — speed, Malise, speed!

XIV.

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
 In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
 From winding glen, from upland brown,
 They poured each hardy tenant down. 325
 Nor slacked the messenger his pace;
 He showed the sign, he named the place,
 And, pressing forward like the wind,
 Left clamor and surprise behind.

quête, Old Fr. *queste*, a search. — 310. *scaur* = rocky cliff? precipice? — Icel. *sker*, an isolated rock in the sea; *skor*, a rift in a rock. So called because *cut off* from the mainland. Allied to *shear*, and *share*. — Tennyson spells the word *scar* in his famous Bugle Song, and *scaur* in his *Idylls of the King*. —

314. MS. *Dread messenger of fate and fear*, {
 Herald of *danger*, fate, and fear
 Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
 Thou track'st not now *the stricken doe*,
 Nor maiden *coy* through greenwood bough.

Manifest improvement? — 314. Says Taylor, "Note the effect of the whisper-letters, expressing the dread and awe of the message." He refers to the *b* and *f* in '*battle, fate, and fear*'; also the *d* in '*danger, death, and warrior deed*,' line 320. — Fanciful? — 316. *hind*. A.S. *hind*, female of stag, doe. — 318. *pliest*. Lat. *plicare*, to fold; Fr. *plier*, to fold, plait, bend, bow, turn; Mid. Eng. *plien*, to bend; mould as wax; (metaphorically) toil at. See vi, 434. —

322. *Fast as the fatal symbol*, etc. Jeffrey says "The description of the starting of the Fiery Cross bears more marks of labor than most of Mr. Scott's poetry, and borders, perhaps, on straining and exaggeration; yet it shows great power." Just criticism? — Taylor says of lines 322, 323, "The panting haste is expressed by the aspirates," *f* and *h*. Really

The fisherman forsook the strand, 330
 The swarthy smith took dirk and brand;
 With changed cheer, the mower blithe
 Left in the half-cut swath his scythe;
 The herds without a keeper strayed,
 The plough was in mid-furrow stayed, 335
 The falconer tossed his hawk away,
 The hunter left the stag at bay;
 Prompt at the signal of alarms,
 Each son of Alpine rushed to arms;
 So swept the tumult and affray 340
 Along the margin of Achray.
 Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er
 Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!
 The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep
 So stilly on thy bosom deep 345
 The lark's blithe carol from the cloud
 Seems for the scene too gayly loud.

XV.

Speed, Malise, speed! The lake is past,
 Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
 And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen, 350
 Half hidden in the copse so green;
 There mayst thou rest, thy labor done,
 Their lord shall speed the signal on. —

so? — 323. *hamlets*. A.S. *ham*, home; *let*, diminutive. — 332. *cheer*. Gr. *κᾶρα*, *kara*, the head; Late Lat. *cara*; Old Fr. *chere*, the face; Old Eng. *chere*, appearance, countenance. Shakes., Spenser, Dryden, etc., use *cheer* in the original sense. — 333. *swath*. A.S. *swadu*, a row of mown grass. — 342. *Alas, thou lovely lake!* — "Observe," says Ruskin, "Scott's habit of looking at nature, neither as dead, nor merely material, nor as altered by his own feelings; but as having an animation and pathos of *its own*, wholly irrespective of human passion. . . . Instead of making Nature anyway subordinate to himself, he makes himself subordinate to *her* — follows her lead simply — does not venture to bring his own cares and thoughts into her pure and quiet presence — paints her in her simple and universal truth, adding no result of momentary passion or fancy; and appears, therefore, at first shallower than other poets, being in reality wider and healthier." — 344. *bosky*. Dan. *busk*, a bush, shrub; Fr. *bois*, wood. — See *bourne* and quotation in note on iv, 387. —

347. MS. Seems *all too lively and* too loud.

Any better as rewritten? —

349. *Duncraggan's huts*. A hamlet near the Brigg of Turk, between

As stoops the hawk upon his prey,
 The henchman shot him down the way. 355
 What woful accents load the gale?
 The funeral yell, the female wail!
 A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,
 A valiant warrior fights no more.
 Who, in the battle or the chase, 360
 At Roderick's side shall fill his place? —
 Within the hall, where torch's ray
 Supplies the excluded beams of day,
 Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
 And o'er him streams his widow's tear. 365
 His stripling son stands mournful by,
 His youngest weeps, but knows not why;
 The village maids and matrons round
 The dismal coronach resound.

XVI.

CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain, 370
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest.

Lochs Achray and Vennachar. — 355. *shot him?* Shot whom? or what? — i, 142; iii, 148, 526. — 357. *yell!* The commentators quote from Gascoigne's *De Profundis*, —

“O gracious God, to thee I cry and yell!”

Grief is more demonstrative in such communities than in more highly cultivated society? So Shakespeare indicates (*Macbeth*, IV, iii, 4-8) —

“Each new morn
 New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
 Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
 As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
 Like syllable of dolor.” —

357. MS. *'Tis woman's scream, 'tis childhood's wail.*

Has the poet improved upon this? — 362. Instead of *torch's*, most editions print *torches*. Preferable? —

369. *coronach*. Gaelic, *comh*, with, *ranaich*, a roaring; *ran*, to roar, shriek. “The *Coronach* of the Highlanders, like the *ululatus* of the Romans, and the *ululoo* of the Irish, was a wild expression of lamentation, poured forth by the mourners over the body of a departed friend. When the words of it were articulate, they expressed the praises of the deceased, and the loss the clan would sustain by his death.” *Scott*. *Scott* gives a

The font, reappearing,
 From the rain-drops shall borrow, 375
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary,
 But the voice of the weeper 380
 Wails manhood in glory.

literal translation, from the Gaelic, of one to which he acknowledges indebtedness for ideas incorporated in his text. He says, "The tune is so popular that it has become the war-march or 'Gathering' of the clan." We quote the second stanza. The reader will recognize in it something familiar.

From the "CORONACH ON SIR LAUCHLAN, CHIEF OF MACLEAN."

"Tis no base weed, — no planted tree,
 Nor a seedling of last autumn;
 Nor a sapling planted at Beltain;
 Wide, wide around were spread its lofty branches —
 But the topmost bough is lowly laid!
 Thou hast forsaken us before Sawaine" [i.e. Hallowe'en].

See ii, 319, 410. — "The coronach," says Scott, "has for some years been superseded at funerals by the use of the bagpipe; and that also is, like many other Highland peculiarities, falling into disuse, unless in remote districts." —

He is gone on the mountain, etc. In this beautiful song the metrical analysis is very simple: the prevailing foot is the *anapest* (i.e. two unaccented syllables followed by an accented one). In each verse there are properly two anapests. Each line has an extra syllable at the end. In any line, an iambus (i.e. an unaccented syllable followed by an accented one) may be substituted for the first anapest. Scan thus:¹—

He is góne on the móuntain,	u u / u u / u
He is lóst to the fórest,	u u / u u / u
Like a sùmmer-dried fòuntain,	u u / u u / u
Where our néd was the sórest,	u u / u u / u
The fònt, reappeáring,	u / u u / u
From the ráin-drops shall bórrów ;	u u / u u / u
etc.,	etc.

Test Mr. Taylor's statement to this effect: "The song is very carefully divided. To each of the three things, *mountain, forest, fountain*, four lines are given in the order 3, 1, 2." — 374. The font reappearing, etc. Is the order of ideas logical here? Do you say the font *has* borrowed, and that is why it reappears? Would the following be better?

From the rain reappearing
 The fountain shall borrow.

¹ Taylor, followed by Rolfe, is a good deal puzzled over the metre. They say it "seems to be *amphibrachic*," but "some of the lines appear to be *anapestic*, but the rhythm of these is *amphibrachic* . . . *amphibrachic* with an *anacrusis*," etc., etc.

The autumn winds rushing
 Waft the leaves that are searest;
 But our flower was in flushing,
 When blighting was nearest. 385

Fleet foot on the correi,
 Sage counsel in cumber,
 Red hand in the foray,
 How sound is thy slumber!
 Like the dew on the mountain, 390
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and forever!

XVII.

See Stumah, who, the bier beside,
 His master's corpse with wonder eyed, 395
 Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo
 Could send like lightning o'er the dew,
 Bristles his crest and points his ears,
 As if some stranger step he hears.
 'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread, 400
 Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,

— Is *rain-drops* a better expression than *rain*? — 383. *searest*. A.S. *searian*, to dry up. — 384. *flushing* = at full, as the tide is at the 'flood' [Taylor]? full bloom [Rolfe, Ginn, etc.]? prime? full vigor? transient redness? — In some senses, *flush* is from Lat. *fluere*, Ger. *fließen*, to flow. In others, it comes from Swedish *flossa*, to burn furiously, to blaze; Mid. English, *flushen*, to redden. In *Hamlet*, I, ii, 155, *flushing* appears to denote the redness of tear-filled eyes; in *Hamlet*, III, iii, 81, *flush* appears to mean in its prime, in full vigor. — The meaning required here would seem to be the opposite of *sear* or *blight*. — "A *flush* of good luck is a sudden flow of it." Taylor. — 386. *correi* [pron. kōr-rī] = "a hollow in the side of a hill, where game usually lies." — Gael. *cor*, a corner. — 387. *cumber* = hindrance? distress? embarrassment? trouble? perplexity? — Lat. *cumulus*, a heap; Old Fr. *combrer*, to hinder; Fr. *encombre*, an impediment; Icel. *kumra*, to growl; Ger. *kummer*, trouble. — 388. *red*. With blood? — 393. *ever*. Note the rhymes and rhythm.¹

394. *Stumah* = 'faithful.' 398. *crest*. What? — 403. *urge*, or *urges*? —

¹ "Mr. Scott is such a master of versification that the most complicated metre does not for an instant arrest the progress of his imagination; its difficulties usually operate as a salutary excitement to his attention, and not unfrequently suggest to him new and unexpected graces of expression. If a careless rhyme or an ill-constructed phrase occasionally escape him amidst the irregular torrent of his stanza, the blemish is often imperceptible by [sic] the hurried eye of the reader." *Quarterly Review*.

But headlong haste or deadly fear
 Urge the precipitate career.
 All stand aghast: — unheeding all,
 The henchman bursts into the hall; 405
 Before the dead man's bier he stood,
 Held forth the Cross besmeared with blood —
 "The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
 Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!"

XVIII.

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line, 410
 Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.
 In haste the stripling to his side
 His father's dirk and broadsword tied;
 But when he saw his mother's eye
 Watch him in speechless agony, 415
 Back to her opened arms he flew,
 Pressed on her lips a fond adieu, —
 "Alas!" she sobbed, — "and yet be gone,
 And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son!"
 One look he cast upon the bier, 420
 Dashed from his eye the gathering tear,
 Breathed deep to clear his laboring breast,
 And tossed aloft his bonnet crest,
 Then, like the high-bred colt when, freed,
 First he essays his fire and speed, 425
 He vanished, and o'er moor and moss
 Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.
 Suspended was the widow's tear
 While yet his footsteps she could hear;
 And when she marked the henchman's eye 430
 Wet with unwonted sympathy,
 "Kinsman," she said, "his race is run
 That should have sped thine errand on;

410. MS. Angus, the *first* of Duncan's line,
 Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign,
And then upon his kinsman's bier,
Fell Malise's suspended tear.
 In haste the stripling to his side
 His father's *targe and falchion* tied.

—426. moss. A.S. *moos*; Icel. *mosi*; Swedish, *mossa*, a moss, swamp,
 bog, soft moorland. —

The oak has fallen,—the sapling bough
 Is all Duncraggan's shelter now. 435
 Yet trust I well, his duty done,
 The orphan's God will guard my son. —
 And you, in many a danger true,
 At Duncan's hest your blades that drew,
 To arms! and guard that orphan's head! 440
 Let babes and women wail the dead."
 Then weapon-clang and martial call
 Resounded through the funeral hall,
 While from the walls the attendant band
 Snatched sword and targe with hurried hand; 445
 And short and flitting energy
 Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,
 As if the sounds to warrior dear
 Might rouse her Duncan from his bier.
 But faded soon that borrowed force; 450
 Grief claimed his right, and tears their course.

XIX.

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,
 It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire;
 O'er dale and hill the summons flew,
 Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew; 455
 The tear that gathered in his eye
 He left the mountain-breeze to dry;

439. *hest*. A.S. *hatan*; Ger. *heissen*, to command. Used in poetry only?—445. *targe*. See i, 546; v, 380. —The sword and targe were the Highlander's usual weapons.—

452. *Benledi saw*, etc. Trace on the map the course of the Fiery Cross.¹ Scott tells us that the district, which, in the exercise of his poetical privilege, he has subjected to the authority of his imaginary chieftain, was, at the period of his romance, 'really occupied by a clan who claimed a descent from Alpine,—a clan the most unfortunate and most persecuted, but neither the least distinguished, least powerful, nor least brave of the tribes of the Gael.'—453. *Strath-Ire*. This strath connects Lochs Voil and Lubnaig.—

¹ Scott says, "The first stage of the Fiery Cross is to Duncraggan. . . . Thence it passed towards Callander, and then . . . up the pass of Leny . . . to Norman at the Chapel of St. Bride . . . then . . . along the lake of Lubnaig, and through the various glens in the district of Balquidder, including . . . Glenfinlas and Strath-Gartney."

Until, where Teith's young waters roll
 Betwixt him and a wooded knoll
 That graced the sable strath with green, 460
 The chapel of Saint Bride was seen.
 Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,
 But Angus paused not on the edge;
 Though the dark waves danced dizzily,
 Though reeled his sympathetic eye, 465
 He dashed amid the torrent's roar;
 His right hand high the crosslet bore,
 His left the pole-axe grasped, to guide
 And stay his footing in the tide:
 He stumbled twice,—the foam splashed high, 470
 With hoarser swell the stream raced by;
 And had he fallen,—forever there
 Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir!
 But still, as if in parting life,
 Firmer he grasped the Cross of strife, 475
 Until the opposing bank he gained,
 And up the chapel pathway strained.

XX.

A blithesome rout that morning-tide
 Had sought the chapel of Saint Bride.
 Her troth Tombea's Mary gave 480
 To Norman, heir of Armandave,
 And, issuing from the Gothic arch,
 The bridal now resumed their march.
 In rude but glad procession came
 Bonneted sire and coif-clad dame; 485

458. MS. *And where a steep* and wooded knoll
 Graced the *dark* Strath with *emerald* green. —

Improved? — 461. **chapel of Saint Bride.** Half a mile from the southern end of Lubnaig, on the bank of the Leny, one of "Teith's young waters." Its churchyard is there, but there are few remains of the chapel. — *Bride* is Bridget? — 465. **Though reeled**, etc. Explain. — So in Shakes., "Your mind is tossing on the ocean," *Mer. of Ven.*, I, i. —

478. **morning-tide.** From a base *DA*, to divide, come A.S. *tid*, Ger. *zeit*, and Eng. *time*. See *Whitsuntide*, *eventide*, *springtide*. — In Spenser repeatedly, *tide* is used for time. In Shakes. *King John*, III, i, 86, *tides* = times or seasons. See vi, 63. — 483. **bridal** = bridal pair? party? — 485. **coif-clad** = wearing a matron's cap, hood, or head-dress? — Lat. *cupa*, a tub!; Late Lat. *cofea*, a cap; Fr. *coiffe*. See i, 363; iii, 114. —

And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,
 Which snooded maiden would not hear;
 And children, that, unwitting why,
 Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry;
 And minstrels, that in measures vied 490
 Before the young and bonny bride,
 Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose
 The tear and blush of morning rose.
 With virgin step and bashful hand
 She held the kerchief's snowy band. 495
 The gallant bridegroom by her side
 Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
 And the glad mother in her ear
 Was closely whispering word of cheer.

XXI.

Who meets them at the churchyard gate? 500
 The messenger of fear and fate!
 Haste in his hurried accent lies,
 And grief is swimming in his eyes.
 All dripping from the recent flood,
 Panting and travel-soiled he stood, 505
 The fatal sign of fire and sword
 Held forth, and spoke the appointed word —
 "The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
 Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!"
 And must he change so soon the hand 510
 Just linked to his by holy band
 For the fell Cross of blood and brand?
 And must the day so blithe that rose,
 And promised rapture in the close,
 Before its setting hour, divide 515
 The bridegroom from the plighted bride?

487. *snooded*. i, 363. — 488. *unwitting*. *Wit* is not used as a verb except in the infinitive. *To wit* = to know. — 495. *kerchief* = *curch*, *courche*, a square of linen worn by women as a covering for the head. *Fr. courvir*, to cover; *chief*, *chef*, the head. —

508. *muster-place*. The 1st ed. has *mustering*. —

510. MS. And must he *then* exchange the hand.

Improved at all? —

O fatal doom! — it must! it must!
 Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's trust,
 Her summons dread, brook no delay;
 Stretch to the race,— away! away! 520

XXII.

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,
 And lingering eyed his lovely bride,
 Until he saw the starting tear
 Speak woe he might not stop to cheer;
 Then, trusting not a second look, 525
 In haste he sped him up the brook,
 Nor backward glanced till on the heath
 Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith. —
 What in the racer's bosom stirred?
 The sickening pang of hope deferred, 530
 And memory with a torturing train
 Of all his morning visions vain.
 Mingled with love's impatience, came
 The manly thirst for martial fame;
 The stormy joy of mountaineers 535
 Ere yet they rush upon the spears;
 And zeal for Clan and Chieftain burning,
 And hope, from well-fought field returning,
 With war's red honors on his crest,
 To clasp his Mary to his breast. 540
 Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae,
 Like fire from flint he glanced away,
 While high resolve and feeling strong
 Burst into voluntary song.

519. brook. i, 566; iii, 77. —

528. Lubnaig's lake. At the N.E. base of Benledi, the view of which from the lake is grand. The lake is 5 miles N.N.W. of Callander, about 4 miles long and 1 broad, shut in by precipitous hills and cliffs. *Lubnaig* means 'crooked lake,' or 'lake of small bends.' — 530. *sickening pang*, etc. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." *Proverbs*, xiii, 12. So in Scott's *The Lord of the Isles*, vi, 1. —

531. MS. And memory *brought* the torturing train
 Of all his morning visions vain;
But mingled with impatience came
 The manly *love* of martial fame.

Improved upon? — 541. brae. See on ii, 624. —

XXIII.

SONG.

The heath this night must be my bed, 545
 The bracken curtain for my head,
 My lullaby the warder's tread,
 Far, far, from love and thee, Mary;
 To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
 My couch may be my bloody plaid, 550
 My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid!
 It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow;
 I dare not think upon thy vow, 555
 And all it promised me, Mary.
 No fond regret must Norman know;
 When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
 His heart must be like bended bow,
 His foot like arrow free, Mary. 560

A time will come with feeling fraught,
 For, if I fall in battle fought,
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
 And if returned from conquered foes, 565
 How blithely will the evening close,
 How sweet the linnet sing repose,
 To my young bride and me, Mary!

545. *heath*. i, 53, 106, 667. — 546. *bracken*. A.S. *bracce*; Swed. *bräken*, a fern, a brake. See i, 129. — 547. *warder's*. See i, 38. —

558. MS. I may not, dare not, *image* now.

Worth change? —

561. MS. A time will come *for love and faith*,
 For, *should thy bridegroom yield his breath*,
 'Twill cheer him in the hour of death
 The boasted right to thee, Mary.

Point out the improvements. — 565. "This sentence is ungrammatical." *Taylor*. Is it so?

XXIV.

Not faster o'er thy heathery brase,
 Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze, 570
 Rushing in conflagration strong
 Thy deep ravines and dells along,
 Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow
 And reddening the dark lakes below;
 Nor faster speeds it, nor so far, 575
 As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.
 The signal roused to martial coil
 The sullen margin of Loch Voil;
 Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source
 Alarmed, Balvaig, thy swampy course; 580
 Thence southward turned its rapid road
 Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,
 Till rose in arms each man might claim
 A portion in Clan-Alpine's name,
 From the gray sire, whose trembling hand 585
 Could hardly buckle on his brand,
 To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
 Were yet scarce terror to the crow.
 Each valley, each sequestered glen,
 Mustered its little horde of men, 590
 That met as torrents from the height
 In Highland dales their streams unite,

569. **braes** here = hill slopes? Line 541; ii, 624. — 570. **Balquidder**. A village 34 miles W. of Perth. It is near the east end of Loch Voil. Rob Roy was buried here, and this region was famous for his exploits. The 'Braes' are on the north of the lake, and extend far to the west. See 576-580, and map. — **midnight blaze**. "The heath on the Scottish moorlands is often set fire to, that the sheep may have the advantage of the young herbage produced. . . . This custom . . . produces occasionally the most beautiful nocturnal appearances, similar almost to the discharge of a volcano." *Scott*. — 575. "The eager fidelity with which this fatal signal is hurried on and obeyed, is represented with great spirit and felicity." *Jeffrey*. — 577. **coil** = turmoil? — So in Shakespeare. — **Gaelic goill**, struggle, boiling, fume, battle, rage, fury. — 579. **Loch Doine**. A little lake closely connected with Loch Voil, if not a part of it. "The epithets *sullen* and *still* are peculiarly appropriate to this valley." Says Black, "Few places in Scotland have such an air of solitude and remoteness from the haunts of men." — 580. **Balvaig**. River flowing from Lochs Voil and Doine into Lubnaig. — 582. **Strath-Gartney**. Valley extending along the north side of Loch Katrine. — 583. **Ellipsis**? See 1,

Still gathering, as they pour along,
 A voice more loud, a tide more strong,
 Till at the rendezvous they stood 595
 By hundreds prompt for blows and blood,
 Each trained to arms since life began,
 Owning no tie but to his clan,
 No oath but by his chieftain's hand,
 No law but Roderick Dhu's command. 600

XXV.

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu
 Surveyed the skirts of Benvenue,
 And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath,
 To view the frontiers of Menteith.
 All backward came with news of truce; 605
 Still lay each martial Græme and Bruce,
 In Rednock courts no horsemen wait,
 No banner waved on Cardross gate,
 On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,
 Nor scared the herons from Loch Con; 610
 All seemed at peace. — Now wot ye why
 The Chieftain with such anxious eye,
 Ere to the muster he repair,
 This western frontier scanned with care? —
 In Benvenue's most darksome cleft, 615
 A fair though cruel pledge was left;
 For Douglas, to his promise true,
 That morning from the isle withdrew,
 And in a deep sequestered dell
 Had sought a low and lonely cell. 620

528. — 595. *rendezvous*. Fr. *rendez*, render, restore; *vous*, you; *rendez-vous*, render yourselves; repair to. — 599. *by his chieftain's hand*. "The deep and implicit respect paid by the Highland clansmen to their chief rendered this both a common and a solemn oath. In other respects they were like most savage nations, capricious in their ideas concerning the obligatory power of oaths." *Scott*.

604. *Menteith*. See i, 89. — 607–610. *Rednock*, *Cardross*, and *Duchray* were castles: of *Rednock* the ruins are about 2 miles north of *Loch Menteith* on the road to *Callander*; *Cardross*, where *Robert Bruce* died, was on the *Clyde* below *Dumbarton*; *Duchray* is a mile S. of *Loch Ard*. *Loch Con*, 'the lake of dogs,' is a little lake about 3 miles N.W. of *Loch Ard*, into which its waters flow, and 2 miles S. of *Loch Katrine*. See map. — 611. *wot ye*. See i, 596. — 622. *Coir-nan-Uriskin*. See on line 253. —

By many a bard in Celtic tongue
 Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung;
 A softer name the Saxons gave,
 And called the grot the Goblin Cave.

XXVI.

It was a wild and strange retreat	625
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.	
The dell, upon the mountain's crest,	
Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast;	
Its trench had stayed full many a rock	630
Hurled by primeval earthquake shock	
From Benvenue's gray summit wild;	
And here, in random ruin piled,	
They frowned incumbent o'er the spot,	
And formed the rugged sylvan grot.	
The oak and birch with mingled shade	635
At noontide there a twilight made,	
Unless when short and sudden shone	
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,	
With such a glimpse as prophet's eye	
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.	640
No murmur waked the solemn still,	
Save tinkling of a fountain rill;	
But when the wind chafed with the lake,	
A sullen sound would upward break	
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke	645
The incessant war of wave and rock.	
Suspended cliffs with hideous sway	
Seemed nodding o'er the cavern gray.	
From such a den the wolf had sprung;	
In such the wild-cat leaves her young;	650
Yet Douglas and his daughter fair	
Sought for a space their safety there.	
Gray Superstition's whisper dread	
Debarred the spot to vulgar tread;	

624. **Goblin Cave.** "A deep circular amphitheatre of at least 600 yards in its upper diameter, hemmed in all round by steep and towering rocks." *Dr. Graham.*—See lines 253, 255.

630. **primæval.** Lat. *primus*, first, *ævum*, age.—639. See on line 28; also i, 219.—641. **still** = calm? silence.—Rare and poetic use of the

For there, she said, did fays resort, 655
 And satyrs hold their sylvan court,
 By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
 And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

XXVII.

Now eve, with western shadows long,
 Floated on Katrine bright and strong, 660
 When Roderick with a chosen few
 Repassed the heights of Benvenue.
 Above the Goblin Cave they go,
 Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo;
 The prompt retainers speed before 665
 To launch the shallop from the shore,
 For 'cross Loch Katrine lies his way
 To view the passes of Achray,
 And place his clansmen in array.
 Yet lags the Chief in musing mind, 670
 Unwonted sight, his men behind.
 A single page, to bear his sword,
 Alone attended on his lord;
 The rest their way through thickets break,
 And soon await him by the lake. 675
 It was a fair and gallant sight,
 To view them from the neighboring height,
 By the low-levelled sunbeam's light!
 For strength and stature, from the clan
 Each warrior was a chosen man, 680
 As even afar might well be seen
 By their proud step and martial mien.
 Their feathers dance, their tartans float,
 Their targets gleam, as by the boat

word?—656. *satyrs*. See on line 253. “The *Urisk*, or Highland Satyr. (Pron. sā-tyr or sāt-ur.) Satyrs were wood deities, much like men in form; but their feet and legs were like those of goats; they had short horns, and their whole bodies were covered with hair.—

664. *Beal-nam-bo*, or *Bealach-nam-bo*. Line 255. For the metre, i, 73.—667. ‘cross meaning *across* is ‘archaic or colloquial’? Line 750.—672. *page*. Fr. *page*, a boy-servant in attendance upon some high personage. Scott tells us that “a Highland Chief, being as absolute in his personal authority as any prince, had a corresponding number of officers attached to his person.”—

A wild and warlike group they stand, 685
That well became such mountain-strand.

XXVIII.

Their Chief with step reluctant still
Was lingering on the craggy hill,
Hard by where turned apart the road
To Douglas's obscure abode. 690
It was but with that dawning morn
That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn
To drown his love in war's wild roar,
Nor think of Ellen Douglas more;
But he who stems a stream with sand, 695
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to prove,—
By firm resolve to conquer love!
Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost,
Still hovering near his treasure lost; 700
For though his haughty heart deny
A parting meeting to his eye,
Still fondly strains his anxious ear
The accents of her voice to hear,
And inly did he curse the breeze 705
That waked to sound the rustling trees.
But hark! what mingles in the strain?
It is the harp of Allan-bane,
That wakes its measure slow and high,
Attuned to sacred minstrelsy. 710
What melting voice attends the strings?
'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings!

698. MS. To drown his *grief* in war's wild roar,
Nor think of *love and Ellen* more.

Has Scott improved upon it?—695. On this line Taylor comments, to show that the letters *st* are frequently used to express fear and amazement. Verify it.—703. *strains*, etc.—Good?—707. *strain* again!—

XXIX.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

Ave Maria! maiden mild!

Listen to a maiden's prayer!
 Thou canst hear though from the wild, 715
 Thou canst save amid despair.
 Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
 Though banished, outcast, and reviled —
 Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
 Mother, hear a suppliant child! 720

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share
 Shall seem with down of eider piled,
 If thy protection hover there.
 The murky cavern's heavy air 725
 Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;
 Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,
 Mother, list a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! stainless styled!

Foul demons of the earth and air, 730
 From this their wonted haunt exiled,
 Shall flee before thy presence fair.
 We bow us to our lot of care,
 Beneath thy guidance reconciled:
 Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer, 735
 And for a father hear a child!

Ave Maria!

713. *Ave Maria* = Hail, Mary! — (Pron., nearly, ah-vāy Mah-rée-ah.)
 — These are the first words of the familiar hymn to the Virgin Mary. —
 Note the ingenious and remarkable arrangement and recurrence of its
 rhymes.

722. MS. The flinty couch *my sire* must share.

Why the change? — 723. *eider* (pron. i-der). Icel. *ædr*, a kind of sea
 duck in the far north, an eider duck. It lines its nest with the finest
 down from its own body. —

725. MS. The murky *grotto's noxious* air.

Bettered? — 733. *bow us*. i, 142; iii, 148, 743, 749. —

XXX.

Died on the harp the closing hymn,—
 Unmoved in attitude and limb,
 As listening still, Clan-Alpine's lord
 Stood leaning on his heavy sword, 740
 Until the page with humble sign
 Twice pointed to the sun's decline. .
 Then while his plaid he round him cast,
 "It is the last time — 'tis the last,"
 He muttered thrice, — "the last time e'er 745
 That angel-voice shall Roderick hear!"
 It was a goading thought, — his stride
 Hied hastier down the mountain-side;
 Sullen he flung him in the boat,
 An instant 'cross the lake it shot. 750
 They landed in that silvery bay,
 And eastward held their hasty way,
 Till, with the latest beams of light,
 The band arrived on Lanrick height,
 Where mustered in the vale below 755
 Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

XXXI.

A various scene the clansmen made:
 Some sat, some stood, some slowly strayed;
 But most, with mantles folded round,
 Were couched to rest upon the ground, 760
 Scarce to be known by curious eye
 From the deep heather where they lie,
 So well was matched the tartan screen
 With heath-bell dark and brackens green;
 Unless where, here and there, a blade 765
 Or lance's point a glimmer made,
 Like glow-worm twinkling through the shade.

754. **Lanrick height.** Line 286. —

755. MS. *Where broad extending far below,
 Mustered Clan-Alpine's martial show.*

But when, advancing through the gloom,
They saw the Chieftain's eagle plume,
Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide, 770
Shook the steep mountain's steady side.
Thrice it arose, and lake and fell
Three times returned the martial yell;
It died upon Bochastle's plain,
And Silence claimed her evening reign. 775

Which is the better? why?—772. *fell*. See ii, 804.—773. Line 357.—
774. *Bochastle's plain*. See i, 106; v, 301.—

CANTO FOURTH.

THE PROPHECY.

I.

"THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears, 5
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years!"
Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave,
What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad wave.

II.

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung, 10
Love prompted to the bridegroom's tongue.
All while he stripped the wild-rose spray,
His axe and bow beside him lay,
For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood
A wakeful sentinel he stood. 15
Hark! — on the rock a footstep rung,
And instant to his arms he sprung!
"Stand, or thou diest! — What! Malise? — soon
Art thou returned from Braes of Doune.

CANTO IV. 2. And hope is brightest. The MS. has

"And rapture dearest when obscured by fears."

Better truth, imagery, sentiment, as rewritten? — **from** combines the idea of 'starting from' with that of 'change'? — 5. **wilding** = wild? not domesticated or cultivated? This word is used by Spenser, Tennyson, Bryant, etc. — 9. **what time**. See on ii, 307; iii, 15. —

12. **spray**. A.S. *spraedan*, to spread; Dan. *sprag*, a sprig, twig, small branch. — 19. **Braes of Doune**. The rolling country, mostly between Callander and Doune, north of the Teith. See map. *Doune* is a village 7 miles N.W. of Stirling on the Teith. Its castle, built in the 14th century,

By thy keen step and glance I know, 20
 Thou bring'st us tidings of the foe." —
 For while the Fiery Cross hied on,
 On distant scout had Malise gone. —
 "Where sleeps the Chief?" the henchman said.
 "Apart, in yonder misty glade; 25
 To his lone couch I'll be your guide." —
 Then called a slumberer by his side,
 And stirred him with his slackened bow, —
 "Up, up, Glentarkin! rouse thee, ho!
 We seek the Chieftain; on the track 30
 Keep eagle watch till I come back."

III.

Together up the pass they sped:
 "What of the foeman?" Norman said. —
 "Varying reports from far and near;
 This certain, — that a band of war 35
 Has for two days been ready boune
 At prompt command to march from Doune;
 King James the while, with princely powers,
 Holds revelry in Stirling towers.
 Soon will this dark and gathering cloud 40
 Speak on our glens in thunder loud.
 Inured to bide such bitter bout,
 The warrior's plaid may bear it out;
 But, Norman, how wilt thou provide
 A shelter for thy bonny bride?" — 45
 "What! know ye not that Roderick's care
 To the lone isle hath caused repair

is a majestic specimen of feudal grandeur. — 29. **Glentarkin**. The man is named from the place N. of Loch Earn?

36. **boune** = ready, prepared. Scotch, from Icel. *búa*, to make ready; *búinn*, prepared. — Line 157; v, 466; vi, 396. — 37. **Doune**. See on line 19. — 42. **bide** = await with trust; endure? — A.S. *bidan*, to await. — In Shakes. (*Lear*, III, iv, 29, 30) we read,

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm."

— **bout** = conflict, contest [Ginn]? turn (of fortune) [Rolve]? — Danish *bugt*, a bend, turn; Icel. *bugda*, a bend, a serpent's coil. *Skeat*. — 43. **bear it out** = endure it? — "A good instance of poetic terseness." — 47. Poetic ellipsis? —

Each maid and matron of the clan,
 And every child and aged man
 Unfit for arms; and given his charge 50
 Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor barge,
 Upon these lakes shall float at large,
 But all beside the islet moor,
 That such dear pledge may rest secure?" —

IV.

"'Tis well advised,—the Chieftain's plan 55
 Bespeaks the father of his clan.
 But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu
 Apart from all his followers true?"
 "It is because last evening-tide
 Brian an augury hath tried, 60
 Of that dread kind which must not be
 Unless in dread extremity,
 The Taghairm called; by which, afar,
 Our sires foresaw the events of war.
 Duncraggan's milk-white bull they slew," — 65

MALISE.

"Ah! well the gallant brute I knew!
 The choicest of the prey we had
 When swept our merry-men Gallangad.
 His hide was snow, his horns were dark,
 His red eye glowed like fiery spark; 70

55. **well advised** = well considered? well planned? — Old Fr. *adviser*, to mark, heed, consider of. *Skeat*. — The MS. has,

'Tis well advised — *a prudent* plan,
Worthy the father of his clan.

Improved? — 59. **evening-tide**. See on iii, 478. — 63. **Taghairm**. Celtic *targair*, to foretell. — A "superstitious mode of inquiring into futurity. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly-slain bullock, and deposited . . . where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation he revolved in his mind the question proposed; and whatever was impressed upon him by his exalted imagination passed for the inspiration of the disembodied spirits, who haunt these desolate recesses." *Scott*. — 68. **Gallangad**. "We do not find this name elsewhere." *Rolfe*. "Apparently part of the Lennox district, near Strath Endrick." *Taylor*. — This story of the bull is taken almost literally from one in an account of "the merry doings of the good old time," when the narrator, 'an old Highland Kern or Ketteran,' was 'follower

So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,
 Sore did he cumber our retreat,
 And kept our stoutest kerns in awe,
 Even at the pass of Beal 'maha.
 But steep and flinty was the road, 75
 And sharp the hurrying pikeman's goad,
 And when we came to Dennan's Row
 A child might scathless stroke his brow."

V.

NORMAN.

"That bull was slain; his reeking hide
 They stretched the cataract beside, 80
 Whose waters their wild tumult toss
 Adown the black and craggy boss
 Of that huge cliff whose ample verge
 Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.
 Couched on a shelf beneath its brink, 85
 Close where the thundering torrents sink,
 Rocking beneath their headlong sway,
 And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,
 Midst groan of rock and roar of stream,
 The wizard waits prophetic dream. 90

of Rob Roy MacGregor.' — 73. *kerns* = light-armed foot soldiers, armed with bows, arrows, darts, daggers, and large knives, among the Gaels and Irish? — So in Shakespeare, Spenser, and Drayton. — See iv, 393; v, 349.

— 74. *Beal 'maha* = 'the pass of the plain,' east of the southern end of Loch Lomond, opposite Inch-Caillach. See on iii, 191. — Through this pass raids from the Highlands were often made into the Lowlands. — 77. *Dennan's Row* = Rowardennan, on Loch Lomond. Here tourists start to ascend Ben Lomond. See map. —

82. *boss* = knob? protuberance? central projection of a shield? — French *bosse*, a hump; Ital. *bozza*, a swelling. — 83. *verge*. Note the rhyme. See v, 219, 812, 813. *E* was often sounded as *a*; as in *clerk*, *Derby*, *sergeant*, etc. — Shakes. repeatedly uses *verge* in the sense of *circle*. — Lat. *virga*, a rod; Fr. *verge*, an officer's wand; limit of authority; edge. —

84. *Hero's Targe*. "There is a rock so named in the Forest of Glenfinlas, by which a tumultuary cataract takes its course. This wild place is said, in former times, to have afforded refuge to an outlaw, who was supplied with provisions by a woman, who lowered them down from the brink of the precipice above. His water he procured for himself by letting down a flagon, tied to a string, into the black pool beneath." Scott. — 85. *shelf*. Some editions read *she've*, which Taylor defines as a

Nor distant rests the Chief; — but hush!
 See, gliding slow through mist and bush,
 The hermit gains yon rock, and stands
 To gaze upon our slumbering bands!
 Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost, 95
 That hovers o'er a slaughtered host?
 Or raven on the blasted oak,
 That, watching while the deer is broke,
 His morsel claims with sullen croak?"

MALISE.

"Peace! peace! to other than to me 100
 Thy words were evil augury;
 But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade
 Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,
 Not aught that, gleaned from heaven or hell,
 Yon fiend-begotten Monk can tell. 105
 The Chieftain joins him, see — and now
 Together they descend the brow."

VI.

And, as they came, with Alpine's Lord
 The Hermit Monk held solemn word: —
 "Roderick! it is a fearful strife, 110
 For man endowed with mortal life,
 Whose shroud of sentient clay can still
 Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,

slanting part of the rock. — 91, 92. Rhyme? — 98. **broke** = the 'cutting up, or, as it was technically called, *breaking*, the slaughtered stag.' Scott tells with what formality, and even solemnity, the animal was divided and distributed. The forester had his allotted portion; the hounds, theirs; the very birds, theirs also. He quotes Turberville — "There is a little gristle, which is upon the spoone of the brisket, which we call the raven's bone; and I have seen in some places a raven so wont and accustomed to it, that she would never fail to croak and cry for it all the time you were in breaking up of the deer, and would not depart till she had it." — 102. **hold** = possess? believe (to be)? — 104. **ought** = anything (to be omen, etc.)? — See ii, 529. — 105. See iii, 134 and context. —

110. **Roderick**, etc. — Something too much of this Taghairm business?

112. **sentient** = having sensation and perception? conscious? — Lat. *sen-*

Whose eye can stare in stony trance,
 Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance,— 115
 'Tis hard for such to view, unfurled,
 The curtain of the future world.
 Yet, witness every quaking limb,
 My sunken pulse, mine eyeballs dim,
 My soul with harrowing anguish torn! 120
 This for my Chieftain have I borne! —
 The shapes that sought my fearful couch
 A human tongue may ne'er avouch;
 No mortal man — save he, who, bred
 Between the living and the dead, 125
 Is gifted beyond nature's law —
 Had e'er survived to say he saw.
 At length the fateful answer came
 In characters of living flame!
 Not spoke in word, nor blaze^d in scroll, 130
 But borne and branded on my soul: —
 WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S LIFE,
 THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE."

VII.

"Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care!
 Good is thine augury, and fair. 135

tire, to perceive by the senses.—*shroud*. See ii, 254.—115. *rouse*. So Shakespeare,—

"My fell of hair
 Would, at a dismal treatise, rouse and stir,
 As life were in't."—*Macbeth*, V, v, 18-15.—

Is this idea of the hair standing on end a mere poetical fancy?—See Vergil's *Aeneid*, ii, 774.—124. *save he* = except that he (might)?—Should it be, *save him*?—The best writers, Shakes., Milton, Macaulay, etc., use the nominative after *save*.—128. *fateful*. Some editions have *fatal*. Preference?—130. *blazed*.—"Began to *blaze* abroad the matter," *Mark*, i, 45.—Icel. *blása*, to blow, blow a trumpet, sound an alarm.—

132. MS. Which *foremost* spills a foeman's life.

Note the different meaning. Which is the more appropriate, viewed in the light of the final issue? Which accords best with the interpretation given by Fitz-James? by Roderick?—"Though this be in the text described as a response of the *Taghairm*, or Oracle of the Hide, it was of itself an augury frequently attended to. The fate of the battle was often anticipated, in the imagination of the combatants, by observing which party first shed blood." *Scott*.—See, in the *Class. Dict.*, the stories of *Codrus* and the three *Decii*. Difference?—

Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood
 But first our broadswords tasted blood.
 A surer victim still I know,
 Self-offered to the auspicious blow:
 A spy has sought my land this morn,— 140
 No eve shall witness his return!
 My followers guard each pass's mouth,
 To east, to westward, and to south;
 Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guide,
 Has charge to lead his steps aside, 145
 Till in deep path or dingle brown
 He light on those shall bring him down. —
 But see, who comes his news to show!
 Malise! what tidings of the foe?"

VIII.

"At Doune, o'er many a spear and glaive 150
 Two Barons proud their banners wave.
 I saw the Moray's silver star,
 And marked the sable pale of Mar."
 "By Alpine's soul, high tidings those!
 I love to hear of worthy foes. 155
 When move they on?" "To-morrow's noon
 Will see them here for battle boune."

140. a spy. Had Fitz-James returned in the morning of the fourth day?—144. Red. Why so called?

MS. *The clansman vainly deemed his guide.*

Happy change?—147. Ellipsis?—See i, 528.

MS. He light on those shall *stab* him down.

Any better as changed?—

150. glaive. See line 274; v, 253. Fr. *glaive*; Lat. *gladius*. Sometimes it appears to mean a broadsword.—153. pale = in Heraldry a broad, perpendicular stripe in an escutcheon, occupying one-third of the width, and equally distant from the two edges? Moray's banner bore a silver star; Mar's, a black band. See vi, 392, 393.—155. See the famous couplet, v, 238, 239.—

156. MS. When move they on? { This sun } at noon
 { To-day }
 'Tis said will see them march from Doune.

To-morrow then { makes } meeting stern.
 { sees }

"Then shall it see a meeting stern!
 But, for the place,— say, couldst thou learn
 Nought of the friendly clans of Earn? 160
 Strengthened by them, we well might bide
 The battle on Benledi's side.
 Thou couldst not? — well! Clan-Alpine's men
 Shall man the Trosachs' shaggy glen;
 Within Loch Katrine's gorge we'll fight, 165
 All in our maids' and matrons' sight,
 Each for his hearth and household fire,
 Father for child, and son for sire,
 Lover for maid beloved! — But why —
 Is it the breeze affects mine eye? 170
 Or dost thou come, ill-omened tear!
 A messenger of doubt or fear?
 No! sooner may the Saxon lance
 Unfix Benledi from his stance
 Than doubt or terror can pierce through 175
 The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu!
 'Tis stubborn as his trusty targe.
 Each to his post! — all know their charge."
 The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,
 The broadswords gleam, the banners dance, 180
 Obedient to the Chieftain's glance. —
 I turn me from the martial roar
 And seek Coir-Uriskin once more.

IX.

Where is the Douglas?— he is gone;
 And Ellen sits on the gray stone 185
 Fast by the cave and makes her moan,
 While vainly Allan's words of cheer
 Are poured on her unheeding ear.

— 157. *bourne*. See line 36. — 160. *Earn* = the region about Loch Earn (24 miles W. of Perth) and the river Earn flowing east from the lake into the Tay. See map. — 164. *shaggy*. Appropriateness of the epithet? See i, 145. — 174. *stance* = station? position? site? foundation? — Scotch word, fr. Lat. *stare*, to stand; Ital. *stanza*, station, base, room, stop, stanza. —

177. MS. 'Tis stubborn as his *Highland* targe.

Better? — 179. *pibroch*. See i, 638. —

"He will return — dear lady, trust! —
 With joy return; — he will — he must. 190
 Well was it time to seek afar
 Some refuge from impending war,
 When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm
 Are cowed by the approaching storm.
 I saw their boats with many a light 195
 Floating the livelong yesternight,
 Shifting like flashes darted forth
 By the red streamers of the north;
 I marked at morn how close they ride
 Thick moored by the lone islet's side, 200
 Like wild ducks couching in the fen
 When stoops the hawk upon the glen.
 Since this rude race dare not abide
 The peril on the mainland side,
 Shall not thy noble father's care 205
 Some safe retreat for thee prepare?"

X.

ELLEN.

"No, Allan, no! Pretext so kind
 My wakeful terrors could not blind.

197. *flashes.* So in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, ii, 86,

"And red and bright the streamers light
 Were dancing in the glowing north.

He knew by the streamers that shot so bright
 That spirits were riding the northern light."

So Burns, in *Tam O'Shanter*, characterizes pleasures,—

"Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place."

Scott's MS. reads as follows:—

Thick as the flashes darted forth
By morrice-dancers of the north;
And saw at morn their } barges ride
} little fleet,
Close moored by the lone islet's side.
Since this rude race dare not abide
Upon their native mountain side,
'Tis fit that Douglas should provide
For his dear child some safe abode,
And soon he comes to point the road.

Are the last five quoted lines prosy?

When in such tender tone, yet grave,
 Douglas a parting blessing gave, 210
 The tear that glistened in his eye
 Drowned not his purpose fixed and high.
 My soul, though feminine and weak,
 Can image his; e'en as the lake,
 Itself disturbed by slightest stroke, 215
 Reflects the invulnerable rock.
 He hears report of battle rife,
 He deems himself the cause of strife.
 I saw him redden when the theme
 Turned, Allan, on thine idle dream 220
 Of Malcolm Græme in fetters bound,
 Which I, thou saidst, about him wound:
 Think'st thou he trowed thine omen aught?
 O no! 'twas apprehensive thought
 For the kind youth,— for Roderick too — 225
 Let me be just — that friend so true;
 In danger both, and in our cause!
 Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.
 Why else that solemn warning given,
 'If not on earth, we meet in heaven!' 230
 Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's fane,
 If eve return him not again,
 Am I to hie and make me known?
 Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne,

207. MS. No. Allan, no! *His words* so kind
Were but pretexts my fears to blind.
 When in such *solemn* tone and grave
 Douglas a parting blessing gave.

Why is the text better? — 212. Many print *on* in place of *and*. Inferior reading? —

215. MS. Itself disturbed by slightest *shock*,
 Reflects the *adamantine* rock.

— Rhyme better? Imagery improved? — 217. *rife*. A.S. *rif*, Icel. *rifr*, prevalent, abounding. — 222. *thou saidst*. When and where? — 223. *trowed*. A.S. *treowan*; Ger. *trauen*, to trust; Dan. *troe*, to believe. — "I trow not," *Luke*, xvii, 9.

"A better preest, I trowe that nowher non is." — Chaucer, *Prol.*, 524. —

231. *Cambus-kenneth's fane* = Cambus-kenneth Abbey. It was on the left bank of the Forth, a mile from Stirling on the right bank. Of its ruins, a massive and picturesque tower yet remains entire. James III was buried here in 1488. — Lat. *fanum*, a temple. See v, 534. — 233. *hie*.

Buys his friends' safety with his own; 235
 He goes to do — what I had done,
 Had Douglas' daughter been his son!"

XI.

"Nay, lovely Ellen! — dearest, nay!
 If aught should his return delay,
 He only named yon holy fane 240
 As fitting place to meet again.
 Be sure he's safe; and for the Græme, —
 Heaven's blessing on his gallant name! —
 My visioned sight may yet prove true,
 Nor bode of ill to him or you. 245
 When did my gifted dream beguile?
 Think of the stranger at the isle,
 And think upon the harpings slow
 That presaged this approaching woe!
 Sooth was my prophecy of fear; 250
 Believe it when it augurs cheer.
 Would we had left this dismal spot!
 Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot.
 Of such a wondrous tale I know —
 Dear lady, change that look of woe: 255
 My harp was wont thy grief to cheer."

ELLEN.

"Well, be it as thou wilt; I hear,
 But cannot stop the bursting tear."
 The Minstrel tried his simple art,
 But distant far was Ellen's heart. 260

A.S. *higian*, to hasten. — 235. **friends'**. Many editions have *friend's*. Which is preferable? Why? —

249. **presaged**. Lat. *prae*, before; *sagire*, to perceive quickly; *sagus*, predicting; *praesagire*, to have a presentiment; to forebode, foreshow, predict. — *Présage* is a noun = prognostic, omen; *presâge* is a verb. — Accent in this line? — 250. **sooth**. See i, 476. —

XII.

BALLAD.

ALICE BRAND.

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
 When the mavis and merle are singing,
 When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
 And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land 265
 Is lost for love of you!
 And we must hold by wood and wold,
 As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
 And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue, 270
 That on the night of our luckless flight
 Thy brother bold I slew!

"Now must I teach to hew the beech
 The hand that held the glaive,
 For leaves to spread our lowly bed, 275
 And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
 That wont on harp to stray,

Ballad. "This little fairy tale is founded upon a very curious Danish ballad, which occurs in . . . a collection of heroic songs first published in 1591." *Scott*. Observe that except in the first line of the first stanza and of the last, the prevailing foot is the iambus [∪ —] interchangeable with the anapest [∪ ∪ —]. In each stanza, the first and third lines have four accents each; the second and fourth lines have three accents each. In many stanzas there is an extra syllable at the end of the second and fourth lines. The ballad is in four parts; the first part has eight stanzas; the second, five; the third, six; the fourth, eight. One stanza in the second part has two extra lines; one in the third part, and one in the fourth, have, each, one additional line. — 262. *mavis* = European thrush, or song thrush. Lat. *malum*, bad; *vitis*, vine; *malvitus*, bad for vines, the thrush being destructive to vines. But it may be of Celtic origin. *Brachet*. — *merle* = European black-bird. — 267. *wold* = a plain, open country, grassy ground as opposed to woodland. Icel. *völl*, a field. — See 724. — 274. *glaive*. See line 150 and v, 253; vi, 800. — 277. *pall*. A kind of rich stuff used for garments in the middle ages. A.S. *paell*, purple cloth; Lat. *palla*, a mantle. — 278. *wont* = are or were accustomed? — See i, 408. — In 264 *a-ringing* would be better than *is ringing* [W. W. Davis]?

A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
To keep the cold away." 280

"O Richard! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair no more I wear, 285
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,
As gay the forest-green.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land, 290
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand."

XIII.

BALLAD CONTINUED.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood;
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side, 295
Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

282. MS. 'Twas but a *midnight* chance;
For *blindfold* was the battle *plied*,
And fortune *held* the lance.

Bettered in the final text? — 283. **darkling**. Formed from *dark* by help of the adverbial suffix *ling*, which occurs also in *flatling*, i.e. flatly. — Milton uses it of the nightingale, when speaking of himself in his blindness, —

"as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note." — *Par. Lost*, iii, 89-91.

Shakes. uses it in the sense of *in the dark*. — See 711. — 285. **vair** = the fur of a small, bluish gray animal resembling a polecat. Such furs were worn by ladies of rank. *Yonge*. — Lat. *varius*, variegated, spotted, mottled; Fr. *vair*, a kind of fur; squirrel fur, costly, and much used for garments in the 14th century. The squirrel was gray on the back, but white on the throat and belly. Cinderella's slipper was of *vair*, squirrel fur, not *verre*, glass! — 286. **sheen**. See on i, 208. — 291. Note the accent of the word *Richard*. No recent writer would dare to take such liberty?

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
 Who woned within the hill,—
 Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
 His voice was ghostly shrill. 300

“Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
 Our moonlight circle’s screen?
 Or who comes here to chase the deer,
 Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
 Or who may dare on wold to wear 305
 The fairies’ fatal green?”

“Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
 For thou wert christened man;
 For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
 For muttered word or ban. 310

“Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
 The curse of the sleepless eye;
 Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
 Nor yet find leave to die.”

298. **woned** = lived, dwelt? — See note on *wont*, i, 408. — Among the ‘Fairy Superstitions’ that once prevailed in Scotland was a belief among the Highlanders that certain gnomes, elves, or elf-like beings, called *Daoine Shi’*, or Men of Peace, inhabited underground palaces, splendidly furnished, and abounding with choicest food and liquors; yet that they were not quite happy, but would gladly exchange their tinsel grandeur “for the more solid joys of mortality.” . . . “Unhappy is the mortal who joins in their joys, or ventures to partake of their dainties. By this indulgence, he forfeits forever the society of men; and is bound down irrevocably to the condition of *Shi’ ich*, or Man of Peace.” — 300. **ghostly shrill**. The notion that ghosts’ voices are shrill is classical. Homer (*Iiad*, xxiii, 101; *Odyssey*, xxiv, 5, 9), Vergil (*Æneid*, vi, 492), Horace (8th *Satire*, 1st Book), Shakespeare (*Hamlet*, I, i, 116; *Julius Cæsar*, II, ii, 24) — all agree in this. — 301. **why sounds**, etc. — “Fairies, if not positively malevolent, are capricious and easily offended.” *Scott*. —

302. MS. Our *fairy ringlet’s* screen.

Why the change? — 305. **wold**. Line 267. — 306. **fatal green**. “As the *Daoine Shi’*, or Men of Peace, wore green habits, they were supposed to take offence when any mortals ventured to assume their favorite color. . . . *Green* is held in Scotland to be unlucky in regard to particular tribes and countries.” *Scott*. — 308. **wert christened man**. “Many, it is said, of mortal race, have been entertained in their secret recesses. . . . The Elves were supposed greatly to envy the privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and they gave to those mortals . . . a certain precedence founded

XIV.

BALLAD CONTINUED.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood, 315
 Though the birds have stilled their singing;
 The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
 And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
 Before Lord Richard stands, 320
 And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
 "I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,
 "That is made with bloody hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
 That woman void of fear, — 325
 "And if there's blood upon his hand,
 'Tis but the blood of deer."

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
 It cleaves unto his hand,
 The stain of thine own kindly blood, 330
 The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,
 And made the holy sign, —
 "And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
 A spotless hand is mine. 335

upon this advantageous distinction." *Scott*. — 312. **of the sleepless eye** = from the eye that sleeps not? of possessing an eye unable to sleep? So *Shakes.*, *Macbeth*, I, iii, 19, —

"Sleep shall neither night nor day
 Hang upon his penthouse lid" [i.e. eyelid].

— 313. **part.** See on ii, 94, 763. — 322. **grisly.** Note on i, 704. — 330. **kindly** = congenial? mild? bland? of kin? kindred? natural? according to the kind? — A.S. *kind*, nature; *cynde*, natural, innate. — *Shakes.* uses *kindly* 6 times in the sense of natural. In the Prayer Book 'the kindly fruits of the earth' are the *natural* fruits. — "It is God's ordinance that *kind* (i.e. of kin) should be *kindly*, in our modern sense of the word . . . and thus

"And I conjure thee, demon elf,
By Him whom demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here?"

XV.

BALLAD CONTINUED.

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land, 340
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side
With bit and bridle ringing:

"And gayly shines the Fairy-land —
But all is glistening show, 345
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

"And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem, 350
And now like dwarf and ape.

"It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And 'twixt life and death was snatched away 355
To the joyless Elfin bower.

"But wist I of a woman bold
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould,
As fair a form as thine." 360

the word has attained this meaning." *Trench*. — 336. *conjure*. Difference in meaning and sound between this and *conjure*? — Latin *conjurare*, to swear together; bind by oath. —

345. *all is glistening show*. "No fact respecting Fairy-land seems to be better ascertained than the fantastic and illusory nature of their apparent pleasure and splendor." *Scott*. — 355. *snatched away*. "The subjects of Fairy-land were recruited from the regions of humanity by a sort of *crimping* system. . . . Many of those who were in this world supposed to have discharged the debt of nature, had only become denizens of the 'Londe of Faery.'" *Scott*. — 357. *wist I* = if I knew? — A.S. *witan*, to know. *To wit* = to know. *Wist* is imperfect tense. — See i, 596. — 359. *mould*. Lat. *modulus*, a model; Fr. *moule*, a cast, form. —

She crossed him once — she crossed him twice —
 That lady was so brave;
 The fouler grew his goblin hue,
 The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold; 365
 He rose beneath her hand
 The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
 Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,
 When the mavis and merle are singing, 370
 But merrier were they in Dunfermline gray,
 When all the bells were ringing.

XVI.

Just as the minstrel sounds were stayed,
 A stranger climbed the steepy glade;
 His martial step, his stately mien, 375
 His hunting-suit of Lincoln green,
 His eagle glance, remembrance claims —
 'Tis Snowdown's Knight, 'tis James Fitz-James.
 Ellen beheld as in a dream,
 Then, starting, scarce suppressed a scream: 380
 "O stranger! in such hour of fear
 What evil hap has brought thee here?"
 "An evil hap how can it be
 That bids me look again on thee?
 By promise bound, my former guide 385
 Met me betimes this morning-tide,
 And marshalled over bank and bourne
 The happy path of my return."

367. *mould*. A.S. *molde*, soil; Icel. *mold*, Dan. *muld*, earth. Akin to *meal* and *mill*! — 371. *Dunfermline*. This town is in Fifeshire, 16 miles N.W. of Edinburgh. King Edward I resided here in 1304. It was long the residence of the Scottish kings. Robert Bruce rebuilt the monastery burned by Edward, and was the last sovereign buried in this 'Westminster of Scotland.' —

374. *steepy*. See iii, 304. — 376. See line 575; i, 464; vi, 738. — 386. *morning-tide*. See iii, 478. — 387. *bourne* = bound, limit [Rolfe]?

"The happy path! — what! said he naught
 Of war, of battle to be fought, 390
 Of guarded pass?" "No, by my faith!
 Nor saw I aught could augur scathe."
 "O haste thee, Allan, to the kern!
 Yonder his tartans I discern;
 Learn thou his purpose, and conjure 395
 That he will guide the stranger sure! —
 What prompted thee, unhappy man?
 The meanest serf in Roderick's clan
 Had not been bribed, by love or fear,
 Unknown to him to guide thee here." 400

XVII.

"Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,
 Since it is worthy care from thee;
 Yet life I hold but idle breath
 When love or honor's weighed with death.
 Then let me profit by my chance, 405
 And speak my purpose bold at once.
 I come to bear thee from a wild
 Where ne'er before such blossom smiled,
 By this soft hand to lead thee far
 From frantic scenes of feud and war. 410

stream [Ginn]? — French *borne*, a boundary, landmark. Gaelic *burn* water; Scot. *burn*, a brook. — In Milton's *Comus*, 311–313, we have,

"I know each lane, and every alley green,
 Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
 And every bosky *bourn* from side to side,"

and in this quotation *bourn* is supposed to mean 'a winding, deep, narrow valley, with a rivulet (Scotch *burn*) at the bottom.' — See iii, 344. — 392. *scathe*. A.S. *sceada*, harm. Chaucer has, "But she was som-del deaf, and that was scathe." Spenser and Shakes. use it in the sense of misfortune, harm, or mischief. — 393. *kern*. See on iv, 73. — 395. *conjure*. See on line 336. —

403. *idle breath*, etc. Is this passage clearer than the parallel one from Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, I, ii, 85–88?

"Set honor in one eye and death i' the other
 And I will look on both indifferently;
 For let the gods so speed me as I love
 The name of honor more than I fear death." —

405, 406. Rhyme? — 410. *feud*. A.S. *feogan*, to hate; *fah*, hostile; *faehd*, enmity; whence comes *foe*. *Skeat*. —

Near Bochastle my horses wait;
 They bear us soon to Stirling gate.
 I'll place thee in a lovely bower,
 I'll guard thee like a tender flower —"
 "O hush, Sir Knight! 'twere female art, 415
 To say I do not read thy heart;
 Too much, before, my selfish ear
 Was idly soothed my praise to hear.
 That fatal bait hath lured thee back,
 In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track; 420
 And how, O how, can I atone
 The wreck my vanity brought on! —
 One way remains — I'll tell him all —
 Yes! struggling bosom, forth it shall!
 Thou, whose light folly bears the blame, 425
 Buy thine own pardon with thy shame!
 But first — my father is a man
 Outlawed and exiled, under ban;
 The price of blood is on his head,
 With me 'twere infamy to wed! 430
 Still wouldst thou speak? — then hear the truth!
 Fitz-James, there is a noble youth —
 If yet he is! — exposed for me
 And mine to dread extremity —
 Thou hast the secret of my heart; 435
 Forgive, be generous, and depart!"

XVIII.

Fitz-James knew every wily train
 A lady's fickle heart to gain,

411. MS. *By Cambusmore* my horses wait;

See on i, 103, 106; iii, 774; v, 301. — 413. **bower**. See on i, 217; ii, 112. — 415. **art** = artfulness? affectation? — 417. **before**. When? — See ii, 100, 101. —

418. MS. Was idly *fond* thy praise to hear.

Improved? — 421. **atone** = make expiation for? — Ellipsis? — Shakes. uses *atone* 4 times in the sense of 'make *at one*,' i.e. reconcile. See v, 735. — 433. **if yet he is** = if yet he is exposed? if he yet exists? —

437. **train** = allurement, enticement. Lat. *trahere*, to draw, attract; Fr. *trainer*, to drag. — Milton uses the phrase *wily trains* in *Comus*,

"Now to my charms and to my wily trains."

But here he knew and felt them vain.
 There shot no glance from Ellen's eye, 440
 To give her steadfast speech the lie;
 In maiden confidence she stood,
 Though mantled in her cheek the blood,
 And told her love with such a sigh
 Of deep and hopeless agony, 445
 As death had sealed her Malcolm's doom
 And she sat sorrowing on his tomb!
 Hope vanished from Fitz-James's eye,
 But not with hope fled sympathy.
 He proffered to attend her side, 450
 As brother would a sister guide.
 "O little know'st thou Roderick's heart!
 Safer for both we go apart.
 O haste thee, and from Allan learn
 If thou mayst trust yon wily kern!" 455
 With hand upon his forehead laid,
 The conflict of his mind to shade,
 A parting step or two he made;
 Then, as some thought had crossed his brain,
 He paused, and turned, and came again. 460

XIX.

"Hear, lady, yet a parting word! —
 It chanced in fight that my poor sword
 Preserved the life of Scotland's lord.
 This ring the grateful Monarch gave,
 And bade, when I had boon to crave, 465
 To bring it back, and boldly claim
 The recompense that I would name.
 Ellen, I am no courtly lord,
 But one who lives by lance and sword,
 Whose castle is his helm and shield, 470
 His lordship the embattled field:

Shakespeare and Spenser use *train* in the same sense. — See on i, 409. — 446. Ellipsis? — See line 459; also note on ii, 56. —

464. MS. This ring *of gold* the monarch gave.

Improved upon? — 470. *helm*. Strictly poetic? — 471. *lordship* = manor?

What from a prince can I demand,
 Who neither reck of state or land?
 Ellen, thy hand — the ring is thine;
 Each guard and usher knows the sign. 475
 Seek thou the King without delay;
 This signet shall secure thy way:
 And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,
 As ransom of his pledge to me."
 He placed the golden circlet on, 480
 Paused — kissed her hand — and then was gone!
 The aged Minstrel stood aghast,
 So hastily Fitz-James shot past.
 He joined his guide, and wending down
 The ridges of the mountain brown, 485
 Across the stream they took their way
 That joins Loch Katrine to Achray.

XX.

All in the Trosachs' glen was still,
 Noontide was sleeping on the hill:
 Sudden his guide whooped loud and high — 490
 "Murdoch! was that a signal cry?" —
 He stammered forth, "I shout to scare
 Yon raven from his dainty fare."

domain? landed estates? — embattled = where battle is raging? —
 473. **reck.** A.S. *recan*, to care for; make account. Poetic? —

474. MS. *Permit this hand* — the ring is thine;

Better as modified? — 475. **usher.** Lat. *ostium*, door, gate; *ostiarius*,
 door-keeper; Fr. *huis*, door; *huissier*, door-keeper.

476. MS. "Seek thou the King, *and on thy knee*
Put forth thy suit, whate'er it be,
 As ransom of his pledge to me;
My name and this shall make thy way."
 He *put* the *little signet* on.

— From the day when "Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put
 it upon Joseph's hand" (*Genesis*, xli, 42), the ring, bestowed or lent, has
 often endowed the receiver with all the power of the owner. — 477. **sig-**
net. Lat. *signum*; Fr. *signe*, sign; dimin. *signet*, little sign. —

492. MS. He stammered forth *confused reply* :
Saxon
Sir Knight { *I shouted but to scare*
 Yon raven from his dainty fare.

He looked — he knew the raven's prey,
 His own brave steed: "Ah! gallant gray! 495
 For thee — for me, perchance — 'twere well
 We ne'er had seen the Trosachs' dell. —
 Murdoch, move first — but silently;
 Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die!"
 Jealous and sullen on they fared, 500
 Each silent, each upon his guard.

XXI.

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge
 Around a precipice's edge,
 When lo! a wasted female form, 505
 Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,
 In tattered weeds and wild array,
 Stood on a cliff beside the way,
 And glancing round her restless eye,
 Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,
 Seemed naught to mark, yet all to spy. 510
 Her brow was wreathed with gaudy broom;
 With gesture wild she waved a plume
 Of feathers, which the eagles fling
 To crag and cliff from dusky wing;
 Such spoils her desperate step had sought, 515
 Where scarce was footing for the goat.
 The tartan plaid she first descried,
 And shrieked till all the rocks replied;
 As loud she laughed when near they drew,
 For then the Lowland garb she knew; 520
 And then her hands she wildly wrung,
 And then she wept, and then she sung —
 She sung! — the voice, in better time,
 Perchance to harp or lute might chime;

Judicious changes? — 500. **fared**. A.S. *faran*; Ger. *fahren*, to go. So *farewell* = go well (on the journey of life!) — Note the rhyme. —

506. **weeds**. A.S. *waed*, a garment. We say *widow's weeds*. See v, 465. — Spenser, Chapman, Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson use 'weeds' in the sense of *clothing*.

506. MS. *Wrapp'd* in a tattered *mantle gray*.

Wherein the superiority of the text? — 523. **better time** = more correct measure (musically speaking)? happier days? — 524. **chime** = harmonize, sing [Taylor]? sound in harmony, accord? — See vi, 592.

And now, though strained and roughened, still 525
Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

XXII.

SONG.

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
They say my brain is warped and wrung —
I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
I cannot pray in Highland tongue. 530
But were I now where Allan glides,
Or heard my native Devan's tides,
So sweetly would I rest, and pray
That Heaven would close my wintry day!

'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid, 535
They made me to the church repair;
It was my bridal morn they said,
And my true love would meet me there.
But woe betide the cruel guile
That drowned in blood the morning smile! 540
And woe betide the fairy dream!
I only waked to sob and scream.

XXIII.

"Who is this maid? what means her lay?
She hovers o'er the hollow way,
And flutters wide her mantle gray, 545
As the lone heron spreads his wing,
By twilight, o'er a haunted spring."
"'Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said,
"A crazed and captive Lowland maid,
Ta'en on the morn she was a bride, 550
When Roderick forayed Devan-side.

529. *brae*. See on ii, 624. — 531, 532. *Allan, Devan*. "Two beautiful streams—the latter celebrated in the poetry of Burns—which descend from the hills of Perthshire into the great carse, or plain, of Stirling." *Lockhart*. — 539. *betide*. A.S. *tidan*, to happen. —

548. MS. '*A Saxon born, a crazy maid* —
'Tis Blanche of Devan,' Murdoch said.

What objection to this? — 551. *forayed*. Late Lat. *fodrum* (akin to *food*), Fr. *fourre*, fodder; *fourrager*, to wander in search of food. *Brachet*,

The gay bridegroom resistance made,
 And felt our Chief's unconquered blade.
 I marvel she is now at large,
 But oft she scapes from Maudlin's charge. — 555
 Hence, brain-sick fool!" — He raised his bow: —
 "Now, if thou strik'st her but one blow,
 I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far
 As ever peasant pitched a bar!"
 "Thanks, champion, thanks!" the Maniac cried, 560
 And pressed her to Fitz-James's side.
 "See the gray pennons I prepare,
 To seek my true love through the air!
 I will not lend that savage groom,
 To break his fall, one downy plume! 565
 No! — deep amid disjointed stones,
 The wolves shall batten on his bones,
 And then shall his detested plaid,
 By bush and brier in mid-air stayed,
 Wave forth a banner fair and free, 570
 Meet signal for their revelry."

XXIV.

"Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!"
 "O! thou look'st kindly, and I will."

etc. — 552. **bridegroom**. "Here accented on the 2d syllable," says Rolfe. But would it not be a relief, sometimes, to vary the monotony? In poetry, as in music, do not the best artists occasionally introduce a discord for variety or imitation? — See Staines & Barret's *Mus. Dict.* under *color* and *syncopation*. — Says Pope, "The sound should seem an echo to the sense." — A.S. *bryd*, bride; *guma*, Lat. *homo*, man. — 555. **scapes**. Scott prints it '*scapes*'. — Lat. *ex cappa*, out of the cape or cloak; Fr. *échapper*, Ital. *scappare*, to escape. *Brachet*. — In both prose and poetry, *scape* is used in the Elizabethan age. — 559. **pitched a bar**. In athletics? — See v, 648. — 'Putting the bar' or 'putting the stone' is an ancient test of strength and skill in Scotland.

562. MS. *With thee these pennons will I share,
 Then seek my true-love through the air.
 But I'll not lend that savage groom
 To break his fall one downy plume!
 Deep, deep 'mid yon disjointed stones
 The wolf shall batten on his bones!*

Improved as recast? — **pennons**. Lat. *penna*, a feather, a wing; Fr. *pennon*, properly a little flag like a large feather. *Brachet*. — 567. **batten**. Icel. *batna*, to grow better. From Gothic root *BAT*, good, whence comes *better*. *Skeat*. —

Mine eye has dried and wasted been,
 But still it loves the Lincoln green; 575
 And, though mine ear is all unstrung,
 Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

"For O my sweet William was forester true,
 He stole poor Blanche's heart away!
 His coat it was all of the greenwood hue, 580
 And so blithely he trilled the Lowland lay!

"It was not that I meant to tell . . .
 But thou art wise and guessest well."
 Then, in a low and broken tone,
 And hurried note, the song went on. 585
 Still on the Clansman fearfully
 She fixed her apprehensive eye,
 Then turned it on the Knight, and then
 Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

XXV.

"The toils are pitched, and the stakes are set,— 590
 Ever sing merrily, merrily;
 The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,
 Hunters live so cheerily.

575. **Lincoln green.** See line 520; also 376; and i, 464; vi, 738.—

578. MS. Sweet *William* was a *woodsman* true,
 He stole poor Blanche's heart away!
 His coat was of the *forest* hue,
 And *sweet he sung* the lowland lay.

How bettered?—583. **thou art wise and guessest well.** Jeffrey sharply criticises this introduction of a crazed person to warn Fitz-James. He says, "No machinery can be conceived more clumsy for affecting the deliverance of a distressed hero than the introduction of a mad woman, who, without knowing or caring about the wanderer, warns him by a *song* to take care [*sic*] of the ambush that was set for him. The maniacs of poetry have indeed had a prescriptive right to be musical since the days of Ophelia downwards; but it is rather a rash extension of this privilege to make them sing good sense and to make sensible people be guided by them."—Show the soundness or unsoundness of Jeffrey's criticism.

590. **toils.** Lat. *texere*, to weave; *têla*, a web; Fr. *toiles*, a net for

"It was a stag, a stag of ten,
 Bearing its branches sturdily; 595
 He came stately down the glen,—
 Ever sing hardily, hardily.

"It was there he met with a wounded doe,
 She was bleeding deathfully;
 She warned him of the toils below, 600
 O, so faithfully, faithfully!

"He had an eye, and he could heed,—
 Ever sing warily, warily;
 He had a foot, and he could speed,—
 Hunters watch so narrowly." 605

XXVI.

Fitz-James's mind was passion-tossed,
 When Ellen's hints and fears were lost;
 But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,
 And Blanche's song conviction brought.
 Not like a stag that spies the snare, 610
 But lion of the hunt aware,
 He waved at once his blade on high — .
 "Disclose thy treachery, or die!"
 Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,
 But in his race his bow he drew. 615
 The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,
 And thrilled in Blanche's faded breast. —
 Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed,
 For ne'er had Alpine's son such need;

beasts. Long *e* in Latin regularly becomes *oi* in French?—594. **of ten**. Scott explains this as meaning 'having ten branches on his antlers.' Similarly *of ten* is used by Jonson and Massinger. Taylor defines it as 'having ten branches on *each* antler.'—595. **sturdily**. The 'triple rhymes' in this song have been criticised as 'very loose.' Are they not all the more natural under the circumstances?—597. **hardily** = boldly? resolutely?—607. See lines 381, 382, 389-400. —

614. MS. Forth at full speed the Clansman *went*;
 But in his race his bow he *bent*,
Halted—and back an arrow sent.

Bettered on reconsideration?—617. **thrilled** = quivered [Rolfe]? pierced, with quivering motion, causing a tingling or shivering sensation? quivered and caused a thrilling sensation?—A.S. *thyrlian*, to pierce.—

With heart of fire, and foot of wind, 620
 The fierce avenger is behind!
 Fate judges of the rapid strife —
 The forfeit death — the prize is life;
 Thy kindred ambush lies before,
 Close couched upon the heathery moor; 625
 Them couldst thou reach! — it may not be —
 Thine ambushed kin thou ne'er shalt see,
 The fiery Saxon gains on thee! —
 Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,
 As lightning strikes the pine to dust; 630
 With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain
 Ere he can win his blade again.
 Bent o'er the fallen with falcon eye,
 He grimly smiled to see him die,
 Then slower wended back his way, 635
 Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

XXVII.

She sat beneath the birchen tree,
 Her elbow resting on her knee;
 She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,
 And gazed on it, and feebly laughed; 640
 Her wreath of broom and feathers gray,
 Daggled with blood, beside her lay.
 The Knight to stanch the life-stream tried, —
 "Stranger, it is in vain!" she cried.
 "This hour of death has given me more 645
 Of reason's power than years before;

629. MS.

It may not be

The fiery Saxon gains on thee,
 Thine ambushed kin thou ne'er shalt see!
 Resistless *as the lightning's flame*,
 The thrust betwixt his shoulder came.

Were these changes for the better? —

638. MS. *Then o'er him hung*, with falcon eye,*And grimly smiled to see him die.*

Improvement? —

642. *daggled* = spattered [Ginn]? wet, soaked [Taylor, Rolfe, etc.]?
 — Swed. *dagg*; Icel. *dögg*, dew; Old Eng. and Scot. *dag*, fine rain, a
 misty shower, dew. — In Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, i, 316, we read,
 "was daggled by the dashing spray." —

For, as these ebbing veins decay,
 My frenzied visions fade away.
 A helpless injured wretch I die,
 And something tells me in thine eye 650
 That thou wert mine avenger born.
 Seest thou this tress? — O, still I've worn
 This little tress of yellow hair,
 Through danger, frenzy, and despair!
 It once was bright and clear as thine, 655
 But blood and tears have dimmed its shine.
 I will not tell thee when 'twas shred,
 Nor from what guiltless victim's head,—
 My brain would turn! — but it shall wave
 Like plumage on thy helmet brave 660
 Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,
 And thou wilt bring it me again.
 I waver still. — O God! more bright
 Let reason beam her parting light! —
 O, by thy knighthood's honored sign, 665
 And for thy life preserved by mine,
 When thou shalt see a darksome man,
 Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's Clan,
 With tartans' broad and shadowy plume,
 And hand of blood, and brow of gloom, 670
 Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,
 And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong! —
 They watch for thee by pass and fell . . .
 Avoid the path . . . O God! . . . farewell!"

XXVIII.

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James; 675
 Fast poured his eyes at pity's claims;

649. MS. A *guiltless* injured wretch I die.

Wise to substitute 'helpless'? — 657. *shred*. A.S. *screadian*, to cut or tear into small pieces; *shred*, a strip. — Is the sense *cut off* now obsolete? —

659. MS. *But now, my champion*, — it shall wave.

665. *knighthood's honored sign*. See line 756; i, 18. — 672. *wreak* = punish? avenge? revenge? — A.S. *wrecan*, to punish; Ger. *rüchen*, to avenge. Shakes., Spenser, and Chaucer use *wreak* in the sense of avenge or revenge. —

And now, with mingled grief and ire,
 He saw the murdered maid expire.
 "God, in my need, be my relief,
 As I wreak this on yonder Chief!" 680
 A lock from Blanche's tresses fair
 He blended with her bridegroom's hair;
 The mingled braid in blood he dyed,
 And placed it on his bonnet-side:
 "By Him whose word is truth, I swear, 685
 No other favor will I wear,
 Till this sad token I imbrue
 In the best blood of Roderick Dhu! —
 But hark! what means yon faint halloo?
 The chase is up, — but they shall know, 690
 The stag at bay's a dangerous foe."
 Barred from the known but guarded way,
 Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James must stray,
 And oft must change his desperate track,
 By stream and precipice turned back. 695
 Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length,
 From lack of food and loss of strength,
 He couched him in a thicket hoar,
 And thought his toils and perils o'er: —
 "Of all my rash adventures past, 700
 This frantic feat must prove the last!
 Who e'er so mad but might have guessed
 That all this Highland hornet's nest
 Would muster up in swarms so soon
 As e'er they heard of bands at Doune? — 705
 Like bloodhounds now they search me out, —
 Hark, to the whistle and the shout! —

679. MS. God in my need, *to me be true.*
 As I wreak this on *Roderick Dhu.*

In need of change? — 686. **favor** = gift of lady-love, to be worn as a souvenir? Some love-token, as a glove, a ribbon, a scarf, was often worn by the knight as a perpetual reminder of his duty. See i, 18. — 690. **up** = going on? over? ended? — 691. **at bay's a dangerous foe.** See on i, 133. — 698. **couched him.** See 710; also i, 142, 147. — 699. **o'er** = all about? past? He thought over his troubles? or thought his troubles were ended? — 700. **adventures.** See on i, 409, and Scott's account of James in *Tales of a Grandfather.* — 705. See lines 150, 156. — 711. **darkling.** See on 283. —

- If farther through the wilds I go,
 I only fall upon the foe:
 I'll couch me here till evening gray, 710
 Then darkling try my dangerous way."

XXIX.

The shades of eve come slowly down,
 The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
 The owl awakens from her dell,
 The fox is heard upon the fell; 715
 Enough remains of glimmering light
 To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
 Yet not enough from far to show
 His figure to the watchful foe.
 With cautious step and ear awake, 720
 He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
 And not the summer solstice there
 Tempered the midnight mountain air,
 But every breeze that swept the wold
 Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold. 725
 In dread, in danger, and alone,
 Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
 Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
 Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
 A watch-fire close before him burned. 730

XXX.

Beside its embers red and clear,
 Basked in his plaid a mountaineer;
 And up he sprung with sword in hand,—
 "Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"

715. *fell*. See ii, 804. — 722. *solstice*. Lat. *sol*, sun; *stare*, to stand; *sistère*, to cause to stand. On June 21, the sun, having, for about six months, daily risen higher towards the zenith at noon, seems to *cease* this northward motion, and, moving parallel to the equator, seems to *stand still* for a short time, before beginning to descend towards the south? Again, Dec. 21, the sun having gone to the lowest southern point, again seems to *stand still*, before beginning to rise daily higher and higher towards the north? — 724. *wold*. See lines 267, 304. —

731. MS. *By the decaying flame was laid*
A warrior in his Highland plaid.

As poetic? — Rhyme? i, 363; iv, 764. — 734. *Saxon*. Note on v, 18. —

"A stranger." "What dost thou require?" 735
 "Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
 My life's beset, my path is lost,
 The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."
 "Art thou a friend to Roderick?" "No."
 "Thou dar'st not call thyself a foe?" 740
 "I dare! to him and all the band
 He brings to aid his murderous hand."
 "Bold words! — but, though the beast of game
 The privilege of chase may claim,
 Though space and law the stag we lend, 745
 Ere hound we slip or bow we bend,
 Who ever recked, where, how, or when,
 The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
 Thus treacherous scouts, — yet sure they lie,
 Who say thou cam'st a secret spy!" — 750
 "They do, by heaven! — come Roderick Dhu
 And of his clan the boldest two,
 And let me but till morning rest,
 I write the falsehood on their crest."
 "If by the blaze I mark aright, 755
 Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."
 "Then by these tokens mayst thou know
 Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."
 "Enough, enough; sit down and share
 A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare." 760

741. MS. I dare! to him and all the *swarm*
 He brings to aid his murderous *arm*.

Changed well? — 745. *space and law*, etc. By rule or usage the stag was privileged, allowed a fair chance for its life? game preserves and game laws established? — 746. *slip*. By a leash (i.e. leather thong, band, or cord) the hunter held back his hounds, till ready to let them slip in pursuit.

"I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips
 Straining upon the start." — *Henry V*, III, i, 81. —

747. *who ever recked*, etc. "We gave laws to hares and deer, because they are beasts of chase; but it was never accounted either cruelty or foul play to knock foxes and wolves on the head as they can be found; because they are beasts of prey." Quoted by Scott from *Clarendon*, as used by St. John against the Earl of Strafford's plea. — 756, 757, 758. See on 665; i, 18, 475, 532; and, more particularly, on v, 769.

XXXI.

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
 The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
 Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
 And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
 He tended him like welcome guest, 765
 Then thus his further speech addressed:—
 “Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
 A clansman born, a kinsman true;
 Each word against his honor spoke
 Demands of me avenging stroke; 770
 Yet more,—upon thy fate, ’tis said,
 A mighty augury is laid.
 It rests with me to wind my horn,—
 Thou art with numbers overborne;
 It rests with me, here, brand to brand, 775
 Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
 But, not for clan, nor kindred’s cause,
 Will I depart from honor’s laws;
 To assail a wearied man were shame,
 And stranger is a holy name; 780
 Guidance and rest and food and fire,
 In vain he never must require.
 Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
 Myself will guide thee on the way,
 O’er stock and stone, through watch and ward, 785
 Till past Clan-Alpine’s outmost guard,
 As far as Coilantogle’s ford;
 From thence thy warrant is thy sword.”

762. **hardened flesh.** Scott quotes from *Vies des Hommes Illustres*, to show the usage in Edward the Sixth’s time (1547–1553),—“These *Scottish savages* devour a part of their venison raw, without any farther preparation than compressing it between two batons of wood, so as to force out the blood and render it extremely hard. This they reckoned a great delicacy.”—772. **mighty augury.** See lines 60–65, 132, 133. See also iii, 174.—777. The 1st edition reads, “But nor for clan, nor kindred’s cause.” More poetic, but less like Roderick?—780. **stranger is a holy name.** See on v, 270. See as to the treatment of strangers in ancient times *The Odyssey*, books iii, iv, etc.—785. **stock and stone.** See i, 130.—**watch and ward** = those who watch and guard.—Rhyme?—787. **Coilantogle’s ford.** On the Teith, not far from the outlet of Loch Vennachar. See map.—At this ford he would leave Roderick’s district, and enter that of the loyal Lowlands, where law and order prevailed.—

"I take thy courtesy, by heaven!
 As freely as 'tis nobly given!" 790
 "Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry
 Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."
 With that he shook the gathered heath,
 And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
 And the brave foemen, side by side, 795
 Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
 And slept until the dawning beam
 Purpled the mountain and the stream.

788. **warrant** = guaranty of safety? safeguard? passport? — See v. 62.
 — A.S. *waer*, cautious; Ger. *gewahr*, aware; *gewehr*, to keep; Low Lat.
warantus; Fr. *garant*; Friesic *warend*: guarantee, voucher, surety. —
 791. **bittern's cry**. 'The only sound to lull the lake to sleep.' — See on
 i, 642. —

797. MS. And slept until the dawning *streak*
 Purpled the mountain and the *lake*.

Why objectionable? —

CANTO FIFTH.

THE COMBAT.

I.

FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain-side,— 5
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith and Courtesy's bright star
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.

II.

That early beam, so fair and sheen, 10
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by, 15

CANTO V. Fair. Is this stanza specially appropriate? How does it affect our sympathies? our estimate of Roderick? Parallel instances of chivalrous magnanimity in war.

It is unfortunate that, after the powerful description in the first half of this Canto, the intensity of interest should be relaxed by the account of the games, etc., in the last half. Should this order of events have been inverted?

5. MS. And lights the fearful *way along its* side.

Bettered in revising?

10. *sheen*. Note on i, 208. — 14. *dappled*. Icel. *depill*, a dot; spot on a ground of other color; spotted dog; akin to *dab*, a blotch, daub. — In Shakes., the day

"Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray." *Much Ado*, V, iii, 27.

—15. See i, 293; ii, 3. — *by* = near? off? hastily and mechanically? out of the way? past? — See *by* in line 547. — Used here to make out the rhyme? — 16. *steal* = take hastily, as if it were hardly right to spend

And then awaked their fire, to steal,
 As short and rude, their soldier meal.
 That o'er, the Gael around him threw
 His graceful plaid of varied hue,
 And, true to promise, led the way, 20
 By thicket green and mountain gray.
 A wildering path! — they winded now
 Along the precipice's brow,
 Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
 The windings of the Forth and Teith, 25
 And all the vales between that lie,
 Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
 Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
 Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
 'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain 30
 Assistance from the hand to gain;
 So tangled oft that, bursting through,
 Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—
 That diamond dew, so pure and clear
 It rivals all but Beauty's tear! 35

III.

At length they came where, stern and steep,
 The hill sinks down upon the deep.
 Here Vennachar in silver flows,
 There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;
 Ever the hollow path twined on 40
 Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
 A hundred men might hold the post
 With hardihood against a host.

time in that way?—18. Gael. "The Scottish Highlander calls himself *Gael*, or *Gaul*; and terms the Lowlanders *Sassenach*, or Saxons." *Scott*. —22. *wildering* . . . *winded*. See on i, 274, 500.—32. *bursting through* = as they burst through [Taylor]? as it burst through [Rolfé]? —Who, or what, burst through what?—'A piece of loose writing' [Taylor]?—35. *rivals all but*, etc. Too 'effusive'? More appropriate if uttered by young Malcolm?—

86. MS. At length they *paced the mountain's side*
And saw beneath the waters wide.

Why changed?—38, 39. *flows* . . . *rose*. Grammar sacrificed to rhyme?

The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
 Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak, 45
 With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
 And patches bright of bracken green,
 And heather black, that waved so high
 It held the copse in rivalry.
 But where the lake slept deep and still, 50
 Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
 And oft both path and hill were torn,
 Where wintry torrent down had borne
 And heaped upon the cumbered land
 Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand. 55
 So toilsome was the road to trace,
 The guide, abating of his pace,
 Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
 And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause
 He sought these wilds, traversed by few, 60
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

IV.

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
 Hangs in my belt and by my side;
 Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
 "I dreamt not now to claim its aid. 65
 When here, but three days since, I came
 Bewildered in pursuit of game,
 All seemed as peaceful and as still
 As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
 Thy dangerous Chief was then afar, 70
 Nor soon expected back from war.

44. MS. The rugged mountain's *stunted screen*
 Was dwarfish { shrubs { *with cliffs between*.
 { copse {

46. *shingles*. See iii, 171.—Taylor calls attention to the fact that the details of the description in this stanza are used again in stanza ix, lines 196-210. Verify.—51. *osier*. Fr. *osier*, water willow.—*dank*. Swedish *dank*, a wet place; *dagg*, dew. Used by Shakes. and Milton in the sense of *moist*.—58. *pass's*. Lat. *passus*, a footstep, pace. Narrow passage, defile.—61. *pass* = passport? permit?—

64. *sooth*. See on i, 476.—"In sooth, I know not why I am so sad."
Mer. of Ven., I, i, 1.—

65. MS. I dreamed not now to *draw my blade*.

Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,
 Though deep perchance the villain lied."
 "Yet why a second venture try?"
 "A warrior thou, and ask me why! — 75
 Moves our free course by such fixed cause
 As gives the poor mechanic laws?
 Enough, I sought to drive away
 The lazy hours of peaceful day;
 Slight cause will then suffice to guide 80
 A Knight's free footsteps far and wide, —
 A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
 The merry glance of mountain maid;
 Or, if a path be dangerous known,
 The danger's self is lure alone." 85

V.

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not; —
 Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
 Say, heard ye not of Lowland war,
 Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"
 "No, by my word; — of bands prepared 90
 To guard King James's sports I heard;
 Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
 This muster of the mountaineer,
 Their pennons will abroad be flung,
 Which else in Doune had peaceful hung." 95
 "Free be they flung! for we were loath
 Their silken folds should feast the moth.
 Free be they flung! — as free shall wave
 Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
 But, stranger, peaceful since you came, 100
 Bewildered in the mountain-game, ,

— Reason for the change? — 78. **enough** = let it be regarded as a sufficient reason? let it suffice? —

81. MS. *My errant* footsteps
 A knight's *bold wanderings* } far and wide.

Point out and justify the changes. —

86. **I urge thee not**. The MS. has "*I ask it not*." Less correct? —
 88, 89. Roderick's fatal mistake! — 90, 91. Rhyme! — 94. **pennons** =
 plumes? flags? streamers? — See on iv, 562. — 95. **Doune**. The MS.

Whence the bold boast by which you show
 Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?"
 "Warrior, but yester-morn I knew
 Naught of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu, 105
 Save as an outlawed desperate man,
 The chief of a rebellious clan,
 Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
 With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight.
 Yet this alone might from his part 110
 Sever each true and loyal heart."

VI.

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,
 Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.
 A space he paused, then sternly said,
 "And heardst thou why he drew his blade? 115
 Heardst thou that shameful word and blow
 Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
 What recked the Chieftain if he stood
 On Highland heath or Holy-Rood?
 He rights such wrong where it is given, 120
 If it were in the court of heaven."
 "Still was it outrage; — yet, 'tis true,
 Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
 While Albany with feeble hand
 Held borrowed truncheon of command, 125
 The young King, mewed in Stirling tower,
 Was stranger to respect and power.

has *hall* instead of *Downe*. Inferior? — See on iv, 19; v, 492. — 106. **outlawed**. The 1st ed. has *exiled*. — 108. See on ii, 221, 225.

112. **arraignment**. Lat. *ad, to; rationem*; Low Lat. *arrationare*, to demand the reason, call to an account; Old Fr. *arraisonner*, to bring before a tribunal, accuse. — 113. **lowered**. A.S. *hleor*, Mid. Eng. *lere*, the cheek. Akin to *leer*, to look with sly or sinister intent. 'All the clouds that lowered [i.e. looked darkly, gloomily, threateningly] upon our house.' *Richard III*, I, i, 3. — "It will be foul weather to-day for the sky is red and lowering." *Matt.*, xvi, 3. — 124. **Albany**, etc. On the death of James IV, at Floddenfield in 1513, John Stewart, Duke of Albany, the regent mentioned in line 108, was called home from France by the Scottish nobles, and made regent or ruler during the minority of James V, then a little child. — 125. **truncheon**. Lat. *truncus*, Fr. *tronc*, trunk, stock, stem, piece cut off; dim. *tronçon*, fragment; Eng. *truncheon*, cudgel, short staff; spear staff; baton, or staff of authority. — 126. **mewed**. The origin of this word is curious. Lat. *mutare*, to change; Fr. *muer*, to

But then, thy Chieftain's robber life! —
 Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
 Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain 130
 His herds and harvests reared in vain, —
 Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
 The spoils from such foul foray borne."

VII.

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
 And answered with disdainful smile: 135
 "Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
 I marked thee send delighted eye
 Far to the south and east, where lay,
 Extended in succession gay,
 Deep waving fields and pastures green, 140
 With gentle slopes and groves between: —
 These fertile plains, that softened vale,
 Were once the birthright of the Gael;
 The stranger came with iron hand,
 And from our fathers reft the land. 145
 Where dwell we now? See, rudely swell
 Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
 Ask we this savage hill we tread
 For fattened steer or household bread;
 Ask we for flocks these shingles dry, 150
 And well the mountain might reply, —
 'To you, as to your sires of yore,
 Belong the target and claymore!
 I give you shelter in my breast,
 Your own good blades must win the rest.' 155
 Pent in this fortress of the North,
 Think'st thou we will not sally forth,

moult, i.e. change or shed feathers, *mue*, a moulting place, coop or bird-cage; whence Eng. *mew*, to shut up as in a cage; confine, imprison. — Is the truth of history correctly stated in these lines? — 127. Scott says, "There is scarcely a more disorderly period of Scottish history than that which succeeded the battle of Flodden, and occupied the minority of James V. Feuds of ancient standing broke out like old wounds, and every quarrel . . . gave rise to fresh bloodshed." —

150. *shingles*. Line 46; iii, 171. — 152, 153. *as to your sires*, etc. Has Roderick read the histories? Tacitus says, in *Agricola*, the ancient Britons *utuntur ingentibus gladiis et brevibus cetris*, use big swords and

To spoil the spoiler as we may,
 And from the robber rend the prey?
 Ay, by my soul!— While on yon plain 160
 The Saxon rears one shock of grain,
 While of ten thousand herds there strays
 But one along yon river's maze, —
 The Gael, of plain and river heir,
 Shall with strong hand redeem his share. 165
 Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold
 That plundering Lowland field and fold
 Is aught but retribution true?
 Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

VIII.

Answered Fitz-James: "And, if I sought, 170
 Think'st thou no other could be bought?
 What deem ye of my path waylaid?
 My life given o'er to ambuscade?"
 "As of a meed to rashness due:
 Hadst thou sent warning fair and true, — 175
 I seek my hound or falcon strayed;
 I seek, good faith, a Highland maid, —
 Free hadst thou been to come and go;
 But secret path marks secret foe.
 Nor yet for this, even as a spy, 180
 Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
 Save to fulfil an augury."
 "Well, let it pass; nor will I now
 Fresh cause of enmity avow,
 To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow. 185

short shields. See ii. 274; i. 546. — 161. *rears*. A.S. *raeran*, to cause to rise. The word in Chaucer, Spenser, Shakes., and Milton, had a broader meaning than now. — *shock*. Old Dut. *schocke*, heap, pile. Akin to *shake*. — 163. *maze*. See on i. 20. — 165. *with strong hand*. Among the Highlanders, "so far was a *breagh*, or foray, from being held disgraceful, that a young chief was always expected to show his talents . . . by leading his clan . . . either against a neighboring sept . . . or against the Sassenach, Saxon, or Lowlanders. . . . The Gael . . . never forgot that the Lowlanders had . . . been the property of their Celtic forefathers." *Scott*. —

173. *ambuscade*. Fr. *embuscade*, from Ital. *imboscare*; from *im*, in, and *bosco*, bush, thicket. — 177. *good faith*. Lat. *bona fide*, in good

Enough, I am by promise tied
 To match me with this man of pride:
 Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
 In peace; but when I come again,
 I come with banner, brand, and bow, 190
 As leader seeks his mortal foe.
 For love-lorn swain in lady's bower
 Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
 As I, until before me stand
 This rebel Chieftain and his band!" 195

IX.

"Have then thy wish!" — He whistled shrill,
 And he was answered from the hill;
 Wild as the scream of the curlew,
 From crag to crag the signal flew.
 Instant, through copse and heath, arose 200
 Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
 On right, on left, above, below,
 Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
 From shingles gray their lances start,
 The bracken bush sends forth the dart, 205
 The rushes and the willow-wand
 Are bristling into axe and brand,
 And every tuft of broom gives life
 To plaided warrior armed for strife.

faith. — 187. **match me.** Scott likes these reflexive forms. — 192. **love-lorn.** *Lorn* is an old participle from *lose*, meaning forsaken, lost, forlorn. — **bower.** See on i, 217. —

195. MS. This *dark Sir Roderick* { and his band.
 This *savage* chieftain

The last the best? —

199. MS. From *copse* to *copse* the signal flew.
 Instant, through copse and *crag* arose.

Bettered on second thought? —

198. **curlew.** Fr. *corlieu*. Probably an imitative word from the bird's cry. *Skeat*. So *cuckoo*, *pewit*, and other names of birds. — 204. **shingles.** Line 46. See iii, 171. —

208. MS. And *each lone* tuft of broom gives life
 To *plated* warrior armed for strife.
 That whistle *manned* the *lonely* glen
 With full five hundred *armed* men.

That whistle garrisoned the glen 210
 At once with full five hundred men,
 As if the yawning hill to heaven
 A subterranean host had given.
 Watching their leader's beck and will,
 All silent there they stood and still, 215
 Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
 Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
 As if an infant's touch could urge
 Their headlong passage down the verge,
 With step and weapon forward flung, 220
 Upon the mountain-side they hung.
 The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
 Along Benledi's living side,
 Then fixed his eye and sable brow
 Full on Fitz-James: "How say'st thou now ? 225
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
 And, Saxon, — I AM RODERICK DHU!"

X.

Fitz-James was brave: — though to his heart
 The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
 He manned himself with dauntless air, 230
 Returned the Chief his haughty stare;
 His back against a rock he bore,
 And firmly placed his foot before: —
 "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I!" 235
 Sir Roderick marked, — and in his eyes
 Respect was mingled with surprise

Judgment displayed in the change? — 213. **a subterranean host**, etc.
 Of this whole passage, The Monthly Reviewer says, "We now come to the *chef-d'œuvre* of Walter Scott, — a scene of more vigor, nature, and animation than any other in all his poetry." — In this connection, the sublime verses of Ezekiel, chap. xxxvii, 9, 10, have been quoted. — 215. **silent . . . still**. Tautology?

MS. All silent, *too*, they stood, and still,
 Watching their leader's beck and will,
While forward step and weapon *show*
They long to rush upon the foe
 Like the loose *crag*, whose tottering mass
Hung threatening o'er the hollow pass.

Improved? — 219. **verge**. See iv, 83; v, 812. —

230. **manned** = fortified? rendered manly? prepared for efficient

And the stern joy which warriors feel
 In foeman worthy of their steel.
 Short space he stood — then waved his hand : 240
 Down sunk the disappearing band ;
 Each warrior vanished where he stood,
 In broom or bracken, heath or wood ;
 Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
 In osiers pale and copses low ; 245
 It seemed as if their mother Earth
 Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
 The wind's last breath had tossed in air
 Pennon and plaid and plumage fair, —
 The next but swept a lone hill-side, 250
 Where heath and fern were waving wide :
 The sun's last glance was glinted back
 From spear and glaive, from targe and jack, —
 The next, all unreflected, shone
 On bracken green and cold gray stone. 255

XI.

Fitz-James looked round, — yet scarce believed
 The witness that his sight received ;
 Such apparition well might seem
 Delusion of a dreadful dream.
 Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed, 260
 And to his look the Chief replied :
 " Fear naught — nay, that I need not say —
 But — doubt not aught from mine array.

action? — "Theodosius manned his soul." *Addison*. — 238. *joy*, etc. See iv, 155. — 239. *foeman*. Many editions have *foemen*. Preference? — 246, 247. *mother Earth . . . her warlike birth*. Rolfe sees here an allusion 'to the old myths of the earth-born Giants and of Cadmus,' who sowed the serpent's teeth that sprang up armed men. Such allusion probable? — 252. *glinted*. Danish *glindse*, to shine; *glint*, a flash; Local Swed. *glinta*, to gleam; Dutch *glinster*, a glittering. — 253. *glaive*. See on iv, 150, 274. — *jack*. Defined by Nares, 'a horseman's defensive upper garment, quilted and covered with strong leather.' It was a cheap substitute for a coat of mail. This coat would seem to have had rings, bosses, or plates capable of *glinting*. Lyly's *Euphues* (A.D. 1579, 1580) speaks of 'Jackes' with 'plates of yron.' Scott's *Eve of St. John* mentions his 'plate-jack.' — The 1st ed. reads *lance*, in line 253. Why changed? 257. *witness* = one who testifies? testimony? — See *Mark*, xiv, 56, 59. — 262. *I need not say*. Why not? —

Thou art my guest; — I pledged my word
 As far as Coilantogle ford: 265
 Nor would I call a clansman's brand
 For aid against one valiant hand,
 Though on our strife lay every vale
 Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
 So move we on; — I only meant 270
 To show the reed on which you leant,
 Deeming this path you might pursue
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."
 They moved; — I said Fitz-James was brave
 As ever knight that belted glaive, 275
 Yet dare not say that now his blood
 Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
 As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
 That seeming lonesome pathway through,
 Which yet by fearful proof was rife 280
 With lances, that, to take his life,
 Waited but signal from a guide
 So late dishonored and defied.
 Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
 The vanished guardians of the ground, 285

267. MS. For aid against one *brave man's* hand.

Why change it? — 268. *lay* = were wagered or staked? depended? —
 270. Scott affirms this incident to be founded on fact, and he tells the story
 of John Gunn, a noted Highland robber, in Inverness-shire, who similarly
 conducted an English officer. At a little inn, the latter offered Gunn a
 portion of his supper, and requested his guidance. "He neither disguised
 his business nor his charge [specie for the payment of a garrison], nor his
 apprehensions of that celebrated freebooter, John Gunn. The Highlander
 hesitated a moment, and then frankly consented to be his guide to Inver-
 ness. Forth they set in the morning; and, in travelling through a solitary
 and dreary glen, the discourse again turned on John Gunn. 'Would you
 like to see him?' said the guide; and, without waiting an answer to this
 alarming question, he whistled, and the English officer, with his small
 party, were [*sic*] surrounded by a body of Highlanders, whose numbers
 put resistance out of the question, and who were all well armed.
 'Stranger,' resumed the guide, 'I am that very John Gunn. . . . I came
 to the inn last night with the express purpose of learning your route,
 that I and my followers might ease you of your charge by the road.
 But I am incapable of betraying the trust you reposed in me.' . . .
 He then gave the officer directions for his journey, and disappeared
 with his party as suddenly as they had presented themselves." — See iv,
 780. — 277. *wont*. See i, 408; ii, 121. — *flood*. A.S. *flowan*, akin to Lat.
fluere, to flow. —

And still from copse and heather deep
 Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
 And in the plover's shrilly strain
 The signal whistle heard again.
 Nor breathed he free till far behind 290
 The pass was left; for then they wind
 Along a wide and level green,
 Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
 Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
 To hide a bonnet or a spear. 295

XII.

The Chief in silence strode before,
 And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
 Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
 From Vennachar in silver breaks,
 Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines, 300
 On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
 Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
 Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.
 And here his course the Chieftain stayed,
 Threw down his target and his plaid, 305
 And to the Lowland warrior said:
 "Bold Saxon! to his promise just,

286. MS. And still from copse and heather *bush*.
 Fancy saw spear and broadsword *rush*.

Well?—

298, etc. **three mighty lakes.** *Mighty!*—Vennachar, Achray, and Katrine, in length respectively, according to the gazetteers, $3\frac{1}{2}$, $1\frac{1}{2}$, and 10 miles! Lake Superior is 400 miles long, and, at one portion, 160 broad.—“The torrent . . . sweeps through a flat and extensive moor, called Bochastle. Upon a small eminence called the *Dun* of Bochastle, and indeed on the plain itself, are some intrenchments which have been thought Roman. There is adjacent to Callendar a small villa . . . entitled the Roman camp.” *Scott*.—“One of the most entire and beautiful remains of a Roman encampment now to be found in Scotland is to be seen at Arodch, near Greenloaning, about six miles to the eastward of Dunblane. This encampment is supposed, on good authority, to have been constructed during the 4th campaign of Agricola in Britain” (about 80 A.D.). *Dr. Graham*.—

• 301. MS. On Bochastle the *martial* lines.

How better?—303. **eagle.** As in the United States and in France under the Bonapartes, so the eagle was the national emblem on the standard of

Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
 This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
 This head of a rebellious clan, 310
 Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
 Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
 A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
 See, here all vantageless I stand, 315
 Armed like thyself with single brand;
 For this is Coilantogle ford,
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

XIII.

The Saxon paused: "I ne'er delayed,
 When foeman bade me draw my blade; 320
 Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death;
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
 And my deep debt for life preserved,
 A better meed have well deserved:
 Can naught but blood our feud atone? 325
 Are there no means?" — "No, stranger, none!
 And hear, — to fire thy flagging zeal, —
 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
 For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
 Between the living and the dead: 330
 'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
 His party conquers in the strife.'
 "Then, by my word!" the Saxon said,
 "The riddle is already read.
 Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff, — 335
 There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.

ancient Rome. — 309. **murderous Chief**, etc. See lines 106-109. — 315. **vantageless**. "The duellists of former times did not always stand upon those punctilios respecting equality of arms, which are now judged essential to fair combat. . . . Those who were most jealous of the point of honor . . . did not scruple to take every advantage of strength, numbers, surprise, and arms, to accomplish their revenge. . . . I have chosen to give my heroes, who are indeed of an earlier period, a stronger tincture of the spirit of chivalry." *Scott*. —

329. **by prophet bred**. See the passage beginning *iii*, 91; *iv*, 124, 125. — 334. *A.S. raedan*, to advise; discern, interpret. — See on *vi*, 783. — **already read?** Happy phrase? — 336. **stark**. *A.S. stearc*; *Ger. stark*,

Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy;
 Then yield to Fate and not to me.
 To James at Stirling let us go,
 When, if thou wilt be still his foe, 340
 Or if the King shall not agree
 To grant thee grace and favor free,
 I plight mine honor, oath, and word
 That, to thy native strengths restored,
 With each advantage shalt thou stand 345
 That aids thee now to guard thy land."

XIV.

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye:
 "Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
 Because a wretched kern ye slew,
 Homage to name to Roderick Dhu? 350
 He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate;—
 My clansman's blood demands revenge.
 Not yet prepared?—By heaven! I change
 My thought, and hold thy valor light 355
 As that of some vain carpet knight,
 Who ill deserved my courteous care,
 And whose best boast is but to wear
 A braid of his fair lady's hair."
 "I thank thee, Roderick, for the word! 360
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
 For I have sworn this braid to stain
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.
 Now, Truce, farewell! and, Ruth, begone!—

stiff, strong, rigid. Like 'time and tide,' 'might and main,' so Shakes. uses 'stark and stiff,' *1 Henry IV*, V, iii, 40; *Rom. & Jul.*, IV, i, 103.—See line 572.—

347. MS. *In* lightning flashed *the chief's dark eye*.

—Bettered?—What image is conveyed by the expression 'dark lighting'?—349. kern. See iv, 73, 393.—

351. MS. He *stoops* not, he, to *James* nor Fate.

—Wise change?—356. **carpet knight**. The idea is Shakespearian, *Twelfth Night*, III, iv, 223, 224, "Knight dubbed with unhatched [unhacked] rapier and on carpet consideration."—364. **Ruth**. *Rue* = to grieve for, be sorry for. Langland, Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton use *ruth* in the sense of compassion.—Obsolete now?—See ii, 630.—A.S.

Yet think not that by thee alone, 365
 Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
 Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
 Of this small horn one feeble blast
 Would fearful odds against thee cast. 370
 But fear not — doubt not — which thou wilt —
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."
 Then each at once his falchion drew,
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
 Each looked to sun and stream and plain 375
 As what they ne'er might see again;
 Then foot and point and eye opposed,
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.

XV.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
 That on the field his targe he threw, 380
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
 Had death so often dashed aside;
 For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
 He practised every pass and ward, 385
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
 While less expert, though stronger far,
 The Gael maintained unequal war.

hrowan, to pity. — '*Ruth*' is formed like *truth*. — 378. "The two principal figures are contrasted with uncommon felicity." *Quarterly Review*, 1810. Picture them by words; by pencil! —

380. *his targe*. See i, 546; iii, 445. "A round target of light wood, covered with strong leather, and studded with brass or iron, was a necessary part of a Highlander's equipment. In charging regular troops, they received the thrust of the bayonet in this buckler, twisted it aside, and used the broadsword against the encumbered soldier. In the civil war of 1745, most of the front rank of the clans were thus armed." *Scott*. — 383. *abroad*. He spent some time in France, where he married twice. The Italian fencing-masters were the best teachers of sword practice, and Paris was favored with their presence. Our fencing terms are largely Italian. — 385. *ward* = posture of defence [Rolfe], guarding or defensive motion or position [Web. Int. Dict.]? — See i, 38; ii, 373. — 386. *feint*. Lat. *figere*; Fr. *feindre*, to pretend falsely; *feinte*, a mock blow or mock attack on one part when another part is really meant to be hit. —

387. MS. *Not Roderick thus*, though stronger far,
More tall, and more inured to war.

Three times in closing strife they stood,
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood; 390
 No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
 And showered his blows like wintry rain;
 And, as firm rock or castle-roof 395
 Against the winter shower is proof,
 The foe, invulnerable still,
 Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand, 400
 And backward borne upon the lea,
 Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee!

XVI.

"Now yield thee, or by Him who made
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
 "Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!" 405
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
 Like adder darting from his coil,
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung; 410
 Received, but recked not of a wound,
 And locked his arms his foeman round. —
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel 415
 Through bars of brass and triple steel!
 They tug, they strain! down, down they go!
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below!
 The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
 His knee was planted on his breast; 420

Essentially bettered? — 401, 402. These lines are not in the MS. Worth inserting? — *lea*. See on ii, 176. Nothing to do with *lee*? —

405, 406. This couplet is not in the MS.; but the MS. has, 'Yield *they alone* who fear to die.' — In this connection Scott illustrates the fierceness of these hand-to-hand conflicts by citing the story of Sir Ewan Lochiel's biting out a piece of an English officer's throat! — 413. **hold thine own** = hold what belongs to thee? hold thy present position? do not lose

His clotted locks he backward threw,
 Across his brow his hand he drew,
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,
 Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!
 But hate and fury ill supplied 425
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,
 And all too late the advantage came
 To turn the odds of deadly game;
 For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
 Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye. 430
 Down came the blow! but in the heath
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
 The struggling foe may now unclasp
 The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
 Unwounded from the dreadful close, 435
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

XVII.

He faltered thanks to Heaven for life,
 Redeemed, unhopèd, from desperate strife;
 Next on his foe his look he cast,
 Whose every gasp appeared his last; 440
 In Roderick's gore he dipped the braid, —
 "Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid;
 Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
 The praise that faith and valor give."
 With that he blew a bugle note, 445
 Undid the collar from his throat,
 Unbonneted, and by the wave
 Sat down his brow and hands to lave.

ground?—424. **dagger.** The only weapon he had left?—435. **close** = end? grapple?

MS. *Panting and breathless on the sands,*
 But *all* unwounded *now he stands.*
 438. MS. Redeemed, unhopèd, from *deadly* strife;
 Next on his foe his look he } cast,
 threw,
 Whose every *breath* appeared his last.

—447. **unbonneted** = being without a bonnet on his head? put off his bonnet? See ii, 345. —

Then faint afar are heard the feet
 Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet; 450
 The sounds increase, and now are seen
 Four mounted squires in Lincoln green;
 Two who bear lance, and two who lead
 By loosened rein a saddled steed;
 Each onward held his headlong course, 455
 And by Fitz-James reined up his horse, —
 With wonder viewed the bloody spot, —
 “Exclaim not, gallants! question not. —
 You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
 And bind the wounds of yonder knight; 460
 Let the gray palfrey bear his weight,
 We destined for a fairer freight,
 And bring him on to Stirling straight;
 I will before at better speed,
 To seek fresh horse and fitting weed. 465
 The sun rides high; — I must be bounè
 To see the archer-game at noon;
 But lightly Bayard clears the lea. —
 De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

XVIII.

“Stand, Bayard, stand!” — the steed obeyed, 470
 With arching neck and bended head,
 And glancing eye and quivering ear,
 As if he loved his lord to hear.
 No foot Fitz-James in stirrup stayed,
 No grasp upon the saddle laid, 475
 But wreathed his left hand in the mane,
 And lightly bounded from the plain,
 Turned on the horse his armed heel,
 And stirred his courage with the steel.

449. MS. Faint *and* afar are heard the feet.

— Really bettered? — 450. *fleet* = fly swiftly? hasten? swift? — 452. *Lincoln green*. See i, 464. — *squires*. Lat. *scutum*, a shield; *scutarius*, a shield-bearer; Old Fr. *escu*; Fr. *ecu*, a shield; whence comes *escutcheon*. *Squire* is shortened from *esquire*. Every knight had an attendant called ‘squire.’ — Present use of the word? — 462. *destined*. See iv, 411, 412. — 465. *weed*. See on iv, 506. — 466. *bounè*. See iv, 36, 157; vi, 396. — 479. *steel*. See i, 115. — 485. *Carhonie’s*. About a mile from the E.

Bounded the fiery steed in air, 480
 The rider sat erect and fair,
 Then like a bolt from steel crossbow
 Forth launched, along the plain they go.
 They dashed that rapid torrent through,
 And up Carhonie's hill they flew; 485
 Still at the gallop pricked the Knight,
 His merry-men followed as they might.
 Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,
 And in the race they mock thy tide;
 Torry and Lendrick now are past, 490
 And Deanstown lies behind them cast;
 They rise, the bannered towers of Doune,
 They sink in distant woodland soon;
 Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,
 They sweep like breeze through Ochertyre; 495
 They mark just glance and disappear
 The lofty brow of ancient Kier;
 They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,
 Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,
 And on the opposing shore take ground, 500
 With splash, with scramble, and with bound.
 Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth!
 And soon the bulwark of the North,
 Gray Stirling, with her towers and town,
 Upon their fleet career looked down. 505

XIX.

As up the flinty path they strained,
 Sudden his steed the leader reined;

end of Loch Vennachar. — 486. **pricked** = spurred forward? — 487. **merry-men** = retainers? followers? — The word is said to be obsolete. — 489. **mock**. The poets will have it that rivers are swift, as Vergil and Milton characterize the Hebrus! — 490. "The poet marks in succession places familiar and dear to his own early recollections." *Lockhart*. — Torry, Lendrick, Deanstown, Doune, Blair-Drummond, Ochertyre, and Kier, are on the Teith between Callander and Stirling. —

494. MS. Blair-Drummond *saw their* hoofs of fire.

See map. — 502. **Craig-Forth**, 'almost under the walls of Stirling Castle.' — "All hospitable roofs, under which he had spent many of his younger days." *Lockhart*. — 504. See ii, 679; v, 27.

506. MS. As up the *steepy* path they strained.

A signal to his squire he flung,
 Who instant to his stirrup sprung: —
 "Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman gray, 510
 Who townward holds the rocky way,
 Of stature tall and poor array?
 Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,
 With which he scales the mountain-side?
 Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom?" 515
 "No, by my word; — a burly groom
 He seems, who in the field or chase
 A baron's train would nobly grace —"
 "Out, out, De Vaux! can fear supply,
 And jealousy, no sharper eye? 520
 Afar, ere to the hill he drew,
 That stately form and step I knew;
 Like form in Scotland is not seen,
 Treads not such step on Scottish green.
 'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle! 525
 The uncle of the banished Earl.
 Away, away, to court, to show
 The near approach of dreaded foe:
 The King must stand upon his guard;
 Douglas and he must meet prepared." 530
 Then right-hand wheeled their steeds, and straight
 They won the Castle's postern gate.

XX.

The Douglas, who had bent his way
 From Cambus kenneth's abbey gray,

—Improved on rewriting?—515. **or whom.** Supply the omitted word or words.—516. **burly.** Scotch *buirdly*, strong; Icel. *burthr*, strength; Old Ger. *burlih*, high.—525. **Saint Serle.** "That unhappy couplet, where the King himself is in such distress for a rhyme as to be obliged to apply to one of the obscurest saints in the calendar." *Jeffrey* in the *Edinburgh Review*.—Other marks of haste in this poem?—

MS. 'Tis James of Douglas, by *my word*
 The uncle of the banished *Lord*.

Better?—529, 530. Rhyme?—**upon his guard.** "A needless device to keep the secret." *Taylor*. But is that the true meaning?—532. **postern.** Lat. *post*, after, behind; *posterus*, in the rear.—

534. **Cambus-kenneth's abbey.** See iv, 231.—Syriac *abba*, father;

Now, as he climbed the rocky shelf, 535
 Held sad communion with himself:—
 “Yes! all is true my fears could frame;
 A prisoner lies the noble Græne,
 And fiery Roderick soon will feel
 The vengeance of the royal steel. 540
 I, only I, can ward their fate,—
 God grant the ransom come not late!
 The Abbess hath her promise given,
 My child shall be the bride of Heaven;—
 Be pardoned one repining tear! 545
 For He who gave her knows how dear,
 How excellent!—but that is by,
 And now my business is—to die!—
 Ye towers! within whose circuit dread
 A Douglas by his sovereign bled; 550
 And thou, O sad and fatal mound!
 That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,
 As on the noblest of the land
 Fell the stern headsman’s bloody hand,—
 The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb 555
 Prepare—for Douglas seeks his doom!
 But hark! what blithe and jolly peal
 Makes the Franciscan steeple reel?
 And see! upon the crowded street,
 In motley groups what masquers meet! 560
 Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,
 And merry morrice-dancers come.

Eng. *abbot*, an ecclesiastical ‘father,’ chief of an *abbey*.—544. *bride of Heaven* = a lady who has ‘taken the veil’?—547. *by* = past? gone by?—See on line 15.—550. *a Douglas*. William, 8th earl of Douglas, whom James II stabbed with his own hand in Stirling Castle, Jan. 15, 1452. His skeleton is supposed to have been dug up in 1797 in the adjoining garden.—551. *fatal mound*. “An eminence,” says Scott, “on the northeast of the Castle, where state criminals were executed.”—558. *Franciscan*. Belonging to the order of Franciscan monks, called Gray Friars. The order was founded in 1209 by St. Francis of Assisi. They were bound to perpetual poverty. The Grayfriars’ Church was built by James IV in 1494 on the slope of the Castle Rock. James VI was crowned here in July, 1567, John Knox preaching the coronation sermon.—562. *morrice-dancers*. Span. *morisco*, Moorish. The *morisco* or Moorish dance, probably the Spanish ‘fandango,’ was extremely popular on festive occasions, especially when it was combined with the national May-day pageant. This combination required five characters to be personated by persons curiously disguised in silk vestments with bells on the ankles—Robin Hood, Maid

I guess, by all this quaint array,
 The burghers hold their sports to-day.
 James will be there; he loves such show, 565
 Where the good yeoman bends his bow,
 And the tough wrestler foils his foe,
 As well as where, in proud career,
 The high-born tilter shivers spear.
 I'll follow to the Castle-park, 570
 And play my prize; — King James shall mark
 If age has tamed these sinews stark,
 Whose force so oft in happier days
 His boyish wonder loved to praise."

XXI.

The Castle gates were open flung, 575
 The quivering drawbridge rocked and rung,
 And echoed loud the flinty street
 Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,
 As slowly down the steep descent
 Fair Scotland's King and nobles went, 580
 While all along the crowded way
 Was jubilee and loud huzza.
 And ever James was bending low
 To his white jennet's saddle-bow,
 Doffing his cap to city dame, 585
 Who smiled and blushed for pride and shame.

Marian, Friar Tuck, a minstrel, a clown; afterwards a hobby-horse and a dragon. The dance was seen in London as late as 1826. — 564. **burghers** = free citizens of the burgh or borough. "Every burgh of Scotland of the least note, but more especially the considerable towns, had their solemn *play* or festival, when feats of archery were exhibited, and prizes distributed to those who excelled in wrestling, hurling the bar, and the other gymnastic exercises of the period. . . . James V was very partial to them." *Scott*. — 569. **tilter** = mounted champion? — 571. **play my prize**. The phrase is Shakespearian. "You have played your prize," *Timon of Athens*. — 572. **stark**. See on 336.

575. **Castle gates** = gates of the main entrance? — 581, 582. How about rhyme?

580. MS. *King James and all his nobles went*. . . .

Ever the king was bending low
 To his white jennet's saddle-bow,
 Doffing his cap to *burgher* dame
Who smiling blushed for pride and shame.

— Inferior? — 584. **jennet** = genet, a small Spanish horse. Span. *ginete*, a horse; horseman, or light horse soldier. — 585. **doffing**. *Doff* = do off;

And well the simperer might be vain, —
 He chose the fairest of the train.
 Gravely he greets each city sire,
 Commends each pageant's quaint attire, 590
 Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,
 And smiles and nods upon the crowd,
 Who rend the heavens with their acclaims, —
 "Long live the Commons' King, King James!"
 Behind the King thronged peer and knight, 595
 And noble dame and damsel bright,
 Whose fiery steeds ill brooked the stay
 Of the steep street and crowded way.
 But in the train you might discern
 Dark lowering brow and visage stern; 600
 There nobles mourned their pride restrained,
 And the mean burgher's joys disdained;
 And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,
 Were each from home a banished man,
 There thought upon their own gray tower, 605
 Their waving woods, their feudal power,
 And deemed themselves a shameful part
 Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

XXII.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out
 Their checkered bands the joyous rout. 610

as *don* = do on; and old *dup* = do up. — 594. **Commons' King.** "James had done what was done by Henry VII in England and by Louis XI in France; that is, had striven to check the lawless power of the nobles, and had sought the alliance of the commons, or people of the town." *Taylor.* —

601. MS. Nobles who mourned their *power* restrained,
 And the *poor* burgher's joys disdained;
Dark chief, who, hostage for *his* clan,
 Was *from his* home a banished man,
Who thought upon *his* own gray tower,
The waving woods, *his* feudal bower,
 And deemed *himself* a shameful part
 Of pageant *that* he cursed in heart.

Has Scott improved upon this? How about the syntax of **chiefs . . . were each . . . a banished man?** — 606. **feudal power** = power to command the military service of tenants? The *feud* or *stef* was land held by a tenant who was obliged to render service to his lord, the latter being obliged to protect him. — 608. **pageant.** Late Lat. *pagina*; Old Eng. *pageant*, a platform, staging, scaffold. —

610. **checkered bands** = groups dressed in various colors? — Is

There morricers, with bell at heel
 And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;
 But chief, beside the butts, there stand
 Bold Robin Hood and all his band, —
 Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl, 615
 Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,
 Maid Marian, fair as ivory bone,
 Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John;
 Their bugles challenge all that will,
 In archery to prove their skill. 620
 The Douglas bent a bow of might, —
 His first shaft centred in the white,
 And when in turn he shot again,
 His second split the first in twain.
 From the King's hand must Douglas take 625
 A silver dart, the archers' stake;
 Fondly he watched, with watery eye,
 Some answering glance of sympathy, —
 No kind emotion made reply!
 Indifferent as to archer wight, 630
 The monarch gave the arrow bright.

'bands' subject or object of 'drew'? — See on ii, 343. — **rout.** See i, 67.
 — 611. **bells.** Twenty to forty on each leg! —

612. MS. 'With awkward stride there city groom
 Would part of fabled knight assume.'

— **maze.** See i, 20. — 613. **butts.** Fr. *but*, thing aimed at, mark, target; *butte*, knoll or rising ground on which the target was placed. — 614. **Robin Hood.** See note on 562. — This renowned outlaw lived in the time of Richard I, about 1190. See Scott's *Ivanhoe*. — 615. **quarter-staff.** Long and stout staff, offensive and defensive. So called because held with one hand in the middle, and the other between the middle and the end. *Int. Dict.* — **cowl.** A.S. *cufle*; Lat. *cucullus*, a hood. — 615-618. The persons mentioned were companions of Robin Hood. — Ben Jonson, in his *Sad Shepherd*, affords a thoroughly poetical version of the national May-day pageant. — 626. **stake.** A.S. *staca*, the origin of *stick*. 'To stake' is to wager. — The games that Scott describes are somewhat like the funeral games for Patroclus in the *Iliad*, and for Anchises, in the *Æneid*. See also *Odyssey*, viii, and *The Light of Asia*. —

627. MS. Fondly he watched, with watery eye,
 For answering glance of sympathy, —
 But no emotion made reply!
 Indifferent as to unknown } wight,
 Cold as to unknown yeoman }
 The King gave forth the arrow bright. —

Improved? — 630. **archer wight** = archer creature, ordinary archer? —
 For *wight*, see on *aught*, ii, 529. — "The Douglas of the poem is an imag-

XXIII.

Now, clear the ring! for, hand to hand,
 The manly wrestlers take their stand.
 Two o'er the rest superior rose,
 And proud demanded mightier foes, — 635
 Nor called in vain, for Douglas came. —
 For life is Hugh of Larbert lame!
 Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,
 Whom senseless home his comrades bare!
 Prize of the wrestling match, the King 640
 To Douglas gave a golden ring,
 While coldly glanced his eye of blue,
 As frozen drop of wintry dew.
 Douglas would speak, but in his breast
 His struggling soul his words suppressed; 645
 Indignant then he turned him where
 Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,
 To hurl the massive bar in air.
 When each his utmost strength had shown,
 The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone 650
 From its deep bed, then heaved it high,
 And sent the fragment through the sky
 A rood beyond the farthest mark;
 And still in Stirling's royal park,
 The gray-haired sires, who know the past, 655
 To strangers point the Douglas cast,

inary person, a supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus. But the King's behavior . . . is imitated from a real story of what occurred during an unexpected interview with . . . one of the banished Douglases . . . Archibald of Kilspindie, whom he, when he was a child, loved singularly well for his ability of body, and was wont to call him his 'Gray-Steill.'" *Scott*. Gray-Steill was a champion of popular romance. —

637. **for life is Hugh of Larbert lame.** "Lord Jeffrey objects to this expression as intolerable." *Taylor*. Is it very objectionable? — For wrestling, see *As You Like It*, I, ii. — *Larbert* is 10 m. S. of Sterling. Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, is buried in its church. — 638. *Alloa* is about 7 m. E. of Sterling, and on the N. side of the Forth. — 641. **golden ring.** "The usual prize of a wrestling was a ram and a ring,¹ but the animal would have embarrassed my story." *Scott*. How? — 648. **to hurl**, etc. See iv, 559; v, 564. — 657. **moralize** = make moral reflections?

¹ The prize in *Chaucer* (*Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*) is the same.

And moralize on the decay
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

XXIV.

The vale with loud applauses rang,
The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang. 660
The King, with look unmoved, bestowed
A purse well filled with pieces broad.
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,
And threw the gold among the crowd,
Who now with anxious wonder scan, 665
And sharper glance, the dark gray man;
Till whispers rose among the throng,
That heart so free, and hand so strong,
Must to the Douglas blood belong.
The old men marked and shook the head, 670
To see his hair with silver spread,
And winked aside, and told each son
Of feats upon the English done,
Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand
Was exiled from his native land. 675
The women praised his stately form,
Though wrecked by many a winter's storm;
The youth with awe and wonder saw
His strength surpassing Nature's law.
Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd, 680
Till murmurs rose to clamors loud.
But not a glance from that proud ring
Of peers who circled round the King
With Douglas held communion kind,
Or called the banished man to mind; 685

teach lessons of wisdom?—658. So old Nestor, in *Iliad*, i, 262–272; also *Iliad*, v, 302–304; xii, 447–449; and the last part of xxxiii; Vergil's *Æneid*, xii, 899, etc.

MS. Of mortal strength in modern day. —

660. Ladies' Rock. In the 'valley' between the Castle and the Grayfriars' Church was a hillock from which the court ladies viewed the games. — 662. MS. — "A purse weigh'd down with pieces broad." Equally good? — 664. MS. — "Scattered the gold among the crowd." Improved? — 674. MS. — "Ere James of Douglas' stalwart hand." Bettered? — 677. The MS. has 'worn.' As good as wrecked? — 681. Some editions have 'murmur.' Criticise. — 685. MS. — "Or called his stately form to mind." — 684. held = occupied? regarded . . . as? entered into? —

No, not from those who at the chase
 Once held his side the honored place,
 Begirt his board, and in the field
 Found safety underneath his shield ;
 For he whom royal eyes disown, 690
 When was his form to courtiers known !

XXV.

The Monarch saw the gambols flag,
 And bade let loose a gallant stag,
 Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
 Two favorite greyhounds should pull down, 695
 That venison free and Bordeaux wine
 Might serve the archery to dine.
 But Lufra, — whom from Douglas' side
 Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
 The fleetest hound in all the North, — 700
 Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.
 She left the royal hounds midway,
 And dashing on the antlered prey,
 Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,
 And deep the flowing life-blood drank. 705
 The King's stout huntsman saw the sport
 By strange intruder broken short,
 Came up, and, with his leash unbound,
 In anger struck the noble hound.
 The Douglas had endured, that morn, 710
 The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,
 And last, and worst to spirit proud,
 Had borne the pity of the crowd ;
 But Lufra had been fondly bred,
 To share his board, to watch his bed, 715
 And oft would Ellen Lufra's neck
 In maiden glee with garlands deck ;
 They were such playmates that with name
 Of Lufra Ellen's image came.

692. *gambols*. Lat. *gamba*, lower part of leg; hoof or joint; Ital. *gamba*, leg; *gambata*, kick; Fr. *jambe*, leg. — 698. *Lufra*. Scott dearly loved dogs. See i, 120; iii, 394. — 708. *leash*. See iv, 746. — Lat. *laza*,

His stifled wrath is brimming high, 720
 In darkened brow and flashing eye;
 As waves before the bark divide,
 The crowd gave way before his stride;
 Needs but a buffet and no more,
 The groom lies senseless in his gore. 725
 Such blow no other hand could deal,
 Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

XXVI.

Then clamored loud the royal train,
 And brandished swords and staves amain,
 But stern the Baron's warning: "Back!" 730
 Back, on your lives, ye menial pack!
 Beware the Douglas! — Yes! behold,
 King James! The Douglas, doomed of old,
 And vainly sought for near and far,
 A victim to atone the war, 735
 A willing victim now attends,
 Nor craves thy grace but for his friends. — "
 "Thus is my clemency repaid?
 Presumptuous Lord!" the Monarch said:
 "Of thy misproud ambitious clan, 740
 Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,
 The only man, in whom a foe
 My woman-mercy would not know;
 But shall a Monarch's presence brook
 Injurious blow and haughty look? — 745

loose, a string loosely held; *Fr. laisse*, a string, a thong of leather, or long cord. — 724. *needs but a buffet and no more*. Tautology? —

728. MS. Clamored *his comrades* of the train.

Improvement? — 729. *staves*. *Staves* or *staves*? — A.S. *staef*, staff. — 730. MS. has 'warrior's' for *Baron's*. Improved? — Posts are fond of titles? — 735. *atone*. See on iv, 421. — 738. *clemency*. What clemency? — 740. *misproud* = viciously proud [*Int. Dict.*] ? mistakenly proud [Ginn]? — Shakes. uses the word in *3 Henry VI*, II, vi, 7, 'strengthening *misproud* York.' — 741. *Bothwell*. See on ii, 141, 142. — 741, 742, 743. in *whom*, etc. Turn these three lines into prose, supplying the omitted words. —

744. MS. *But in my court, injurious blow.
 And bearded thus, and thus out dared?
 What ho! the Captain of our Guard!*

What ho! the Captain of our Guard!
 Give the offender fitting ward. —
 Break off the sports!" — for tumult rose,
 And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows, —
 "Break off the sports!" he said and frowned, 750
 "And bid our horsemen clear the ground."

XXVII.

Then uproar wild and misarray
 Marred the fair form of festal day.
 The horsemen pricked among the crowd,
 Repelled by threats and insult loud; 755
 To earth are borne the old and weak,
 The timorous fly, the women shriek;
 With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,
 The hardier urge tumultuous war.
 At once round Douglas darkly sweep 760
 The royal spears in circle deep,
 And slowly scale the pathway steep,
 While on the rear in thunder pour
 The rabble with disordered roar.
 With grief the noble Douglas saw 765
 The Commons rise against the law,
 And to the leading soldier said:
 "Sir John of Hyndford, 'twas my blade
 That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;
 For that good deed permit me then 770
 A word with these misguided men. —

747. **ward.** "He put them in ward," *Genesis*, xl, 3. —

752. **misarray.** *Mis-* is either from A.S. *misian*, to miss, err, or Lat. *minus*, less. — 754. **pricked.** See line 486. — 755. MS. — "Their threats repelled by insult loud." — 768. **Hyndford.** A village on the Clyde, 3 or 4 m. S.E. of Lanark. — 769. **knighthood.** The candidate prepared himself by prayer, fasting, watching his arms at night in a chapel, and by other religious ceremonies. . . . Knighthood was conferred by the sovereign, or superior lord, by a blow of the flat of a sword upon the back of the shoulder of the kneeling candidate. Thenceforward he is addressed with the title, *Sir*. In feudal times, the knight was clad in armor from head to foot, mounted on horseback, and attended by his squire. His oath bound him to live a chaste life, to maintain the right, to succor the distressed, and to be the especial champion of ladies against cruel oppressors. See on i, 18, 475, 532; iv, 665, 746-758. —

XXVIII.

"Hear, gentle friends, ere yet for me
 Ye break the bands of fealty.
 My life, my honor, and my cause,
 I tender free to Scotland's laws. 775
 Are these so weak as must require
 The aid of your misguided ire?
 Or if I suffer causeless wrong,
 Is then my selfish rage so strong,
 My sense of public weal so low, 780
 That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
 Those cords of love I should unbind
 Which knit my country and my kind?
 O no! Believe, in yonder tower
 It will not soothe my captive hour, 785
 To know those spears our foes should dread
 For me in kindred gore are red:
 To know, in fruitless brawl begun,
 For me that mother wails her son,
 For me that widow's mate expires, 790
 For me that orphans weep their sires,
 That patriots mourn insulted laws,
 And curse the Douglas for the cause.
 O let your patience ward such ill,
 And keep your right to love me still!" 795

XXIX.

The crowd's wild fury sunk again
 In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
 With lifted hands and eyes, they prayed
 For blessings on his generous head

773. *fealty*. Lat. *fidelitas*; Old Fr. *fealte*, fidelity, faith, loyalty. —
 790. *widow's mate* = widow's husband? But she is not a widow till he
 expires! What is *prolepsis* in rhetoric? — 794. *ward*. Properly used
 without *off*? —

796. MS. The crowd's wild fury *ebb'd amain*
 In tears, as tempests *drink* in rain.

Mixed metaphor? Shakes. uses repeatedly this figure of the tempest
 and rain. — So Tennyson's "Like summer tempest came her tears," *The*

Who for his country felt alone, 800
 And prized her blood beyond his own.
 Old men upon the verge of life
 Blessed him who stayed the civil strife;
 And mothers held their babes on high,
 The self-devoted Chief to spy, 805
 Triumphant over wrongs and ire,
 To whom the prattlers owed a sire.
 Even the rough soldier's heart was moved;
 As if behind some bier beloved,
 With trailing arms and drooping head, 810
 The Douglas up the hill he led,
 And at the Castle's battled verge,
 With sighs resigned his honored charge.

xxx.

The offended Monarch rode apart
 With bitter thought and swelling heart, 815
 And would not now vouchsafe again
 Through Stirling streets to lead his train.
 "O Lennox, who would wish to rule
 This changeling crowd, this common fool?
 Hear'st thou," he said, "the loud acclaim 820
 With which they shout the Douglas name?
 With like acclaim the vulgar throat
 Strained for King James their morning note;
 With like acclaim they hailed the day
 When first I broke the Douglas sway; 825
 And like acclaim would Douglas greet
 If he could hurl me from my seat.
 Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
 Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain?
 Vain as the leaf upon the stream, 830
 And fickle as a changeful dream;

Princess. — 808. *rough soldier's.* Which? — 812, 813. Rhyme? — *verge.* See on iv, 83. — *battled* = battlemented? — See i, 199; ii, 702; vi, 7. —

819. *common fool.* Shakespeare often expresses his disgust at the folly and fickleness of the common people. — 821. *Douglas.* Some print *Douglas'.* Preferable? — 830. MS. *Vain as the sick man's idle dream.* —

Fantastic as a woman's mood,
 And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.
 Thou many-headed monster-thing,
 O who would wish to be thy king? — 835

XXXI.

"But soft! what messenger of speed
 Spurs hitherward his panting steed?
 I guess his cognizance afar —
 What from our cousin, John of Mar?"
 "He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound 840
 Within the safe and guarded ground;
 For some foul purpose yet unknown, —
 Most sure for evil to the throne, —
 The outlawed Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
 Has summoned his rebellious crew; 845
 'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid
 These loose banditti stand arrayed.
 The Earl of Mar this morn from Doune
 To break their muster marched, and soon
 Your Grace will hear of battle fought; 850
 But earnestly the Earl besought,
 Till for such danger he provide,
 With scanty train you will not ride."

XXXII.

"Thou warn'st me I have done amiss, —
 I should have earlier looked to this; 855

834. **many-headed monster-thing.** Shakes., in *2 Henry IV, Induction*, 18, 19, has,

"That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still-discordant wavering multitude," etc. —

838. **cognizance.** Lat. *con*, together, completely; *gnosçere*, to know; *cognoscere*, to recognize; Fr. *connaissance*, or *connoissance*, knowledge. The distinguishing mark, by which a knight in full armor was recognized, his face being covered, was called his *cognizance*. — See iv, 153. —

847. **banditti.** Teut. and Old Fr. *ban*, a curse, interdict; proclamation; Ital. *banditi*, outlaws. —

858. MS. *On distant chase* you will not ride.

I lost it in this bustling day. —
 Retrace with speed thy former way;
 Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,
 The best of mine shall be thy meed.
 Say to our faithful Lord of Mar, 860
 We do forbid the intended war;
 Roderick this morn in single fight
 Was made our prisoner by a knight,
 And Douglas has himself and cause
 Submitted to our kingdom's laws. 865
 The tidings of their leaders lost
 Will soon dissolve the mountain host,
 Nor would we that the vulgar feel,
 For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.
 Bear Mar our message, Braco, fly!" 870
 He turned his steed, — "My liege, I hie,"
 Yet ere I cross this lily lawn
 I fear the broadswords will be drawn."
 The turf the flying courser spurned,
 And to his towers the King returned. 875

XXXIII.

Ill with King James's mood that day
 Suited gay feast and minstrel lay;
 Soon were dismissed the courtly throng,
 And soon cut short the festal song.
 Nor less upon the saddened town 880
 The evening sunk in sorrow down.
 The burghers spoke of civil jar,
 Of rumored feuds and mountain war,
 Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,
 All up in arms; — the Douglas too, 885
 They mourned him pent within the hold,
 "Where stout Earl William was of old." —

856. *lost*. What? — 858. *for spoiling* = on account of spoiling? for fear of spoiling? — 868. *vulgar*. Lat. *vulgus*, the multitude, the common people. One of those words that testify, by their change of meaning, to general depravity or worthlessness? Such are *villain*, *boor*, *knave*, etc. —

887. *Earl William*. See on line 550. —

And there his word the speaker stayed,
And finger on his lip he laid,
Or pointed to his dagger blade. 890
But jaded horsemen from the west
At evening to the Castle pressed,
And busy talkers said they bore
Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore;
At noon the deadly fray begun, 895
And lasted till the set of sun.
Thus giddy rumor shook the town,
Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

CANTO SIXTH.

THE GUARD-ROOM.

I.

THE sun, awakening, through the smoky air
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
Of sinful man the sad inheritance;
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance, 5
Scaring the prowling robber to his den;
Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,
And warning student pale to leave his pen,
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

What various scenes, and O, what scenes of woe, 10
Are witnessed by that red and struggling beam!
The fevered patient, from his pallet low,
Through crowded hospital beholds it stream;
The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam,
The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and jail, 15
The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream;
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
Trims her sick infant's couch and soothes his feeble wail.

II.

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang
With soldier-step and weapon-clang, 20

CANTO VI. *Line 3. caitiff.* Lat. *captivus*, a prisoner, a wretch; Fr. *chétif*, poor, mean, bad.—6. First ed. reads, "And scaring prowling robbers to *their* den." Bettered?—7. *battled.* See i, 199; ii, 702; v, 812.—9. *kind nurse.* "O gentle Sleep, Nature's soft nurse," *2 Henry IV*, III, i, 5.—12. *pallet.* Lat. *palea*; Fr. *puille*, chaff, straw.—15. *gyve.* Celtic *gabh*, to take; Welsh *gefyn*, Breton *kef*, trunk of a tree. "Originally a log of wood attached to the ankle." *Taylor.*

While drums with rolling note foretell
 Relief to weary sentinel.
 Through narrow loop and casement barred,
 The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,
 And, struggling with the smoky air, 25
 Deadened the torches' yellow glare.
 In comfortless alliance shone
 The lights through arch of blackened stone,
 And showed wild shapes in garb of war,
 Faces deformed with beard and scar, 30
 All haggard from the midnight watch,
 And fevered with the stern debauch;
 For the oak table's massive board,
 Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,
 And beakers drained, and cups o'erthrown, 35
 Showed in what sport the night had flown.
 Some, weary, snored on floor and bench;
 Some labored still their thirst to quench;
 Some, chilled with watching, spread their hands
 O'er the huge chimney's dying brands, 40
 While round them, or beside them flung,
 At every step their harness rung.

III.

These drew not for their fields the sword,
 Like tenants of a feudal lord,
 Nor owned the patriarchal claim 45
 Of Chieftain in their leader's name;
 Adventurers they, from far who roved,
 To live by battle which they loved.

28. MS. Through *blackened arch* and casement barr'd. —

25. **struggling with.** Some eds. print *struggling through*. The better? —

27. MS. The lights in *strange* alliance shone
Beneath the arch of blacken'd stone.

Improved? — 35. **beakers.** Late Lat. *bicarium*, wine-cup; Ger. *becher*, cup, goblet. — 42. **harness.** Low Bret. *harnez*; Kymric *harnais*, implements of iron; Fr. *harnais*, trapping; equipment of knight and horse. —

47. **adventurers.** Says Scott, "James V seems to have first introduced . . . the service of a small number of mercenaries, who formed a body-guard, called the Foot-band. . . . I have chosen to give them the

There the Italian's clouded face,
 The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace; 50
 The mountain-loving Switzer there
 More freely breathed in mountain-air;
 The Fleming there despised the soil
 That paid so ill the laborer's toil;
 Their rolls showed French and German name; 55
 And merry England's exiles came,
 To share, with ill-concealed disdain,
 Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.
 All brave in arms, well trained to wield
 The heavy halberd, brand, and shield; 60
 In camps licentious, wild, and bold;
 In pillage fierce and uncontrolled;
 And now, by holytide and feast,
 From rules of discipline released.

IV.

They held debate of bloody fray, 65
 Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and Achray.
 Fierce was their speech, and mid their words
 Their hands oft grappled to their swords;
 Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear
 Of wounded comrades groaning near, 70
 Whose mangled limbs and bodies gored
 Bore token of the mountain sword,
 Though, neighboring to the Court of Guard,
 Their prayers and feverish wails were heard, —
 Sad burden to the ruffian joke, 75
 And savage oath by fury spoke! —

harsh features of the mercenary soldiers of the period." — 49, 50. **clouded** . . . **swarthy**. The difference between the Italian and Spanish complexions is well indicated by these epithets [Taylor]? — 53. **Fleming**. The inhabitants of Flanders, now part of Belgium, had perhaps the richest soil in Europe. — 60. **halberd**. Ger. *halm*, stalk; *barte*, axe. By confusion with *helm* (helmet), the name came to mean a helmet-axe, or axe for splitting helmets! — 63. **holytide**. For *tide*, see on iii, 478. Holy days became *holidays*? —

71. **gored** = pierced and torn [Ginn]? clotted with blood; hence, pierced so as to draw blood [Taylor]? A.S. *gor*, filth; Icel. *gor*, clotted blood; or A.S. *gar*, a spear; *gara*, a projecting point of land. — 73. **neighboring to = near**? — Awkward or elegant expression? — 75. See on i, 17; ii, 392. —

MS. *Sad burilen to the ruffian jest*
And rude oaths vented by the rest.

At length up started John of Brent,
 A yeoman from the banks of Trent;
 A stranger to respect or fear,
 In peace a chaser of the deer, 80
 In host a hardy mutineer,
 But still the boldest of the crew
 When deed of danger was to do.
 He grieved that day their games cut short,
 And marred the dicer's brawling sport, 85
 And shouted loud, "Renew the bowl!
 And, while a merry catch I troll,
 Let each the buxom chorus bear,
 Like brethren of the brand and spear."

.

VI.

The warder's challenge, heard without,
 Stayed in mid-roar the merry shout.
 A soldier to the portal went, — 110
 "Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent;
 And — beat for jubilee the drum! —
 A maid and minstrel with him come."
 Bertram, a Fleming, gray and scarred,
 Was entering now the Court of Guard, 115
 A harper with him, and, in plaid
 All muffled close, a mountain maid,
 Who backward shrunk to 'scape the view
 Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.

—78. Trent. The Trent is an important navigable river of middle England, 140 miles long.—yeoman. A.S. *ga*; Ger. *gau*; Low Gr. *gohe*, country district.—81. host = army [Ginn]? war [Taylor]?—Lat. *hospes*, a guest, or host; *hostis*, a stranger; an enemy; an army?—88. buxom = merry, blithe [Taylor]? lively, brisk [Rolfe]?—A.S. *bujan*, to bow; *bu'tsam*; Ger. *beugsam*, *biegsam*, pliable. Once denoting flexibility and grace of form, as well as a complaisant disposition. Present meaning?—90. Of the soldier's song given in the Appendix, Jeffrey says, "The greatest blemish in the poem is the ribaldry and dull vulgarity which is put into the mouths of the soldiery in the guard-room. Mr. Scott has condescended to write a song for them, which will be read with pain, we are persuaded, even by his warmest admirers; and his whole genius, and even his power of versification, seems to desert him, when he attempts to repeat their conversation."—

111. Ghent. This famous city of Belgium, capital of East Flanders,

"What news?" they roared:—"I only know, 120
 From noon till eve we fought with foe
 As wild and as untamable
 As the rude mountains where they dwell;
 On both sides store of blood is lost,
 Nor much success can either boast." — 125
 "But whence thy captives, friend? such spoil
 As theirs must needs reward thy toil.
 Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp;
 Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp!
 Get thee an ape, and trudge the land, 130
 The leader of a juggler band."

VII.

"No, comrade;—no such fortune mine.
 After the fight these sought our line,
 That aged harper and the girl,
 And, having audience of the Earl, 135
 Mar bade I should purvey them steed,
 And bring them hitherward with speed.
 Forbear your mirth and rude alarm,
 For none shall do them shame or harm. —"
 "Hear ye his boast?" cried John of Brent, 140
 Ever to strife and jangling bent;
 "Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,
 And yet the jealous niggard grudge

is 31 miles N.W. of Brussels. — 122, 123. Rhyme! — 124. store. See on i, 548. —

127-131. MS. Get thee an ape, and then at once
 Thou mayst renounce the warrior's lance,
 And trudge through borough and through land,
 The leader of a juggler band. —

Needed mending? — 129. Thou now, etc. Scan! — 131. juggler. "The jugglers used to call in the aid of various assistants to render these performances as captivating as possible. The glee-maiden was a necessary attendant. Her duty was tumbling and dancing. . . . The facetious qualities of the ape soon rendered him an acceptable addition to the strolling band." Scott.

136. purvey. Lat. *pro*, before; *vidēre*, to see; *providēre*, to look out beforehand; Fr. *pourvoir*, to provide. — 143. niggard. Icel. *hæggr*, stingy. The ending *-ard* denotes a high or excessive degree of the quality. Here it expresses contempt? —

To pay the forester his fee?
 I'll have my share howe'er it be, 145
 Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee."
 Bertram his forward step withstood;
 And, burning in his vengeful mood,
 Old Allan, though unfit for strife,
 Laid hand upon his dagger-knife; 150
 But Ellen boldly stepped between,
 And dropped at once the tartan screen:—
 So, from his morning cloud, appears
 The sun of May through summer tears.
 The savage soldiery, amazed, 155
 As on descended angel gazed;
 Even hardy Brent, abashed and tamed,
 Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

VIII.

Boldly she spoke: "Soldiers, attend!
 My father was the soldier's friend, 160
 Cheered him in camps, in marches led,
 And with him in the battle bled.
 Not from the valiant or the strong
 Should exile's daughter suffer wrong."
 Answered De Brent, most forward still 165
 In every feat of good or ill:
 "I shame me of the part I played;
 And thou an outlaw's child, poor maid!
 An outlaw I by forest laws,
 And merry Needwood knows the cause. 170
 Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now,"—

147. MS. Bertram { his such { violence withstood.

Happy change? Why?—152. *tartan screen*. The tartan answered for veil. Note on it, 343.—

155. MS. *While* the *rude* soldiery, amazed.

164. MS. Should *Ellen Douglas* suffer wrong.

Well to change this?—167. *shame me* = am ashamed? shame myself?
 —170. *Needwood*. Formerly a royal forest in the Trent Valley in Staffordshire. It has fine remains of the ancient forest.—

171. MS. '*My Rose*,'—he wiped his iron eye and brow,—
 'Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now.'

He wiped his iron eye and brow, —
 "Must bear such age, I think, as thou. —
 Hear ye, my mates! I go to call
 The Captain of our watch to hall: 175
 There lies my halberd on the floor;
 And he that steps my halberd o'er,
 To do the maid injurious part,
 My shaft shall quiver in his heart!
 Beware loose speech, or jesting rough; 180
 Ye all know John de Brent. Enough."

IX.

Their Captain came, a gallant young, —
 Of Tullibardine's house he sprung, —
 Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight;
 Gay was his mien, his humor light, 185
 And, though by courtesy controlled,
 Forward his speech, his bearing bold.
 The high-born maiden ill could brook
 The scanning of his curious look
 And dauntless eye: — and yet, in sooth, 190
 Young Lewis was a generous youth;
 But Ellen's lovely face and mien,
 Ill suited to the garb and scene,
 Might lightly bear construction strange,
 And give loose fancy scope to range. 195
 "Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!
 Come ye to seek a champion's aid,
 On palfrey white, with harper hoar,
 Like errant damosel of yore?
 Does thy high quest a knight require, 200
 Or may the venture suit a squire?"

Why the changes? — 178. *part* = act? deed? — 181. **You all know John de Brent**, etc.

"You know what Esek Harden is! —
 He brooks no wrong to him or his." Whittier's *The Witch's Daughter*.

183. **Tullibardine's house**. Tullibardine was an old seat of the proud Murrays, in Perthshire, about 20 miles from Stirling. — 184, 185. *Spurs* and *belt* were the recognized mark of knight. See i, 18; iv, 756. — 199. **errant damosel**. This antique phraseology is from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, II, i, 19. — See on i, 475. —

Her dark eye flashed ; — she paused and sighed : —
 “ O what have I to do with pride ! —
 Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,
 A suppliant for a father’s life, 205
 I crave an audience of the King.
 Behold, to back my suit, a ring,
 The royal pledge of grateful claims,
 Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James.”

X.

The signet-ring young Lewis took 210
 With deep respect and altered look,
 And said : “ This ring our duties own ;
 And pardon, if to worth unknown,
 In semblance mean obscurely veiled,
 Lady, in aught my folly failed. 215
 Soon as the day flings wide his gates,
 The King shall know what suitor waits.
 Please you meanwhile in fitting bower
 Repose you till his waking hour ;
 Female attendance shall obey 220
 Your hest, for service or array.
 Permit I marshal you the way,”
 But, ere she followed, with the grace
 And open bounty of her race,
 She bade her slender purse be shared 225
 Among the soldiers of the guard.
 The rest with thanks their guerdon took,
 But Brent, with shy and awkward look,
 On the reluctant maiden’s hold
 Forced bluntly back the proffered gold : — 230

209. MS. The monarch *gave* to *James Fitz-James*.

212. *own* = possess? acknowledge? — 218. *bower*. See i, 217. —
 222. *marshal you the way*.

“ Thou marshal’st me the way that I was going,” *Macbeth*, II, i, 42.

— Old High Ger. *marah*, a battle horse; A.S. *mere*; Eng. *mare*; A.S. *scealc*; Mid. H. Ger. *shalc*, a servant; Old Fr. *mareschal*; Fr. *maréchal*, an officer over the horses and stables. *Skeat*, *Brachet*. — 225, 226. Rhyme! — 227. *guerdon*. Ger. *wieder*, against, back again; Lat. *donum*, gift; Old Fr. *guerdon*, recompense, reward, meed. —

"Forgive a haughty English heart,
 And O, forget its ruder part!
 The vacant purse shall be my share,
 Which in my barret-cap I'll bear,
 Perchance, in jeopardy of war, 235
 Where gayer crests may keep afar."
 With thanks — 't was all she could — the maid
 His rugged courtesy repaid.

XI.

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,
 Allan made suit to John of Brent: — 240
 "My lady safe, O let your grace
 Give me to see my master's face!
 His minstrel I, — to share his doom
 Bound from the cradle to the tomb.
 Tenth in descent, since first my sires 245
 Waked for his noble house their lyres,
 Nor one of all the race was known
 But prized its weal above their own.
 With the Chief's birth begins our care;
 Our harp must soothe the infant heir, 250
 Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace
 His earliest feat of field or chase;
 In peace, in war, our rank we keep,
 We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep,
 Nor leave him till we pour our verse — 255
 A doleful tribute! — o'er his hearse.
 Then let me share his captive lot;
 It is my right, — deny it not!"
 "Little we reck," said John of Brent,
 "We southern men, of long descent; 260

233. MS. 'The *silken* purse shall *serve* for me,
 And in my barret-cap shall *flee*.'

flee! — 234. *barret* = cloth? — Lat. *birrus*, a cape, coarse cloth; Low Lat. *birretum*, cap; Fr. *barrette*, a cap, bonnet; whence *beretta*. — *bear*. As a 'favor'? See note on iv, 686. — 235. *jeopardy*. Lat. *jocus*; Fr. *jeu*, sport, game; Lat. *partitus*; Fr. *parti*, divided. Hence, 'a divided game'; i.e. a game in which the chances are even.

242. *master's*. Who is meant? — See 303-305. — 247, 248. *one . . . their*. Syntax? — 254. *board*. Word suggestive of primitive simplicity? — 261. *wot*. See on i, 596. —

Nor wot we how a name — a word —
 Makes clansmen vassals to a lord :
 Yet kind my noble landlord's part, —
 God bless the house of Beaudesert!
 And, but I loved to drive the deer 265
 More than to guide the laboring steer,
 I had not dwelt an outcast here.
 Come, good old Minstrel, follow me ;
 Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see."

XII.

Then, from a rusted iron hook, 270
 A bunch of ponderous keys he took,
 Lighted a torch, and Allan led
 Through grated arch and passage dread.
 Portals they passed, where, deep within,
 Spoke prisoner's moan and fetters' din ; 275
 Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,
 Lay wheel, and axe, and headsman's sword,
 And many a hideous engine grim,
 For wrenching joint and crushing limb,
 By artists formed who deemed it shame 280
 And sin to give their work a name.
 They halted at a low-browed porch,
 And Brent to Allan gave the torch,
 While bolt and chain he backward rolled,
 And made the bar unhasp its hold. 285
 They entered: — 't was a prison-room
 Of stern security and gloom,
 Yet not a dungeon ; for the day
 Through lofty gratings found its way,
 And rude and antique garniture 290
 Decked the sad walls and oaken floor,

276. MS. has *low broad* instead of 'rugged.' Bettered? — 277. *wheel*. Instrument of torture. The savagery of our ancestors disgusts and astounds us. See the unabridged dictionaries. — 279. MS. has *stretching* for 'crushing.' —

"The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
 Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel." Goldsmith's *Traveller*.

— *unhasp*. A.S. *haepse*, a clasp folded over a staple. — 291. MS. has

Such as the rugged days of old
 Deemed fit for captive noble's hold.
 "Here," said De Brent, "thou mayst remain
 Till the Leech visit him again. 295
 Strict is his charge, the warders tell,
 To tend the noble prisoner well."
 Retiring then the bolt he drew,
 And the lock's murmur growled anew.
 Roused at the sound, from lowly bed 300
 A captive feebly raised his head;
 The wondering Minstrel looked, and knew —
 Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu!
 For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought,
 They, erring, deemed the Chief he sought. 305

XIII.

As the tall ship, whose lofty prore
 Shall never stem the billows more,
 Deserted by her gallant band,
 Amid the breakers lies astrand, —
 So on his couch lay Roderick Dhu! 310
 And oft his fevered limbs he threw
 In toss abrupt, as when her sides
 Lie rocking in the advancing tides,
 That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,
 Yet cannot heave her from her seat; — 315
 O, how unlike her course at sea!
 Or his free step on hill and lea! —

flinty for 'oaken.' Less fit? — 292, 293. These two are not in 1st ed.
 Are they of value? —

294. MS. Thou may'st remain;
 And then, *retiring*, bolt and *chain*,
 And *rusty* bar, he drew *again*,
 Roused at the sound, etc.

Any real gain by the alteration? 295. Leech. A.S. *laknian*, to cure;
laece, physician. —

306. *prore* (Lat. *prora*, prow). Used in prose? — 309. *astrand*. As
 in *afoot*, the *a* is here used for *on*. —

316. MS. O! how unlike her course *on main*!
 Or his free step on hill and *plain*!

Why changed? —

Soon as the Minstrel he could scan, —
 "What of thy lady? — of my clan? —
 My mother? — Douglas? — tell me all! 320
 Have they been ruined in my fall?
 Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou here?
 Yet speak, — speak boldly, — do not fear." —
 For Allan, who his mood well knew,
 Was choked with grief and terror too. — 325
 "Who fought? — who fled? — Old man, be brief; —
 Some might, — for they had lost their Chief.
 Who basely live? — who bravely died?"
 "O, calm thee, Chief!" the Minstrel cried,
 "Ellen is safe!" "For that thank Heaven!" 330
 "And hopes are for the Douglas given; —
 The Lady Margaret, too, is well;
 And, for thy clan, — on field or fell,
 Has never harp of minstrel told
 Of combat fought so true and bold. 335
 Thy stately Pine is yet unbent,
 Though many a goodly bough is rent."

XIV.

The Chieftain reared his form on high,
 And fever's fire was in his eye;
 But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks 340
 Checkered his swarthy brow and cheeks.
 "Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee play,
 With measure bold on festal day,
 In yon lone isle, — again where ne'er
 Shall harper play or warrior hear! — 345
 That stirring air that peals on high,
 O'er Dermid's race our victory. —
 Strike it! — and then, — for well thou canst, —
 Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,

334. MS. *Shall never harp of minstrel tell*
Of combat fought so fierce and well.

Any better? — 344. *again where ne'er.* "One of Scott's strange in-
 versions." *Taylor.*

347. *Dermid's race.* "A pibroch of the Macgregor clan celebrated

Fling me the picture of the fight, 330
 When met my clan the Saxon might.
 I'll listen, till my fancy hears
 The clang of swords, the crash of spears!
 These grates, these walls, shall vanish then
 For the fair field of fighting men, 355
 And my free spirit burst away,
 As if it soared from battle fray!"
 The trembling Bard with awe obeyed, —
 Slow on the harp his hand he laid;
 But soon remembrance of the sight 360
 He witnessed from the mountain's height,
 With what old Bertram told at night,
 Awakened the full power of song,
 And bore him in career along; —
 As shallop launched on river's tide, 365
 That slow and fearful leaves the side,
 But, when it leaves the middle stream,
 Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

XV.

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

"The Minstrel came once more to view
 The eastern ridge of Benvenue, 370
 For ere he parted he would say
 Farewell to lovely Loch Achray —
 Where shall he find, in foreign land,
 So lone a lake, so sweet a strand! —
 There is no breeze upon the fern, 375
 No ripple on the lake,

this victory." *Taylor*. — 354–358. "There are several instances, at least in tradition, of persons so much attached to particular tunes as to require to hear them on their death-bed." *Scott*. — 362. *Bertram*, etc. This line not in MS. —

369. *Battle of Beal' an Duine*. "A skirmish actually took place at a pass thus called, in the Trosachs, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text." *Scott*. See lines 563–573, and note on line 567. — 376, etc. "The liveliness of this description of the battle is due to the greater variety of the metre, which resembles that of *Marmion*. The three-accent lines, introduced at intervals, give it lightness, and the repetition of the same rhyme enables the poet to throw together without break all that forms part of one picture." *Taylor*. Test Mr. Taylor's views. —

Upon her eyry nods the erne,
 The deer has sought the brake;
 The small birds will not sing aloud,
 The springing trout lies still, 380
 So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
 That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
 Benledi's distant hill.
 Is it the thunder's solemn sound
 That mutters deep and dread, 385
 Or echoes from the groaning ground
 The warrior's measured tread?
 Is it the lightning's quivering glance
 That on the thicket streams,
 Or do they flash on spear and lance 390
 The sun's retiring beams? —
 I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
 I see the Moray's silver star,
 Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
 That up the lake comes winding far! 395
 To hero boune for battle-strife,
 Or bard of martial lay,
 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
 One glance at their array!

XVI.

"Their light-armed archers far and near 400
 Surveyed the tangled ground,
 Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
 A twilight forest frowned,
 Their barded horsemen in the rear
 The stern battalia crowned. 405

377. **eyry** = nest or brood? place where the hawk or eagle builds her nest? — Pronunciation? — **erne**. A.S. *earn* = sea-eagle? — 392. See on iv, 153. — 396. **boune** = bound? ready? — See iv, 36. Usually misprinted. Taylor calls attention to the alliteration in describing the distant rumblings of the soldier's march. Fancy or fact? —

404. **barded**. French *barde*, horse armor. Holinshed (in age of Elizabeth) speaks of 'barded horses, all covered with iron.' — Scott, in *Lay of Last Minstrel*, i, 311, uses it. — Most editions change it to *barbed*. — 405. **battalia**. "A plural formed, after a false analogy, like that of Greek nouns, such as *phenomenon*." Taylor. "Not a plural of *battalion*, as some have seemed to think." Rolfe. — Defined, 'order of battle, disposition or arrangement of troops, an army in battle array, also the main

No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
 Still were the pipe and drum;
 Save heavy tread and armor's clang,
 'The sullen march was dumb.
 There breathed no wind their crests to shake, 410
 Or wave their flags abroad;
 Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
 That shadowed o'er their road.
 Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
 Can rouse no lurking foe, 415
 Nor spy a trace of living thing,
 Save when they stirred the roe;
 The host moves like a deep-sea wave,
 Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
 High-swelling, dark, and slow. 420
 The lake is passed, and now they gain
 A narrow and a broken plain,
 Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws;
 And here the horse and spearmen pause,
 While, to explore the dangerous glen, 425
 Dive through the pass the archer-men.

XVII.

"At once there rose so wild a yell
 Within that dark and narrow dell,
 As all the fiends from heaven that fell
 Had pealed the banner-cry of hell! 430
 Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
 Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
 The archery appear:
 For life! for life! their flight they ply—
 And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry, 435

battalia or body'; battalion. In Shakespeare's *Richard III*, it seems to mean host, army. — 414. *vaward*. Fr. *avant*, before; *garde*, guard. *Avant* is *ab*, from, and *ante*, before. — The *vanguard* is the troops who march in front of the main body of an army. — *Vaward* is Shakesperian. — 418–420. Every old soldier who has seen disciplined troops advance in line of battle will bear testimony to the accuracy of this description. — 419. *pride*. Not 'power,' as sometimes printed. — 423. *Trosachs*'. See on i, 145. —

429. *as all*. Ellipsis? See on ii, 56. — 434. *flight they ply*. This expression puzzles the commentators, some of whom think it means, 'keep up a constant fire' of arrows. So Taylor, and perhaps Rolfe. In iii, 318,

And plaids and bonnets waving high,
 And broadswords flashing to the sky,
 Are maddening in the rear.
 Onward they drive in dreadful race,
 Pursuers and pursued; 440
 Before that tide of flight and chase,
 How shall it keep its rooted place,
 The spearmen's twilight wood? —
 'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances down!
 Bear back both friend and foe!' — 445
 Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
 That serried grove of lances brown
 At once lay levelled low;
 And closely shouldering side to side,
 The bristling ranks the onset bide. — 450
 'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
 As their Tinchel cows the game!
 They come as fleet as forest deer,
 We'll drive them back as tame.'

XVIII.

"Bearing before them in their course 455
 The relics of the archer force,
 Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
 Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
 Above the tide, each broadsword bright
 Was brandishing like beam of light, 460
 Each targe was dark below;
 And with the ocean's mighty swing,
 When heaving to the tempest's wing,
 They hurled them on the foe.

Malise 'plies his flying pace,' i.e. doubles and redoubles with vigor, employs vigorously, repeats energetically, toils briskly at his flying pace. Precisely so here? — 443. **twilight wood.** In line 403 we have 'a twilight forest' of pikes and spears. "In the twilight, they might have been mistaken at a distance for a wood." *Taylor*. Milton has 'a forest huge of spears.' *Par. Lost*, i, 546, 547. — 447. **serried.** Correctly used? — *Lat. serere*, to tie together, join, connect; *Fr. serrer*, press close, lock. — 449, 450. This couplet not in MS. — 452. **Tinchel.** "A circle of sportsmen, who, by surrounding a great space, and gradually narrowing, brought immense quantities of deer together, which usually made desperate efforts to break through the *Tinchel*." *Scott*. —

464. **hurled them.** Hurled *what*? See on v, 187. —

I heard the lance's shivering crash, 465
 As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
 I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
 As if a hundred anvils rang!
 But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
 Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank, — 470
 'My banner-man, advance!
 I see,' he cried, 'their column shake.
 Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
 Upon them with the lance!' —
 The horsemen dashed among the rout, 475
 As deer break through the broom;
 Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
 They soon make lightsome room.
 Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne —
 Where, where was Roderick then! 480
 One blast upon his bugle-horn
 Were worth a thousand men.
 And reflux through the pass of fear
 The battle's tide was poured;
 Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear, 485
 Vanished the mountain-sword.
 As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
 Receives her roaring linn,
 As the dark caverns of the deep
 Suck the wild whirlpool in, 490
 So did the deep and darksome pass
 Devour the battle's mingled mass;
 None linger now upon the plain,
 Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

469. *his rearward rank.* See lines 404, 405. Had Moray a *front* rank? — 473.

“Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
 Charge for the golden lilies, — upon them with the lance!”

— Macaulay's *Battle of Ivry*.

— 483. *refluent.* Lat. *re*, back; *fluere*, to flow.

MS. And reflux down the *darksome* pass
 The battle's tide was poured;
There toiled the spearman's struggling spear,
There raged the mountain sword,

— For the better? — 487. *Bracklinn's.* See on i, 71; ii, 270. —

XIX.

"Now westward rolls the battle's din, 495
 That deep and doubling pass within. —
 Minstrel, away! the work of fate
 Is bearing on; its issue wait
 Where the rude Trosachs' dread defile
 Opens on Katrine's lake and isle. 500
 Gray Benvenue I soon repassed,
 Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.
 The sun is set; — the clouds are met,
 The lowering scowl of heaven
 An inky hue of livid blue 505
 To the deep lake has given;
 Strange gusts of wind from mountain glen
 Swept o'er the lake, then sunk again.
 I heeded not the eddying surge,
 Mine eye but saw the Trosachs' gorge, 510
 Mine ear but heard that sullen sound,
 Which like an earthquake shook the ground,
 And spoke the stern and desperate strife
 That parts not but with parting life,
 Seeming, to minstrel ear, to toll 515
 The dirge of many a passing soul.
 Nearer it comes — the dim-wood glen
 The martial flood disgorged again,
 But not in mingled tide;
 The plaided warriors of the North 520
 High on the mountain thunder forth
 And overhang its side,
 While by the lake below appears
 The darkening cloud of Saxon spears.

497. MS. *Away!* away! the work of fate!

—499. *defile*. Lat. *de*, off; *filum*, a string; Eng. *defile*, to string off, go single file. —503, etc. Note the effect of color and rhyme. —509, 510. Rhyme? —See i, 223. —511. *that sullen*. In many editions, 'the sullen.' Any preference? —514. *parts not*, etc.

"The loveliness in death
 That parts not quite with parting breath." —Byron's *Giaour*.

—See on ii, 94.

515. MS. *And seemed* to minstrel ear, to toll
 The *parting* dirge of many a soul.

523. MS. While by the *darkened* lake below,
 File out the *spear-men* of the foe.

At weary bay each shattered band, 527
 Eying their foemen, sternly stand;
 Their banners stream like tattered sail,
 That flings its fragments to the gale,
 And broken arms and disarray
 Marked the fell havoc of the day. 530

XX.

"Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
 The Saxons stood in sullen trance,
 Till Moray pointed with his lance,
 And cried: 'Behold yon isle! —
 See! none are left to guard its strand 535
 But women weak, that wring the hand:
 'Tis there of yore the robber band
 Their booty wont to pile; —
 My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,
 To him will swim a bow-shot o'er, 540
 And loose a shallop from the shore.
 Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,
 Lords of his mate, and brood, and den.'
 Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
 On earth his casque and corselet rung, 545
 He plunged him in the wave: —
 All saw the deed, — the purpose knew,
 And to their clamors Benvenue
 A mingled echo gave;
 The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer, 550
 The helpless females scream for fear,
 And yells for rage the mountaineer.
 'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,
 Poured down at once the lowering heaven:

— much better? — 525. *bay*. See on i, 133; iv, 691. — 527. *tattered*. The 1st ed. has 'shattered.' Equally good?

532. *Saxons*. Some editions have 'Saxon.' Manifest error? — 538. *wont*. See on i, 408. — 539. *store*. See line 124; also on i, 548. — *bonnet pieces* = gold coins in which a bonnet instead of a crown was represented on the king's head, an emblem likely to win favor for the 'Commons' King.' — 540. Ellipsis? See i, 528. — 545. *casque*. Ital. and Span. *casco*, potsherd; skull; helmet. — *corselet*. Lat. *corpus*; Fr. *corps*, body; *corselet* (diminutive word), armor for the body. — 546. *him*. Whom?

A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast, 555
 Her billows reared their snowy crest.
 Well for the swimmer swelled they high,
 To mar the Highland marksman's eye;
 For round him showered, mid rain and hail,
 The vengeful arrows of the Gael. 560
 In vain. — He nears the isle — and lo!
 His hand is on a shallop's bow!
 Just then a flash of lightning came,
 It tinged the waves and strand with flame;
 I marked Duncraggan's widowed dame, 565
 Behind an oak I saw her stand,
 A naked dirk gleamed in her hand: —
 It darkened, — but amid the moan
 Of waves I heard a dying groan; —
 Another flash! — the spearman floats 570
 A weltering corse beside the boats,
 And the stern matron o'er him stood,
 Her hand and dagger streaming blood!

XXI.

"‘Revenge! revenge!’ the Saxons cried,
 The Gaels’ exulting shout replied. 575
 Despite the elemental rage,
 Again they hurried to engage;
 But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
 Bloody with spurring came a knight,

— Parallel instances? — 556. The 1st ed. has ‘billow reared his.’ — Inferior? —

564. MS. It tinged the *boats and lake* with flame.

— Judicious change? — “The eight closing lines of the stanza are interpolated on a slip of paper.” — 565. **Duncraggan’s widowed dame.** See iii, 348–451. — 567. The 1st edition has *Her husband’s dirk*. Why change it? — See on line 369. — In 1650 and 1651, after the battle of Dunbar (Sept. 3, 1650), Cromwell’s soldiers penetrated this country, and a skirmish took place at this pass in the Trosachs. To fetch back one of the boats a soldier swam to the wooded island, where the women, children, and valuables had been secreted; and just as he was laying hold of a black rock to get on shore, one of the women, Helen Stuart, snatched a dagger from beneath her apron, and with one stroke severed his head from his body! —

576. **elemental.** The ancient philosophers called fire, air, earth, and water the four *elements*. Which of these may be alluded to in *elemental*

Sprung from his horse, and from a crag 580
 Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
 Clarion and trumpet by his side
 Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,
 While, in the monarch's name, afar
 A herald's voice forbade the war, 585
 For Bothwell's lord and Roderick bold
 Were both, he said, in captive hold." —
 But here the lay made sudden stand,
 The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand!
 Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy 590
 How Roderick brooked his minstrelsy:
 At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,
 With lifted hand kept feeble time;
 That motion ceased, — yet feeling strong
 Varied his look as changed the song; 595
 At length, no more his deafened ear
 The minstrel melody can hear;
 His face grows sharp, — his hands are clenched,
 As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched;
 Set are his teeth, his fading eye 600
 Is sternly fixed on vacancy;
 Thus, motionless and moanless, drew
 His parting breath stout Roderick Dhu! —
 Old Allan-Bane looked on aghast,
 While grim and still his spirit passed; 605
 But when he saw that life was fled,
 He poured his wailing o'er the dead.

rage — 592. *chime*. Lat. *cymbālum*; Old Eng. *chimbe*; Fr. *cymbale*,
cymbal. — See iv, 524.

595. MS. *Glowed* in his look, as *swelled* the song.

— Better as altered? —

600. MS. Set are his teeth, his *{ glazing } eye*.
{ fiery }

— Wise choice made? — 602. **Thus.** Scott tells us that Rob Roy Mac-
 Gregor, visited, as he lay on his death-bed, by an old enemy, said, as soon
 as the latter left the house, "Now all is over — let the piper play *Ha til*
mi tulidh" [we return no more], and he is said to have expired before the
 dirge was finished. — 605. **grim.** Changed by Scott from 'stern,' because
 'sternly' occurs four lines above. For a similar reason he substituted in
 line 683 *fleet* for 'dun,' which had occurred in line 618. So he tells us. —

XXII.

LAMENT.

"And art thou cold and lowly laid,
 Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,
 Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade!'
 For thee shall none a requiem say? — 610
 For thee, who loved the minstrel's lay,
 For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,
 The shelter of her exiled line
 E'en in this prison-house of thine, 615
 I'll wail for Alpine's honored Pine!

"What groans shall yonder valleys fill!
 What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill!
 What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
 When mourns thy tribe thy battles done, 620
 Thy fall before the race was won,
 Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!
 There breathes not clansman of thy line
 But would have given his life for thine.
 O, woe for Alpine's honored Pine! 625

"Sad was thy lot on mortal stage! —
 The captive thrush may brook the cage,
 The prisoned eagle dies for rage.
 Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!
 And, when its notes awake again, 630
 Even she, so long beloved in vain,
 Shall with my harp her voice combine,
 And mix her woe and tears with mine,
 To wail Clan-Alpine's honored Pine."

609. MS. 'And art thou *gone*,' the *Minstrel* said.

— How better? — 609. **foeman's**. Sometimes misprinted **foemen's** — 610. **Breadalbane's**. See on ii, 416. — Note the effect of the threefold rhyme in producing emphasis. — See Corson's *Primer of English Verse*.

614. MS. The *mightiest* of a *mighty* line.

— Less appropriate? — 631. **even she**, etc. See ii, 748-754, etc. —

XXIII.

Ellen the while, with bursting heart, 635
 Remained in lordly bower apart,
 Where played, with many-colored gleams,
 Through storied pane the rising beams.
 In vain on gilded roof they fall,
 And lightened up a tapestried wall; 640
 And for her use a menial train
 A rich collation spread in vain.
 The banquet proud, the chamber gay,
 Scarce drew one curious glance astray;
 Or if she looked, 'twas but to say, 645
 With better omen dawned the day
 In that lone isle, where waved on high
 The dun-deer's hide for canopy;
 Where oft her noble father shared
 The simple meal her care prepared, 650
 While Lufra, crouching by her side,
 Her station claimed with jealous pride,
 And Douglas, bent on woodland game,
 Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græme,
 Whose answer, oft at random made, 655
 The wandering of his thoughts betrayed.
 Those who such simple joys have known
 Are taught to prize them when they're gone.
 But sudden, see, she lifts her head!
 The window seeks with cautious tread. 660
 What distant music has the power
 To win her in this woful hour?
 'Twas from a turret that o'erhung
 Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

638. **storied** = with pictured stories? — So Milton's 'storied windows richly dight,' *Il Penseroso*; and Gray's 'storied urn,' *Elegy*. — 639, 640. **fall . . . lightened**. Why this change of tense? Faulty? Would lighten be better? — **tapestried**. The walls were covered with pictured hangings? —

648. MS. The banquet *gay* the chamber's *pride*,
 Scarce *drew* one curious glance *aside*.

— 651. **Lufra**. See v, 698. —

653. MS. And Douglas, *earnest* on his game.

XXIV.

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN.

"My hawk is tired of perch and hood, 665
 My idle greyhound loathes his food,
 My horse is weary of his stall,
 And I am sick of captive thrall.
 I wish I were as I have been,
 Hunting the hart in forest green 670
 With bended bow and bloodhound free,
 For that's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time
 From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
 Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl, 675
 Inch after inch, along the wall.
 The lark was wont my matins ring,
 The sable rook my vespers sing;
 These towers, although a king's they be,
 Have not a hall of joy for me. 680
 No more at dawning morn I rise,
 And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
 Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
 And homeward wend with evening dew; ⁴
 A blithesome welcome blithely meet, 685
 And lay my trophies at her feet,
 While fled the eve on wing of glee, —
 That life is lost to love and me!"

665. **perch and hood.** See ii, 523-525. Disgust at inactivity? —

672. MS. For that's the life *was meant* for me.

What objection to this?

674. MS. From *darkened* steeple's drowsy chime.

— What steeple? See on v, 558. —

677. MS. The *lively* lark my matins *rung*.
 The sable rook my vespers *sung*.

— Bold ellipsis of *to*? Such ellipsis was common in Shakespeare's time.
 — 677. **matins.** See on i, 293. — 678. **vespers.** Lat. *Hesperus*, evening star; Lat. *vesper*, evening. —

680. MS. Have not a hall *should harbor* me.

— 683. **fleet.** See on line 605. — 686. **trophies.** See on i, 549. — 678. Is Malcolm as good a poet as Ellen? See i, 569-575; 616-621, etc.; 654-665. —

XXV.

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,
 The listener had not turned her head, 690
 It trickled still, the starting tear,
 When light a footstep struck her ear,
 And Snowdown's graceful Knight was near.
 She turned the hastier, lest again
 The prisoner should renew his strain. 695
 "O welcome, brave Fitz-James!" she said;
 "How may an almost orphan maid
 Pay the deep debt—" "O say not so!
 To me no gratitude you owe.
 Not mine, alas! the boon to give, 700
 And bid thy noble father live;
 I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
 With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.
 No tyrant he, though ire and pride
 May lay his better mood aside. 705
 Come, Ellen, come! 'tis more than time,
 He holds his court at morning prime.
 With beating heart, and bosom wrung,
 As to a brother's arm she clung.
 Gently he dried the falling tear, 710
 And gently whispered hope and cheer;
 Her faltering steps half led, half stayed,
 Through gallery fair and high arcade,
 Till at his touch its wings of pride,
 A portal arch unfolded wide. 715

XXVI.

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,
 A thronging scene of figures bright;
 It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight,

707. *morning prime* = early in the morning [Rolfe]? the first quarter of the day [Taylor]? dawn [Ginn]? the first canonical hour of prayer, 6 A.M.?—712. *stayed*. Old Fr. *estayer*, to prop.—713. *arcade*. Late Lat. *arcata*, an arched structure; Lat. *arcus*, a bow; Fr. *arcade*.—

716. MS. Within 'twas brilliant all, and *bright*
The vision glowed on Ellen's sight.

As when the setting sun has given
 Ten thousand hues to summer even, 720
 And from their tissue fancy frames
 Aerial knights and fairy dames.
 Still by Fitz-James her footing staid;
 A few faint steps she forward made,
 Then slow her drooping head she raised, 725
 And fearful round the presence gazed;
 For him she sought who owned this state,
 The dreaded Prince whose will was fate!—
 She gazed on many a princely port
 Might well have ruled a royal court; 730
 On many a splendid garb she gazed,—
 Then turned bewildered and amazed,
 For all stood bare; and in the room
 Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.
 To him each lady's look was lent, 735
 On him each courtier's eye was bent;
 Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
 He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
 The centre of the glittering ring,—
 And Snowdown's Knight is Scotland's King! 740

XXVII.

As wreath of snow on mountain-breast
 Slides from the rock that gave it rest,

— What objection to this reading?—726. *presence* = immediate vicinity to one of exalted rank? reception-room? presence-chamber?—In *Henry VIII.* III, i, 17, we have the latter sense, thus:

"An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
 Wait in the *presence*."

727. MS. For him who own'd this *royal* state.

state = body politic? condition? pomp?—729. *port*. Lat. *portāre*; Fr. *porter*, to carry, bear; *port*, bearing, mien.—737. *sheen*. See on i, 208.
 —739. *ring*. Like "I see thee compassed by thy kingdom's pearl," *Macbeth*, V, viii, 56.—This stanza, xxvi, is highly wrought. Point out its salient features and particular graces.—740. Scott is at pains to inform us that the incident is founded upon Scottish tradition of what actually befell King James in one of his love adventures. "For the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from the less justifiable motive of gallantry, he used to traverse the vicinage of his several palaces in various disguises."—

Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
 And at the Monarch's feet she lay;
 No word her choking voice commands, — 745
 She showed the ring, — she clasped her hands.
 O, not a moment could he brook,
 The generous Prince, that suppliant look!
 Gently he raised her, — and, the while,
 Checked with a glance the circle's smile; 750
 Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,
 And bade her terrors be dismissed: —
 "Yes, fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James
 The fealty of Scotland claims.
 To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring; 755
 He will redeem his signet ring.
 Ask naught for Douglas; — yester even
 His Prince and he have much forgiven;
 Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,
 I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong. 760
 We would not, to the vulgar crowd,
 Yield what they craved with clamor loud;
 Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
 Our council aided and our laws.
 I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern 765
 With stout De Vaux and gray Glencairn;
 And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own
 The friend and bulwark of our throne. —
 But, lovely infidel, how now?
 What clouds thy misbelieving brow? 770
 Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;
 Thou must confirm this doubting maid."

748. MS. Poor Ellen *shrinking quits* her stay.

— "Mr. Ruskin (*Modern Painters*, iii, 248) bids us note the northern love of rocks in the opening of this stanza. 'Dante could not have thought of his *cut rocks* as giving rest even to snow. He must put it on the pine branches, if it is to be at peace.'" *Taylor*. — 757. *yester even*. See on i, 457; v, 104. — 758. *Is have* correctly used here? — 766. *Glencairn*. He "is the *dowre* [stout, sullen, stubborn] enemy of Douglas in the ballad of *Archie Kilspindie*." —

XXVIII.

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,
 And on his neck his daughter hung.
 The Monarch drank, that happy hour, 775
 The sweetest, holiest draught of Power, —
 When it can say with godlike voice,
 Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!
 Yet would not James the general eye
 On nature's raptures long should pry; 780
 He stepped between — "Nay, Douglas, nay,
 Steal not my proselyte away!
 The riddle 'tis my right to read,
 That brought this happy chance to speed.
 Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray 785
 In life's more low but happier way,
 'Tis under name which veils my power,
 Nor falsely veils, — for Stirling's tower
 Of yore the name of Snowdown claims,
 And Normans call me James Fitz-James. 790
 Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
 Thus learn to right the injured cause."
 Then, in a tone apart and low, —
 "Ah, little traitress! none must know
 What idle dream, what lighter thought, 795
 What vanity full dearly bought,
 Joined to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
 My spell-bound steps to Benvenue

780. **pry.** Properly used with *on*? — 782. **proselyte.** Gr. *προσηλυτος*, *proselutos*, a comer, one who has come as a convert to the Jewish or Christian faith. — 783. **read.** A.S. *raedan*, to advise; discern; Old Swed. *reda*, to explain. See on v, 334. — 784. **to speed** = to a successful result [Ginn]? to a fortunate issue [Rolfe] or, to pass (if *speed* be a verb) [Rolfe]? — A.S. *spēd*, success; swiftness. —

786. MS. In *lowly* life's more *happy* way. —

Any better as changed? — 789. **name of Snowdown.** "It was probably derived from the romantic legend which connected Stirling with King Arthur, to which the mention of the Round Table gives countenance. The ring within which justs were formerly practised, in the castle park, is still called the Round Table." *Scott*.

798. MS. *Thy sovereign back* }
Thy sovereign's steps } to Benvenue.

In dangerous hour, and all but gave
 Thy monarch's life to mountain glaive!" 800
 Aloud he spoke, "Thou still dost hold
 That little talisman of gold,
 Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring,—
 What seeks fair Ellen of the King?"

XXIX.

Full well the conscious maiden guessed 805
 He probed the weakness of her breast;
 But with that consciousness there came
 A lightening of her fears for Græme,
 And more she deemed the Monarch's ire
 Kindled 'gainst him who for her sire 810
 Rebellious broadsword boldly drew;
 And, to her generous feeling true,
 She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.
 "Forbear thy suit;—the King of kings
 Alone can stay life's parting wings! 815
 I know his heart, I know his hand,
 Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand;—
 My fairest earldom would I give
 To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live!—
 Hast thou no other boon to crave? 820
 No other captive friend to save?"
 Blushing, she turned her from the King,
 And to the Douglas gave the ring,
 As if she wished her sire to speak
 The suit that stained her glowing cheek. 825

— Why better as revised?—800. *glaive*. See on iv, 150; 274; v, 253.—
 802. *talisman*. Gr. *τέλεσμα*, *telesma*, initiation, mystery; Arabic, *tilism*,
tilsiman, a magical image; *teilsaman*, horoscope.—

808. MS. Pledge of Fitz-James's faith, *the ring*.

808. Some editions have *lightning* in place of *lightening*. Proper?—

809. MS. "And in her breast strove maiden shame;
 More *deep* she deemed the monarch's ire
 Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire,
Against his Sovereign broadsword drew;
 And, *with a pleading warm* and true,
 She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu."

813. *grace*. Properly used for pardon?—825. *stained*. Is this word

"Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
 And stubborn justice holds her course.
 Malcolm, come forth!" — and, at the word,
 Down kneeled the Græme to Scotland's Lord.
 "For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues, 830
 From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,
 Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
 Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
 And sought amid thy faithful clan
 A refuge for an outlawed man, 835
 Dishonoring thus thy loyal name. —
 Fetters and warder for the Græme!"
 His chain of gold the King unstrung,
 The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
 Then gently drew the glittering band, 840
 And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand!

HARP of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
 On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
 In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
 The deer, half seen, are to the covert wending. 845
 Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
 And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
 Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
 With distant echo from the fold and lea,
 And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee. 850

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel Harp!
 Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
 And little reck I of the censure sharp
 May idly cavil at an idle lay.

well chosen? — 837. **warder**. See on i, 38. — **the Græme**. Jeffrey says, "Malcolm Græme has too insignificant a part assigned him, considering the favor in which he is held both by Ellen and the author." A fair criticism?

842. **Harp of the North, farewell**. See the stanzas introductory to Canto I. — 846. **wizard elm**. See on i, 2. — 850. **housing** = making for

Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way, 855
 Through secret woes the world has never known,
 When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
 And bitterer was the grief devoured alone. —
 That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire, 860
 Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
 'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
 'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing!
 Receding now, the dying numbers ring
 Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell; 865
 And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
 A wandering witch-note of the distant spell —
 And now, 'tis silent all! — Enchantress, fare thee well!

the house (hive)? — 858. **grief devoured.** "My tears have been my meat"; "Thou feedest them with the bread of tears"; "bread of adversity," *Psalms*, xlii, 3; lxxx, 5; *Isaiah*, xxx, 20. — We have here a hint of sorrows of which Scott was too manly to complain? — 862. **seraph . . . fire.** *Seraph*, Hebrew *saraph*, to burn?

"As the rapt seraph that adores and burns." — *Pope*.

APPENDIX.

JAMES V.

[Outline.]

His father, James IV, lost his life on the 9th of September, 1513, in the disastrous battle of Flodden Field. James was born April 10th, 1512, at Linlithgow, and, when a year and a half old, was crowned king at Scone, in October, 1513. At first the regency was vested in his mother, Margaret of England, sister of Henry VIII. In 1514 she married Archibald Douglas, sixth Earl of Angus. She becoming unpopular, the regency was transferred by the Estates to the Duke of Albany.

The English forbore to follow up their victory at Flodden; but the close connection of Albany with France aroused the jealousy of Henry VIII, and Scotland was continually exposed to more or less serious attacks from the English. Finally, Albany, to whose arrogant bearing and French manners and habits not even the enmity against him of Henry could reconcile the Estates, took his departure in 1524 to the country of his choice.

Thereupon, through the scheming of Henry, James was "erected" king in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, ruling the kingdom by the advice of his mother and the lords in council.

In 1526 James was persuaded to choose as his governor the Earl of Angus, who kept him in close confinement until May, 1528, when James made his escape from Falkland.¹ The young king now adopted measures so vigorous against Angus as to compel him to flee to England. In 1532, the Earl, taking advantage of the discontent in the south of Scotland caused by the king's conduct towards the Armstrongs,² and of the distracted condition of the Highlands, aided an English raid on the borders. Shortly afterwards negotiations for peace were begun, and a treaty was finally signed in 1534.

In January, 1537, James, who had gone to France the preceding September, to woo and wed Mary, daughter of the Duke of Vendome, but had broken off the match, married Madeline, daughter of the king of France. She died in the following July. In June, 1538, he espoused Mary of Lorraine, daughter of the Duke of Guise.

¹ Twenty-two miles N.N.W. of Edinburgh.

² Mentioned in the notes on p. 68.

Henry VIII was by no means satisfied with the influence he exercised in Scottish affairs, and thought himself slighted by his nephew. He was especially provoked at the interest taken by James in foreign politics, and in 1542 despatched an expedition against Scotland. It failed from want of a proper commissariat. James determined on reprisals, but owing to the tardy and inadequate coöperation of his nobles, his army was signally defeated and scattered at Solway Moss in Cumberland, November 25th, 1542. On the 14th of the following December, James died at Falkland Palace. Seven days before his death, as he was suffering from a burning fever, tidings was brought him that his wife had given birth to a daughter. "Is it so?" he replied. "'Then God's will be done. It came with a lass, and it will go with a lass.'" His words were regarded as prophetic of the extinction of his house. The child became the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, mother of James I of England and grandmother of Charles I.

CHARACTER OF JAMES V.

[From Bishop Leslie's "*History of Scotland*," 1578.]

THERE was great dole and moan made for him through all the parts of his realm; because he was a noble prince and travailed [labored] mickle [much] all his days for maintaining of his subjects in peace, justice, and quietness. He was a man of personage [person] and stature convenient [becoming], albeit mighty and strong therewith; of countenance amiable and lovely, especially in his communication; his eyes gray and sharp of sight, that whomsoever he did once see and mark, he would perfectly know in all times thereafter; of wit in all things quick and prompt; of a princely stomach [courage] and high courage in great perils, doubtful affairs, and matters of weighty importance. He had in a manner a divine foresight; for in such things as he went about to do, he did them advisedly and with great deliberation, to the intent that, amongst all men, his wit and prudence might be noted and regarded, and as far excel and pass all others in weight and dignity. Besides this, he was sober, moderate, honest, affable, courteous, and so far abhorred pride and arrogance that he was ever sharp and quick to them which were spotted or noted with that crime.

He was also a good and sure justiciar [judge in criminal matters], by the which one thing he allured to him the hearts of all the people, because they lived quietly and in rest, out of all oppression and molestation of the nobility and rich persons; and to this severity of his was joined and annexed a certain merciful pity, which he did oftentimes show to such as had offended, taking rather compositions of money nor [than] men's lives. Which was a plain argument that he did use his rigor only, as he said himself, to bow and abate the high and wrongous hearts of the people, specially Irishmen [Ersemen or Highlanders] and borderers, and others nursed and brought up in seditious factions and civil rebellions; and not for greedy desire of riches or hunger of money, although such as were afflicted would cry

out. And surely this good and modest prince did not devour and consume the riches of his country; for he by his high policy marvellously riched his realm and himself, both with gold and silver, all kinds of rich substance, whereof he left great store and quantity in all his palaces at his departing. And so this king, living all his time in the favor of fortune, in high honor, riches, and glory, and, for his noble acts and prudent policies, worthy to be registered in the book of fame, gave up and rendered his spirit into the hands of Almighty God.

SOLDIER'S SONG.

[*Lines 90-107, Canto VI.*]

OUR vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule
Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl,
That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black-jack,
And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack.
Yet, whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor,
Drink upsees out, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip;
Says that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,
And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye.
Yet, whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the quicker,
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar thus preaches,—and why should he not?
For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot;
And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch
Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church.
Yet, whoop, bully boys! off with your liquor,
Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar!

HOW TO STUDY ENGLISH LITERATURE.

[*From George H. Martin, Agent of the Mass. Board of Education.*]

WHAT is wanted is a carefully graded course, which, beginning with the poetry of action, should lead the student step by step to the sentimental and the reflective, all in their simplest forms, thence through the more elaborate narrative to the epic and the dramatic. The aim here is not to teach authors or works, but poetry; and the works are selected for their value as illustrations, without reference to their authors. A parallel course in the study of prose should be pursued with the same end. Then, having learned what poetry is and what prose is, what they contain and how to find their contents, the pupils would be prepared to take up the study of individual authors. Having studied the authors, the final step would be to study the history of the literature, in which the relation of the authors to each other and to their times would appear. This would place the study of literature on a scientific basis,—first elementary ideas, then individual wholes, then relations and classifications.

[From an address by L. R. Williston, A.M., Supervisor of Public Schools, Boston.]

How shall the teacher bring his pupils best to see and feel the thoughts of his author as he saw and felt them?

First, Read the work carefully with them. Let the teacher read, and question as he reads. Let him often ask for paraphrases, and draw out in every way the thought of his class, making sure that all is clear. Let every *impression* have a corresponding *expression*, which shall re-act, and deepen the impression.

Second, When a part of the work, an act, book, or canto, has been carefully read, assign a theme for a written essay. Let the class tell what the poet has attempted, how he has succeeded, what are the impressions made by the characters, scenes, and descriptions.

Let the teacher himself write upon the themes assigned to his class, and thus give them a model of what he wishes them to do.

Third, When the book or play has been carefully read and studied in this way in all its parts, let it be re-read in a larger and freer way than before. Let the pupils read, and the teacher watch to see if the thought is clearly apprehended by the pupil. Let the fine passages be read again and again by different members of the class, and their rendering be criticised by class and teacher. If the work read be a play, let the parts be taken by different members of the class. Let all the parts of the work now be studied in their relation to each other and to the whole. Essays now should be written upon subjects suggested by this more comprehensive study of the work, — a comparison of characters, noteworthy scenes and their bearing upon the whole, the style of the author, and his skill in description, dramatic presentation, or invention.

If it is objected that it is impossible for a teacher with a large class to revise and correct such a mass of written work, I answer that it is not to be expected that all the written work of a class should be read and carefully corrected by the teacher. Let him criticise, or rather call upon his class to do so, what is noticeably wrong in the essays as they are read. In these exercises, let the attention be directed chiefly to the thought. Let thought govern and direct expression. From time to time, according to the number of his class and the teacher's ability, let him assign essays to be carefully written and handed in for his own careful reading and criticism. But let there be an abundance of free and rapid writing, that composition, that is, thought put into writing, may become easy and natural. The object of the writing is not to teach the correct use of English, so much as to make clear thinkers and to fix and deepen impressions.

Fourth, With the careful reading and study of some book *in school*, I think it important that there should go the reading of some other book *out of school*. Flowers are not all to be picked and analyzed, but are to be enjoyed as they are seen by "him who runs." "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, some few to be chewed and digested." Let the pupil have his exercise in merely "tasting" books, with enjoyment as the chief end. Let the teacher be his

guide, and merely ask him to report what he finds. In other words, let him read, as we all read when we read for pleasure, — with his mind at ease and open to every charm that genius can present. Let the teacher make the book the subject of conversation with his class, and draw their attention by his questions to the chief points which make it noteworthy.

To what extent shall the memory be called upon in the study of English literature? Not, I think, to commit long passages, whole books, and cantos of poems. Let the pupil absorb as much as possible in frequent reading and in study. Now and then, let a few striking lines, that have been learned by *heart* rather than committed to *memory*, be recited. Do not make a disagreeable task of any such exercise. For, that our pupils may receive the highest and best influence from this study of English literature, it is essential that they love it, and retain only pleasant memories of the hours spent at school in the society of its best authors.

[From *J. M. Buchan, Inspector of High Schools, Ontario, Canada*; quoted in *Blaisdell's "Outline Studies in English Classics,"* a work that should be in the hands of every teacher of our literature.]

With all classes of pupils alike, the main thing to be aimed at by the teacher is to lead them clearly and fully to understand the meaning of the author they are reading, and to appreciate the beauty, the nobleness, the justness, or the sublimity of his thoughts and language. Parsing, the analysis of sentences, the derivation of words, the explanation of allusions, the scansion of verse, the pointing-out of figures of speech, the hundred and one minor matters on which the teacher may easily dissipate the attention of the pupil, should be strictly subordinated to this great aim. . . . It is essential that the mind of the reader should be put *en rapport* with that of the writer. There is something in the influence of a great soul upon another, which defies analysis. No analysis of a poem, however subtle, can produce the same effect upon the mind and heart as the reading of the poem itself.

Though the works of Shakespeare and Milton and our other great writers were not intended by their authors to serve as text-books for future generations, yet it is unquestionably the case that a large amount of information may be imparted, and a very valuable training given, if we deal with them as we deal with Homer and Horace in our best schools. Parsing, grammatical analysis, the derivation of words, prosody, composition, the history of the language, and to a certain extent the history of the race, may be both more pleasantly and more profitably taught in this than in any other way. It is advisable for these reasons, also, that the study of these subjects should be conjoined with that of the English literature. Not only may time be thus economized, but the difficulty of fixing the attention of flighty and inappreciative pupils may more easily be overcome.

[From F. G. Fleay's "*Guide to Chaucer and Spenser*."]

No doubtful critical point should ever be set before the student as ascertained. One great advantage of these studies is the acquirement of a power of forming a judgment in cases of conflicting evidence. Give the student the evidence; state your own opinion, if you like; but let him judge for himself.

No extracts or incomplete works should be used. The capability of appreciating a whole work, as a whole, is one of the principal aims in æsthetic culture.

It is better to read thoroughly one simple play or poem than to know details about all the dramatists and poets. The former trains the brain to judge of other plays or poems; the latter only loads the memory with details that can at any time be found, when required, in books of reference.

For these studies to completely succeed, they must be as thorough as our classical studies used to be. No difficult point in syntax, prosody, accidence, or pronunciation; no variation in manners or customs; no historical or geographical allusion,—must be passed over without explanation. This training in exactness will not interfere with, but aid, the higher aims of literary training.

[From Rev. Henry N. Hudson, *Shakespearian Editor*.]

I have never had and never will have anything but simple exercises; the pupils reading the author under the teacher's direction, correction, and explanation; the teacher not even requiring, though usually advising, them to read over the matter in advance. Thus it is a joint communing of teacher and pupils with the author for the time being; just that, and nothing more. Nor, assuredly, can such communion, in so far as it is genial and free, be without substantial and lasting good,—far better, indeed, than any possible cramming of mouth and memory for recitation. The one thing needful here is, that the pupils rightly understand and feel what they read; this secured, all the rest will take care of itself.

[From Professor J. M. D. Meiklejohn, *Univ. of St. Andrews*.]

The first purpose in this elaborate annotation is, of course, the full working out of the author's meaning. . . . This thorough excavation of the meaning of a really profound thinker is one of the very best kinds of training that a boy or girl can receive at school. . . . And always new rewards come to the careful reader—in the shape of new meanings, recognitions of thoughts he had before missed, of relations between the characters that had before escaped him. . . . It is probable that, for those pupils who do not study either Greek or Latin, this close examination of every word and phrase in the text will be the best substitute that can be found for the study of the ancient classics.

[From Professor Wm. Taylor Thom.]

Coleridge's dictum remains true: "In order to get the full sense of a word, we should first present to our minds the visual image that forms its primary meaning."

[From Professor Hiram Corson, of Cornell University.]

An indispensable condition of the appreciation of poetic forms is a well-cultivated voice. Without a proper vocal rendering, no poetry, worth reading, can be duly appreciated. The articulating thought may be got through silent reading; but the indefinite, informing spirit can be reached, if reached at all, only through a proper vocal rendition of the verse.

[From Samuel Thurber, Girls' High School, Boston.]

I urge teachers assiduously to cultivate in their pupils the power of poetic expression. The poet, the finest of artists, the maker *par excellence*, builds his verse with infinite pains, ordering his accents, matching his rhymes, adjusting his pauses, choosing word and phrase for effects of melody, fitting his diction to his theme, elaborating figures to give new tone and elevation to his thought. To interpret, to render, his work requires no painful practice over an instrument of art. This is an attainment quite within the power of every human being.

From all that has been quoted from the foregoing authorities, it may justly be inferred that somehow or other the pupil must be made to feel an *interest* in the subject, to *admire* what is admirable in the composition, and really to *enjoy* its study. Secure this interest, admiration, enjoyment; and all else will follow as a matter of course: fail here, and the time is wasted.

Every good teacher will have methods of his own; but the following suggestions, or some of them, may be of practical value to most instructors:—

- I. The poem should be read very hastily, at first, for the *outline* of the story or course of thought.
- II. Having thus grasped it as a whole, it should again be read through, this time, with some care for the *details* of the story and course of thought.
- III. Then the thorough study of each and every part should be begun.
- IV. At the beginning of the class exercise, or as often as needful, require of the pupil a statement of—
 - (a) The main object of the author in the whole poem, oration, play, or other production of which to-day's lesson is a part.

- (b) The object of the author in this particular canto, chapter, act, or other division or subdivision of the main work.
- V. Read or recite from memory (or have the pupils do it) the finest part or parts of the last lesson. The elocutionary talent of the class should be utilized here, in order that the author may appear at his best.
 - VI. Require at times (often enough to keep the whole fresh in memory) a *résumé* of the 'argument,' story, or succession of topics, up to the present lesson.
 - VII. Have the student read aloud the sentence, paragraph, or lines, now (or previously) assigned. The appointed portion should have some unity.
 - VIII. Let the student interpret exactly the meaning by substituting his own words: explain peculiarities. This translation or paraphrase should often be in *writing*.
 - IX. Let him state the immediate object of the author in *these* lines. Is this object relevant? important? appropriate in *this* place?
 - X. Let him point out the ingredients (particular thoughts) that make up the passage. Are they in good taste? just? natural? well arranged?
 - XI. Let him point out other merits or defects, — anything noteworthy as regards nobleness of principle or sentiment, grace, delicacy, beauty, rhythm, sublimity, wit, wisdom, humor, *naïveté*, kindliness, pathos, energy, concentrated truth, logical force, originality; give allusions, kindred passages, principles illustrated, etc.

Pupils liable to assist each other should as a rule not be set at work upon the same passage, especially if the exercise is to be in writing. Each should be independent of interference.

As an illustration of the way in which a choice passage may be made the basis of a language lesson and of rhetorical drill, take the first stanza of Canto III, *Lady of the Lake*, —

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
 Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
 And told our marvelling boyhood legends store
 Of their strange ventures happed by land or sea —
 How are they blotted from the things that be!
 How few, all weak and withered of their force,
 Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
 Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
 To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

- (1) Let the pupil memorize this, and recite it with proper voice and expression.
- (2) Let him explain any difficult or unusual word, phrase, or sentence.
- (3) Next, let him translate the passage into equivalent English, avoiding, if practicable, the use of the words of the author.

(4) Let him point out peculiarities, merits, and palpable blemishes, if any, or possible improvements in the stanza.

(5) Let the teacher, if he has not done so already, call for criticisms.

(6) In the light of this comment and criticism, let the stanza be read once more, with all the elocutionary skill attainable.

Under heading marked (2), the average student would perhaps proceed as follows, either orally, or with prepared manuscript:—

Yore means of the olden time, or long ago. [It is from the Anglo-Saxon word, *geara*, meaning years.] It is now obsolete or poetic. *Legends* [Latin *legenda*, things that ought to be read] means remarkable stories, myths, or fables, that have come down from past ages, and that cannot be verified by historical records. *Store* [Latin, *instaurāre*, to build, renew, restore; Old English, *stor*, provisions, supplies, abundance] means in plenty, numerous. *Ventures* [Lat. (*res*) *ventura* (a thing) about to come] is the same as *adventures*, undertakings attended with some risk. *Happed* is Old English for happened. *Be* is for *are* [shortened from Old Eng. plural *been*].

The years circle on in their unceasing career. The generation of old, that dandled our babyhood in its lap, and to us, wondering boys, related tales in abundance of extraordinary adventures that chanced to them afloat or ashore—how they are obliterated from existing objects! What a small number, altogether feeble and shrivelled in vigor, like shattered vessels on a sea-beach, are tarrying on the edge of the dim infinite ocean of futurity, till the roughly murmuring flood comes back again to brush them away from our view! Onward the years unceasingly revolve.

This stanza is called Spenserian, from Edmund Spenser, who used it in his great poem, *The Faërie Queene*. It consists of nine lines. The first eight are pentameter, each of ten syllables and five accents. The ninth is hexameter or Alexandrine. It has twelve syllables and six accents. The feet are iambic; an unaccented syllable followed by an accented one. The rhymes are ingeniously interwoven; the first and third lines rhyming together; also the second, fourth, fifth, and seventh; and, lastly, the sixth, eighth, and ninth.

The stanza is sonorous, and possesses a solemn beauty and harmony appropriate to the serious thoughts it presents, — the brevity of human life, the pleasant memories of childhood long past,

“And that vast ocean we must sail so soon.”

The alliteration in the first, fifth, sixth, eighth, and ninth lines adds smoothness. The long vowels in the first line introduce the thought with great dignity. The word *hoarse*, in the eighth line, is happily imitative of the sullen roar of the ocean; and the word *sweep*, in the ninth, has in its sound an inherent energy that strongly conveys the thought. In the fifth line, *all weak and withered of their force*, is perhaps verbose, if not tautological; but the neat alliteration may be allowed to counterbalance the defect.

The stanza forms a fit introduction to the story of the fiery cross; for it brings dimly before us the aged men who had themselves perhaps actually participated in such scenes. One of them told Scott he had himself sent the fiery cross through one of the Highland districts during the civil war of 1745-1746.

Criticism by the class and the teacher, with supplementary matter, may properly follow; and, lastly, the best reader in the class should recite the stanza, with appropriate elocution.

The foregoing rather crude treatment of these lines, supplemented by judicious comments, may illustrate what we believe to be one of the best possible exercises for giving fullness and accuracy in language and for cultivating the taste. It will be found, upon inspection, that our notes are prepared with a view to such exercises. Sometimes interpretations that are very nearly equivalent are given, in order that a nicety of taste and a felicity of expression may be developed in choosing among them. Care must be taken, however, not to push these or any other class exercises so far into detail as to render them uninteresting, or to withdraw attention from the great features of the poem. It must ever be borne in mind that it is of vital importance to make the student *enjoy* this study.

SOME TOPICS FOR ESSAYS.

The Spenserian stanza.
The chase and falconry.
The story of Canto I.
The story of Canto II.
The story of Canto III.
The story of Canto IV.
The story of Canto V.
The story of Canto VI.
The vicinity of Loch Katrine.
Celt and Saxon.
Highlanders and Lowlanders.
Gael and Borderers.
Outline sketch of James V.
The Douglas of the poem.
Scottish bards.
Allan-bane.
Ellen Douglas.
Second sight among the Scotch.
Gaelic hospitality.
Fergus and Ascobart.
Roderick Dhu.
Song in Canto I.
Songs in Canto II.
Songs in Canto III.

Songs in Canto IV.
Heraldry.
Athletic games in Canto V.
Battle, lament, and lay, in Canto VI.
Story of Blanche of Devan.
The Druids.
Brian the Hermit.
The fiery cross.
Scottish superstition.
Bothwell's bannered hall.
Malcolm's action and character.
Story of Alice Brand.
The Taghairm.
The Daoine Shi', or Men of Peace.
First meeting of Fitz-James and Roderick.
Story of Blanche and of Red Murdoch.
Story of the "Bleeding Heart."
Bruce and Douglas.
Beltane and Moorish dancers.
Deterioration in the meaning of words. Inferences therefrom.
Stirling Castle.

Holyrood Palace.	Closing scene of the poem.
Highland dress and arms.	Scottish scenery.
Battle of the Trosachs.	Clanship in Scotland.
Combat between James and Roderick.	Knighthood and its obligations.
Omens and portents.	Color in the poem.
Robin Hood and his Merry Men.	Romans in Scotland.
Death of Roderick.	Duncan, his widow, his son.
Weird women.	Scott's life and character.
	Scott's poetry and prose.

INDEX OF WORDS.

A

abbey, 164
 Aberfoyle, 16
 accent [in verse], 45
 according pause, 12
 Achray, 16
 adown, 14
 adventures, 139
 adventurers, 179
 after [= afterwards ?], 47
 Albany, 143
 Allan-bane, 44, etc.
 Allan, 133
 allies, 70
 amain, 19, 69
 ambuscade, 150
 anathema, 87
 an hero, 63
 antiquity, 81
 antlered, 14
 arcade, 202
 archer wight, 167
 Archibald, 56, 163
 ardent, 12
 argument, 11
 Armstrong, 68
 arraignment, 148
 art, 129
 Arthur, 203
 as [= as if ?], 67
 Ascabart, 86
 aspirate letters, 92
 astound, 71
 astrand, 188
 atone, 129, 171
 aught, 65, 66, 115
 augured, 86
 Ave Maria, 25, 103

B

ballad, 122
 Balquidder, 108
 Balvaig, 108
 ban, 86
 banditti, 175
 Bannochbar, 61
 barded, 191
 barefooted, 81
 barren heritage, 87
 barret, 186

bat, 184
 battalia, 191
 batten, 184
 battle, 190
 battled, 174, 178
 battlement, 21
 bay, to, 18, 196
 beacon, 18
 bead, 25
 beakers, 179
 Beala-nam-bo, 89
 Beal'an Duine, 190
 Beal'maha, 114
 beamed, 14
 bear it out, 112
 be [plural ?], 73
 beetled, 71
 bells, 167
 Beltane, 56, 60
 Ben-an, 24
 Benharrow, 82
 Benledi, 17, 98
 Ben Loimond, 65
 Ben-Shie, 86
 Benvenue, 16
 Benvoirlich, 13
 beshrew, 25
 betide, 133
 better time, 182
 Bevis, 86
 bide, 112
 birchen, 82
 bittern, 39, 143
 black-cock, 44
 black [= Dhu ?], 52
 Blanch's warning, 135
 Blantyre, 64
 blasphemy [in prayer], 88
 blazed, 116
 Bleeding Heart, 51, 69
 blench, 70
 blindworm, 83
 blue, 79
 board [suggestive], 186
 Bochastle, 17, 110
 bonnets, 57, 196
 boon, 22
 bootless, 71
 Border, 68
 bosky, 98
 boss, 114
 Bothwell, 49, 63, 171

bound, 82
 boune, 112, 118, 191
 bourgeois, 60
 bourne, 127
 bout, 112
 bow us, 103
 bower, 22, 123, 151, 185
 bracken, 102
 Bracklinn, 54, 194
 brae, 68, 101, 103, 133
 Braes of Doune, 111
 brake, 18
 brands, 74
 brave [= showy ?], 57
 Breadalbane, 60, 199
 breathe, 16
 Brian, 82
 Briancholl, 57
 bridal, 99
 bride, 164
 bridegroom, 134
 Brigg, 17
 brogue, 91
 broke, 115
 brooch, 23
 brook, 36, 73, 82, 101
 broom, 23
 bucklered, 83
 bulwarks, 21
 burden, 12, 59
 burghers, 165
 burly, 163
 bursting through, 145
 butte, 167
 buxom, 181
 by [= near ?], 144
 Byron [quoted], 83

C

cabala, 84
 cairn, 15
 caltiff, 178
 Caledon, 12
 Cambus-kenneth's fane,
 120, 163
 Cambusmore, 17
 canna, 57
 canopy, 26
 canto, 11
 careless [adverb ?], 84
 casque, 196

castle gates, 165
 chalice, 80
 championing, 89
 chanters, 53
 chaplet, 83
 chase, 14
 checkered bands, 166
 cheek, 75
 cheer, 98
 Chevy Chase, 64
 chide, 25
 chiding, 19
 childhood's babbling trill, 89
 chime, 182, 198
 chivalry, 63
 christened man, 124
 churchman, 25
 churlish, 75
 clarton, 59
 claymore, 54
 clang [imitative ?], 84
 cliff, 23
 clematis, 84
 clemency, 171
 cloister, 25, 84
 close-couched, 19
 clouded, 180
 cognizance, 175
 coif-clad, 99
 coil, 108
 Collantogle's ford, 142
 Coir-Uriskin, 89
 color, 79
 combating, 73
 common fool, 174
 Commons' King, 166
 communed [accent ?], 42
 conjure, 126, 128
 confusedly [trisyl. ?], 24
 copse, 14
 cormorant, 77
 coronach, 94, 95
 coronet, 51
 correi, 96
 corselet, 196
 couch, 81
 couched him, 139
 covert, 15
 cowl, 167
 Craig-Forth, 162
 crescent, 64
 crest, 70, 96
 created, 12, 20
 cross [across ?], 106
 crossing, 71
 crosslet, 87
 cubits, 87
 cumber, 96
 cupola, 21
 curious, 84
 curlew, 151
 cushat dove, 80

D

dactylic metre, 60
 dagged, 187

damosel, errant, 184
 dancers, morrice, 164
 dangerous foe, 139
 dank, 146
 dappled, 82, 144
 darkling, 128, 139
 de Brent (John), 184
 deep-mouthed, 13
 defile, 195
 Dennan's Row, 114
 depravity, 176
 Dermid's race, 187
 Devan, 183
 dewing, 89
 did [as auxiliary], 12
 dingle, 20
 disowned, 58
 dispensation, 58
 doffing, 165
 domain, 72
 Douglaes, 49, 164, 168, 174,
 209
 Doune, 112, 147
 down, 88, 76
 Druid, 82
 Duncraggan, 98, 197
 dun-deer, 91
 Dunfermline, 127
 Dunstan, 49

E

eagle, 155
 Earl William, 176
 Earn, 118
 egantine, 22
 elder, 108
 elemental, 197
 Ellen's Isle, 88
 Ellen's spell, 41
 Ellipsis, 46, 71, 74, 78, 117,
 163, 192
 embattled, 197
 emblems, 22
 embossed, 17
 emphasis (in rhyme), 199
 emphatic word first, 15
 emprise, 82
 enough, 146
 enow, 70
 envious, 11
 erne, 191
 errant damosel, 184
 errant knight, 82
 Ettrick, 68
 espial, 69
 evening-tide, 118
 eyry, 191

F

Fair, 144
 fairies, 124
 falchion, 26
 falcon, 15

fall the worst, 26
 fallow, 89
 fared, 182
 fatal green, 124
 fatal mound, 164
 fate, 18
 fateful, 116
 favor, 189
 fay, 81
 fealty, 178
 feint, 158
 fell, 116, 140
 fellest, 87
 fence, 71
 Ferragus, 86
 feud, 125
 feudal power, 166
 fieldfare, 58
 Fiery Cross, 76, 79
 Fillan, Saint, 11
 Fitz James, 87, 208, etc.
 flaggd, 17
 flashes, 119
 flood, 155
 flooded, 17
 Fleming, 180
 flesh, 142
 flows, 145
 flushing, 96
 for [= on account of ?], 176
 foray, 52, 183
 Franciscan, 164
 fraught, 50
 frequent [adverb ?], 83
 friends, 121
 from [starting from ?], 111
 frontlet, 14

G

Gael, 145
 Gullagad, 118
 gambols, 170
 gan, 28
 garnish [= furnish ?], 85
 gathering sound, 78
 gem, 61
 gerunds, 78
 Ghent, 181
 ghostly shrill, 124
 giants, 158
 glade, 21
 glaive, 117, 122, 153, 206
 glen, 82
 Glenartney, 18
 Glencairn, 204
 Glenfinlas, 66
 Glen Fruin, 61
 Glengyle, 57
 Glen Luss, 61
 Glentarkin, 112
 glinted, 158
 glistening snow, 126
 glozing, 67
 Goblin Cave, 105
 good faith, 150

good-morrow, 80
 gored, 180
 goshawk, 89
 Grace, 27
 grace, 206
 Græme, 48, 78
 Grayfriars Church, 169
 Grecian art, 27
 green (color in Scott), 21
 grief [demonstration], 94
 grisley, 42, 125
 grizzled, 81
 guerdon, 58, 185
 gulse, 65
 Gunn (John), 154
 gyves, 178

H

Hail to the Chief, 60
 halberd, 180
 Hamildon Hill battle, 56
 hamlets, 98
 hardened flesh, 142
 hardihood, 75
 hardily, 186
 harness, 179
 harp [of Saint Dunstan], 49
 Harp of the North, 11
 harp unseen, 88
 heathery, 14
 heaths, 14, 102
 hectic, 72
 helm, 180
 held, 169
 henchman, 75
 Hero's Targe, 114
 best, 98
 hie, 120
 Highland plunderers, 26
 hind, 92
 hold, 115, 162
 holy name, 142
 Holy-Rood, 52
 holytide, 180
 honor, 128
 hood, perch and, 201
 host, 181
 Hotspur, 56
 housing, 207
 Hubert, Saint, 18
 Hugh of Larnbert, 168
 humbled crest, 20
 hurl, the bar, 168
 hurricane, 15
 hurrying [clumsy inversion?], 58
 Hyndford, 172

I

iambic and trochaic, 88
 Idæan vine, 84
 impatient blade, 80
 Inch-Cailllach, 87
 insulated, 21

J

Jack, 158
 Jaffrey, 88, 181
 James V., 49, 68, 158, 179,
 208, 209
 jennet, 165
 jeopardy, 186
 John Armstrong, 68
 John de Brent, 184
 juggler, 182

K

ken, 15, 19
 kerns, 114, 128
 kerchief, 100
 kindly, 125
 knighthood, 18, 188, 172
 knot-grass, 88

L

lackey, 75
 Ladies' Rock, 169
 Lanrick height, 109
 Lanrick Mead, 91, 100
 lay, 154
 lea, 50, 159
 leash, 171
 leech, 188
 legends, 78
 Lennox, 61
 level, 72
 Leven-glen, 61
 lichens, 46
 limpid, 62
 Lincoln green, 82, 184, 161
 lineage, 70
 Links of Forth, 70
 linn, 15
 livelier light, 24
 living gold, 28
 Lochard, 16
 Loch Doine, 108
 Lochiel, 159
 Loch Katrine, 24
 Loch Lomond, 52, 61
 lordship, 180
 loves, [or love's], 45
 love-lorn, 151
 lowered, 148
 Lubnail's, 101
 Lufra, 170, 200

M

Malcolm, 68, 64, 65, etc.
 mankind [accent?], 85
 manned, 152
 many-headed monster, 175
 marauding, 58
 Maronnan's cell, 54
 marshall, 185

match me, 151
 mate, widow's, 172
 matins, 25, 201
 mavis, 122
 maze, 18, 150, 167
 measured mood, 28
 meed, 45
 Meggat, 68
 Menteth, 16, 60, 65, 104
 mere, 81
 merle, 122
 meteor, 84
 metre, 190
 mettle, 16
 mewed, 148
 middle age, 80
 midnight blaze, 108
 mighty augury, 142
 mighty lakes, 155
 minaret, 21
 minion, 74
 minstrel, 12
 mis-array, 172
 misproud, 171
 mock, 162
 Monan's mill, 18
 moor, 16
 moralize, 168
 more than kindred, knew,
 86
 morning prime, 202
 morning-tide, 97, 127
 morrice-dancers, 164
 moss, 97
 mother Earth, 156
 mould, 126
 mound, fatal, 164
 muster-place, 100

N

Naiad, 27
 Needwood, 188
 neighboring to, 180
 news, 67
 niggard, 182
 nighted, 72, 78
 noontide hag, 85
 numbers, poetic feet, 11
 nuptial torch, 70
 nurse, sleep, 178
 nymph, 27

O

o'er [= all about?], 189
 Oh! [too effusive?], 29
 one only, 29
 on heaven, 84
 opening, 15
 or [= either?], 88
 orphan, 54
 orison, 48
 osier, 146
 Otterburn, 68

out-beggars, 64
out-lawed, 53, 148
own, 185

P

page, 106
pageant, 166
pagod, 21
paid back, 15
pale, 117
pall, 122
pallet, 178
part, 125
parting, 78
parts [= departs ?], 47, 195
pass's, 146
pass, 146
paternoster, 25
pennons, 184, 147
perch and hood, 201
Percy's Norman pennon, 68
perforce, 16
peril, 66
pibroch, 89, 118
Pine, bannered, 57
pinnacle, 20
pious fathers, 68
pitched a bar, 184
pity and remorse, 19
plaid, 28, 45
play my prize, 165
pillest, 92
ply, flight, 192
point, 76
pomp, 64
port, 86, 208
postern, 168
prelude, 58
presages, 86, 121
presence, 208
pricked, 162, 172
primeval, 105
prize, 165
prolepsis, 178
prophet, 156
prose, 188
proselyte, 205
prune, 30
pry, 205
ptarmigan, 81, 65
purvey, 182

Q

quail, 66
quarry, 18, 69
quarterstaff, 167
questing, 91

R

raid, 61
read, 156, 205

rears, 150
rearward, 194
reave, 50
reck, 181
recked, 141
Red, 117
reeled [his eye], 99
reflexive pronoun, 19, 198, 197
refluent, 194
rendezvous, 104
require, 87
retreat, in dangerous hour, 83
revellie, 40
revelry, 80
rhyme (emphatic), 199
rhyme, 75, 88, 90
ring, 181, 208
ritual, 61
rivals all but, 145
Rilver Demon, 85
Robin Hood, 164, 167
Rob Roy, 198
Roderick, 60, 115
roe, 15
roebuck, 91
rood, 81
roots him, 60
rosary, 25
rose, 145
rosebud, 61
Ross-Dhu, 61
rouse, 116
rout, 15, 167
rowan, 81
Ruskin, 79, 204
Ruth, 157

S

sable, 55
sable-lettered, 84
Saint Bride, 99
Saint Dunstan, 49
Saint Fillan, 11
Saint Modan, 48
Saint Serle, 168
satyrs, 106
save he, 116
Saxon, 140, 196
scalp, 88
scapes, 184
scathe, 128
scaur, 92
searest, 96
sedgy, 89
Seine, 19
self-unsabarded, 56
sentient, 115
seraph, 208
serried, 198
shadowy plaid, 55
shaggy, 118
shallop, 29
shame me, 188

sheen, 21, 128, 144, 208
shelf, 114
shingles, 146, 149, 151
shingly, 86
shock, 150
shore, 17
shred, 188
shrewdly, 16
shrouds, 54, 78, 116
sickening pang, 101
signet, 181
silent, 152
silver strand, 27
sires, as to your, 149
sleepless eye, 125
slew in Holy-Rood, a knight, 58
alighting, 80
slip, 141
snood, 28, 83, 100
Snowdown, 87, 205
sob, 65
solstice, 14
sooth, 82, 121, 146
sounds [conveying sense ?], 56, 58
sounds [boding], 86
space and law, 141
Spenserian stanza, 11, 78
spray, 111
spy, 117
star, 18
stake, 167
stance [= station ?], 118
stanch, 18
stark, 156, 165
state, 208
staves, 171
stayed, 16, 202
steal, 144
steel, 17
steepy, 91, 127
steered him, 77
still, 105, 152
Stirling, 205
Stirling's porch, 70
stock and stone, 142
stoned, 200
store, 85, 182, 196
strain, 107
stranger, 148
Strath, 82
Strath-Gartney, 103
Strath-Enderick, 66
Strath-Ire, 98
strathspey, 52
streamers, 22, 58
streight, 69
strong hand, 150
strook, 88
Stumah, 96
sturdily, 186
subterranean host, 152
such birth betrayed, 28
swath, 98
swarthy, 190
sylvan, 15

symphony, 12
syntax, 166, 186

T

Taghairn, 118
tainted, 14
Taish, 82
talisman, 205
tamed the Border-side, 68
tapestried, 200
targe, 98, 158
target, 85
tattered, 196
tautology, 152, 171
Teith, 17
ten, stag of, 136
Tennyson, 178
Teviot, 68
thou saidst, 120
thrilled, 136
thrilling sounds, 58
thy stately form, 69
tilter, 165
Tinchel, 198
toils, 185
train, 129
Trent, 181
trill, [imitative], 89
trochaic metre, 88
trophies, 86, 201
Trosachs, 19, 20, 22, 198,
197
trowed, 120
Truce, 157
truncheon, 148
trust [believe?], 65
Tullibardine, 184
Turk, Brigg of, 17
turmoll, 87
turned him, 19, 47
Tweed, 68

Tweed to Spey, 50
twilight wood, 198

U

Uam-Var, 14
unabated, 17
unasked, birth and name,
86
unhasp, 187
unhooded, 64
unwilling, 100
unwont, 48
urge (or urges?), 96, 146
Uriak, 106
Uriakin, 89
usher, 181

V

vair, 128
Valley of dry bones, 153
vantageless, 156
vassals, 61, 83
vaward, 192
veering, 22
Vennachar, 17
verge, 114, 174
vespers, 201
Vich, 59
vulgar, 176

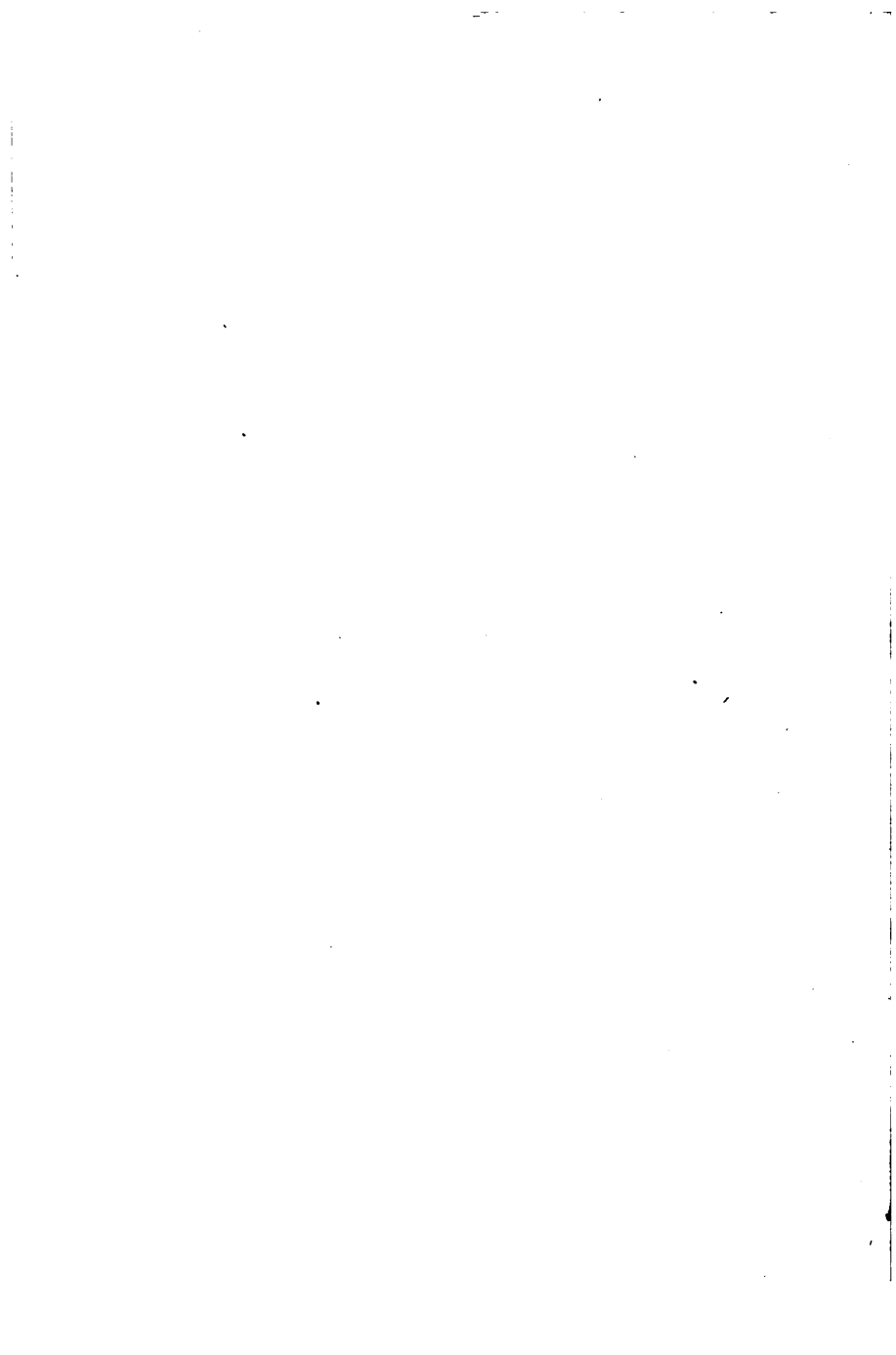
W

wan, 72
ward, 59, 66, 158, 172, 178
warder, 14, 102, 207
warrant, 148
warrior oak, 22
watch and ward, 142

weak and withered, 78
weeds, 132
weird, 88
well advised, 118
whinyard, 18
wiled, 51
wildered, 81
wildering, 24, 145
wilding, 111
winded, 83, 145
witch-elm, 11, 207
wizard, 13
wizard-elm, 207
what time, 56, 78, 111
wheel, 187
whisper-letters, 92
why sounds, 124
widow's mate, 173
wight, 167
wist, 126
witness, 158
woe the while, 55
woe worth, 20
wold, 122, 124, 140
woned, 124
wont, 122, 155
word-painting, 24, 46
worth, 20
wot, 87, 186
wot ye, 104
wreak, 138

Y

Yarrow, 68
yell, 94
yeoman, 181
yester even, 204
yesternight, 81
yet, 129
yew, 87
yore, 55, 78





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